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MAY 1923

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN Painted from life

Haskell Coffin

ART SECTION, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Jean Paige, Olive Vaughan, Allyn King, Mi-mi Palmeri, Blanche Mehaffey, Frankie Heath

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THE BEST SERIAL	LNOVELS	OF THE	YEAR
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- FIRES OF AMBITION George Gibbs Illustrated by the Author
- WITHIN THESE WALLS-Rupert Hughes Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE MONTH

- WHAT CHANCE HAS A MAN? Booth Tarkington Illustrated by Arthur William Brown
- ON THE BOULEVARD F. Britten Austin Illustrated by George Wright
- Frederick R. Bechdolt 42 THE WAY OUT Illustrated by William Meade Prince
- Gerald Beaumont 47 THE SPRING MOUSE Illustrated by J. J. Gould
- Reuben Maury 52 Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin
- SHADOWED Mary Synon Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson
- Lee Foster Hartman 65 THE TRANSIT OF VENUS Illustrated by W. H. D., Koerner
- CAGE MATES Courtney Ryley Cooper Illustrated by J. Allen St. John
- Dana Burnet HONESTY, INDUSTRY, PERSPICACITY Illustrated by Frances Roger
- A. S. M. Hutchinson 85 THE LOST DENTURE
 Illustrated by Tony Sarg
- Peter Clark Macfarlane 80 THE CUT IN THE FILM Illustrated by Chase Emerso

THE BEST FEATURES OF THE DAY

Angelo Patri SCARS Decoration by John Scott Williams

- Douglas Malloch JUST WALKING AND TALKING Decoration by Angus MacDonall
- HE PREPARED FOR GOOD TIMES Bruce Barton

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Camps and the Romantic Age

By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK, F.R.G.S.

Founder and First Editor of "Field and Stream"

YOUTH is romantic and ever curious. It craves the revelation of all things. It wants to know, to feel, to see, to dream. Its senses are alive to love and adventure.

A summer camp, competently directed by councilors of ability, culture and understanding; by men and women with a rugged, wholesome way of doing things, is the realm of romantic cultures, which, once they impregnate the blood and spirit of boy or girl, become their lifelong and inspiring moral possession. Youth recalls its happiness by the heart; only its little worries are left to the mind.

Yet the fascinations of a Summer Camp are not altogether mental or emotional. They are practical. The wilderness training of the body-arms, legs, hands, feet, eyes and ears-is marvelously potent in the characterful and serviceable development of our boys and girls out where nature bids them play with her simple woodcraft instruments. If you want resourceful boys and girls, men and women who are never "stumped" for ways and means of doing things with ready hands directed by clever heads, send them to a qualified Summer Camp. There they will have revealed to them that there is as much learning outside of bookcovers as between them. And to this revelation the spirit of youth expands like an anemone to the sun's first kiss.

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he could have sustained life indefinitely. He had not learned what a boy and a girl should learn in a modern summer camp—namely, how to live off the land until he found his way back to the world of modern inconveniences.

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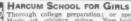
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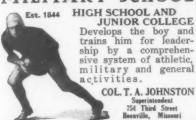
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Beautiful Women





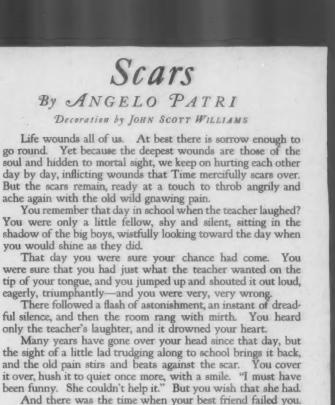




Beautiful Women







And there was the time when your best friend failed you. When the loose tongued gossips started the damaging story and he was pressed for a word in your defense, he said: "Oh, he's all right. Of course he's all right. But I don't want to get mixed up in this thing. Can't afford it. Have to think of my own name and my own family, you understand. Good fellow, but I have to keep out of this."

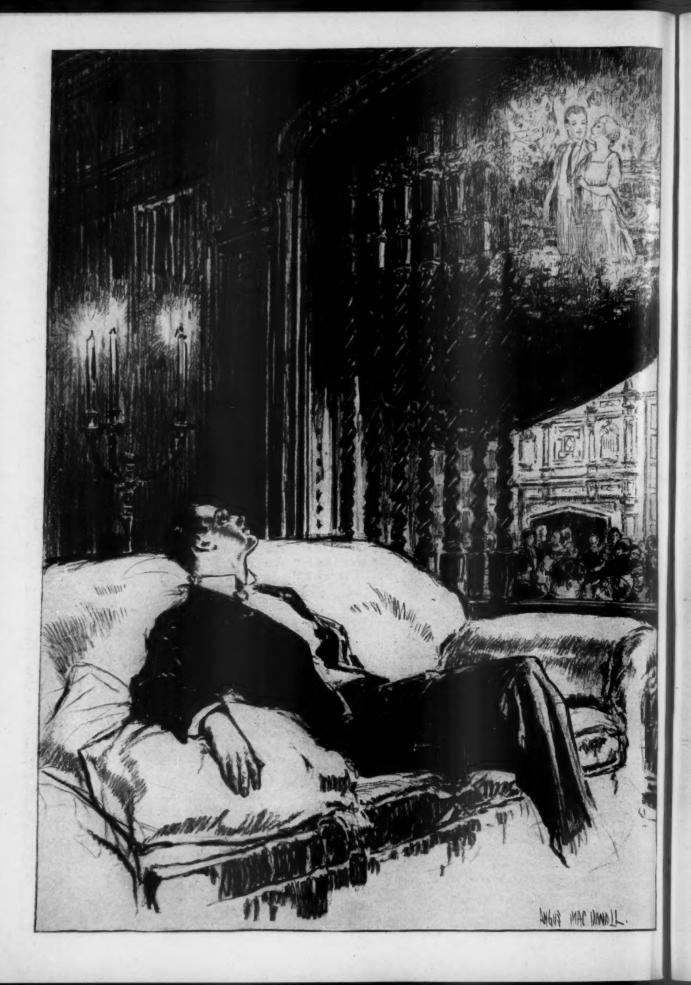
You felt forsaken. For weeks and weeks you carried the pain in your heart. The story was bad enough, but that would right itself. The idea that he should fail you, that he had not rushed to your side at the first hint of trouble, was unbearable. He came back again after it was all over, but the sight of him renewed the ache in your breast and the throb of pain in your throat. The scar was thin, and the hurt soul beneath it quivered.

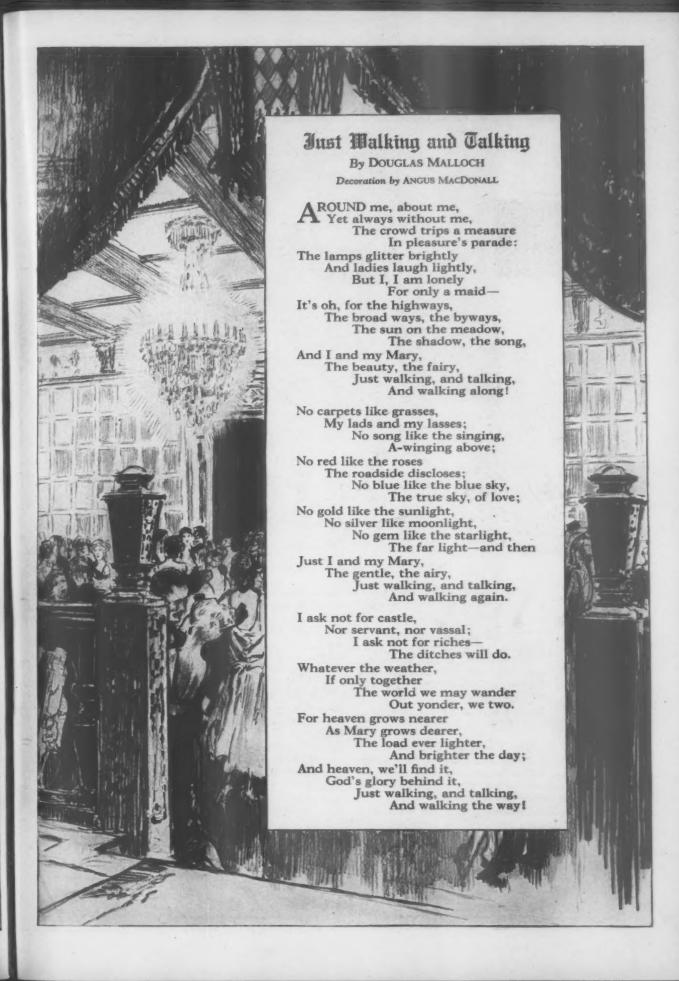
We all bear scars. Life is a struggle, and hurts must come. But why the unnecessary ones? Why hurt the souls of little children? Why say things to them that they must remember with pain all their lives? Why say the smart, tart thing that goes straight to the heart of some one we love, because we would relieve ourselves of the day's tension and throw off a grain of the soul's bitterness?

Who are we to inflict wounds and suffering and scars on those about us? Staggering, blind mortals, groping our way from somewhere "here" to somewhere "there," conscious of little but the effort to stay "here" yet a little longer.

It behooves us to travel softly, regardful of one another's

It behooves us to travel softly, regardful of one another's happiness, particularly where our path crosses that of those dependent upon us for comfort, or enters into the heart of little children.







Now I Ask a Favor of the Ladies

I have a great delight—an Olive Oil Shampoo for them

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Dear Madam:

OUR husband knows me the chief chemist at Palmolive.

I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream. Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming.

The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

I Asked 1000 Women

Recently I asked over 1000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo. They named but one requirement. But as yet had failed to find it:

A thorough cleanser that would take

out all grime and foreign matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that add so much to charm.

Scores of scalp experts agreed. They said ordinary shampoos were too harsh. And advised the oil shampoo—but made a point of olive oil.

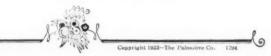
So the Olive Oil Shampoo

Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo —world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

S H A M P O O





A Common-sense Editorial by Bruce Barton



He Prepared for Good Times

AT the dinner-table we were discussing a certain man who had built a great industry and contributed much to his city.

"He had an inexhaustible capacity for work," said a lifelong friend, "and a remarkable ability to select and train men."

Another man, also a lifelong friend, nodded his head in agreement. "I give him full credit for both of those qualities," he said, "but I would add a third characteristic and put it ahead of the other two.

"The thing that impressed me most was that he invariably enlarged his plants and his plans in periods of depression. When other men were hopeless, he always prepared for good times."

One of the few permanent benefits that came to us from the war was a certain hardening of our nerves. Fifteen years ago it was reported in the newspapers that J. P. Morgan was ill; that day the stock-market sold off. Now the papers carry reports of international complications, railway strikes, coal shortages,—a dozen calamities in a single day,—and we refuse to be stampeded.

We have made considerable prog-

ress toward the realization that the world is not going into the hands of a receiver, that however serious things may be for the moment, the common sense of mankind will finally assert itself and good times will follow bad.

The wisest investors and speculators have always recognized that truth. In one of the French revolutions, Baron Rothschild received a call from a young man who had recently inherited quite a sum of money and wanted to know how to invest it safely.

"Buy French bonds," said Roth-schild.

"But, Baron, the gutters of Paris are running with blood."

"That," replied the Baron, "is why you can buy them for fifty per cent of their face value."

Caesar, launching out into the storm, read in his boatman's eyes the dread that they were in for a bad time which would probably be their last.

"Fear not," said he. "You carry Caesar and his fortunes."

You may call that faith, or fatalism, or confidence, as you will. The name makes little difference, if only one can get a little of it and hold on when everybody else lets go.

How a healthy skin may be made sick

Treat a healthy person like an invalid and he soon becomes an invalid. Every doctor knows this.

A normally healthy skin, treated as if it were sick, can be easily made sick.

Most women have normal complexions.

Yet some of them indulge in "treatments" and "methods" which any reputable physician would denounce as useless for a normal skin and positively dangerous for an unhealthy skin!

Every woman naturally wants her complexion to be clear and soft.

To remain clear and soft, her complexion must be able to resist dust and weather and other damaging influences of daily life.

IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS

The highest medical authorities say that too much manipulation, too frequent and zealous "shocking" of the skin cells make the skin TENDER—it is then no longer able to resist damaging in-fluences; it breaks down under the strain and serious skin troubles often result.

Simple, daily cleansing with Ivory Soap and warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, will keep your skin clear, soft and normal, render it proof against dust and weather, and cleanse it thoroughly, yet safely and

Ivory Soap cleanses safely and gently because it is pure, mild and white. It contains no dye, no medicaments, no strong perfume. It is made of the very finest ingredients. As a soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, it has never been excelled or successfully imitated.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Mrs. Jollyco is very proud of a pair of beau-tiful appliqued bedspreads brought to her from Europe by Mrs. Latham.

"Julia," she is saying, "those spreads must be washed with Ivory Soap. I shall trust you to make sure of that."

"I was just getting a fresh cake for the laundress, Mrs. Jollyco," says Julia, paragon of maids.

of maids.

Julia knows. She wouldn't think of having such delicately colored things washed with any soap but Ivory. And the same is true of all the fine embroidered and lace pieces in the house.

She knows Ivory is suft.

"Aw gee! Can't you quit throwin' at Ivory Soap around? Doggone it!"
We sympathize deeply with Bobby
Jollyco, because (back where you can't see her) Pinky Parker, whose name is sweet to Bobby's ears, looks on at his humiliation."

on at his humiliation."

But of course, Teewee naturally considers all Ivory Soap as his own particular property, to do with as he chooses, whether in or out of the tub; that's the way he's been brought up. So while he may be a source of occasional embarrassment to Brother Bobby, he is highly satisfactory to his mother.





What!" exclaims President Jollyco.

"Yes, sir," says Miss Jump. "It's no wonder the girls can't keep their hands clean. I thought you'd like to know."-

"Know! Of course I'd like to know! Call Mr. Jimpson * * * Jimpson, hang it, sir, why do you discriminate against the girls in this office? Why don't you provide Ivory Soap in their rest-room? * * * Well, please throw that stuff away and get some Ivory. If I can have it, so can they * * * How's that, Miss Jump?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jollyco. Our girls all like

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

May 1923. Vol. XLI, NUMBER 1 KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, Editor

Deeply touched, he spoke almost brokenly. "Muriel, I— I know I don't deserve you!" What Chance

Here they are back again - Muriel and Renfrew, the realest and most delightful roung people in the whole range of contemporary American fic-tion. In this story Renfrew's new education begins - and how fast he will learn under Muriel's instruction!

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

YOUNG Renfrew Mears, I happily engaged to be married to the lady of his longfaithful heart, came home one evening wearing an expression so thoughtful that his mother

inquired about it solicitously.
"Oh, nothing," he replied to her query. "Nothing at all, Mother. I was only wondering." "Yes," said Mrs. Mears, "I thought you must be. About what?"
"About colors," he replied. "I mean about colors for the dining-room. Muriel thinks black and white would be pleasantest, but it struck me that black and white might look a little

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Has a Man?

like the stationery people use after some one's died; and I thought blue would be more cheerful. But of course-He paused.

"What decision did you and Muriel come to?" Mrs. Mears asked, though of course she

knew the answer before she put the question. "Black and white," he said.

"You wanted blue very much, Renfrew?" Her son's mild and rather wistful face showed forth the faint illumination of a smile so dreamily fond that a certain anxiety

Mrs. Mears already felt for him grew stronger. "Of course I didn't want blue so much as Muriel wanted black and white," he said. "And she knows better than I do, naturally.

"About decorations, you mean?"
"About everything," he returned, the fond smile not disappearing. It became but the fonder, in fact; and upon this his mother's anxiety so increased that she resolved to give him a little affectionate advice. She had several times been upon the point of doing this, but had succeeded in bottling the impulse. Now, however, she spoke out.

RENFREW," she said gravely, "I think you ought to insist upon blue."

"Do you?" he asked, staring at her wonderingly. "Why, no. You see, Muriel had already decided on black and white before we discussed it.

"Had she? Well, you have to live with your walls and furniture and curtains about as much as she does, don't you? Didn't she realize that?'

"Oh, yes. She was perfectly willing to hear all I had to say

for blue. She was absolutely open-minded about it." "But your dining-room's going to be black and white," his mother said, "unless you insist so firmly on blue that you'll

get it. "Oh, but I think it's settled," he returned nervously. really settled on black and white before I came away."
"We' did?"

"Yes, we decided-"

"Wait, dear," Mrs. Mears interrupted, checking him gently. "There's something I'd like to say to you, Renfrew. I believe I ought to."

"Yes, Mother?"

"I want you to understand that I'm going to keep out of your and Muriel's affairs," she began. "I'm very, very anxious for Muriel never to get any idea of me as an intrusive mother-in-law; but I do feel that I ought to tell you something—confidentially-and you must be sure never to let her know I said it. I've seen a great many young couples begin their matrimonial adjustments, Renfrew. I had my own experience, of course, and I've had a great many other such experiences by proxy, and by observation, so to speak. My mother was the best woman I ever knew, but the truth is, your poor grandfather never had his way about a single thing in his whole life—at least, not one that I ever heard of! Sometimes she made him think he did,

Renfrew laughed. "And how about Father?" he asked.

"Oh, your father!" Mrs. Mears exclaimed lightly, and laughed too. "What I'm leading up to is my regret that you don't seem to have inherited a little of his obstinacy! The truth is, I think you and Muriel will both be happier if you begin by showing more firmness with her."

Upon so radical a suggestion, Renfrew's laughter was instantly dispelled by a troubled gravity. "Happier? Both of us? Muriel

too? Do you think so?

"I know it," she assured him earnestly. "It's the beginning that counts so much more than young people guess; but the poor things don't find that out until years and years afterward! Good gracious," she cried, "if young couples realized how tremendously the beginning counts afterward, I doubt if any of 'em would have the courage to begin!"

"But don't you think Muriel and I are beginning happily,

Mother?"
"Yes," she said. "Nearly all the beginnings are happyfar as that goes. All the divorced people I know had delightful engagements and were 'just blissful' throughout the honeymoon and yet when the trouble came, one could see that something had been wrong from the beginning."

But at this, Renfrew's expression made plain his sense of a rofanation. "You don't look upon Muriel and me in that light, profanation. do you, Mother? It doesn't seem to me just fair to speak of

us in the same breath with people who get divorces!"
"Now, now!" she begged him. "I suppose it was going to extremes, but that's because I'm so anxious to get you to see how terribly important it is for you to begin your life with Muriel in just the right way. You don't dream how important

"Don't I?" And he laughed again, light-heartedly; upon which

she became all the more anxious.

"Ah, don't laugh!" she said. "It's only youth that can laugh like that—because it doesn't know! Young people in love are like children on the way to a party: they can't possibly imagine

that everything wont be just glorious; and yet what terribly bad

times some children do have at parties!"
"What a lecture!" he exclaimed gayly.
But she shook her head. "What I want to get you to see is that young love really is blind, and doesn't know it; and so it doesn't take any precautions."

"But good heavens!" he cried. "You don't mean I ought to

take precautions with Muriel!"

"I only mean that you ought to be careful about not giving way to her in everything at the start. If you do, you'll keep on, for the simple reason that when two people fall into that habit, -one always having her way and the other yielding,-it may take a serious quarrel to break such a habit, and the fear of that kind of a quarrel is likely to make the yielding one keep on yielding forever. It isn't good for either of 'em. It's bad for one person to be allowed to become too selfish-and it's mighty uncomfortable for the other to be too unselfish all your

"Mother!" the young man exclaimed. "Why, what makes you

think-

"Nothing," she interrupted. "But you ought to realize a little of what a wise man said of marriage: that it isn't a bed of roses, but a field of battle. And he was a happily married man, at that!" "Doesn't sound like it!"

She put her hand on his arm. "Renfrew," she said gently,

"I want you to promise me two things."

"What are they?"

"First, that you'll never let Muriel think I'm interfering in your affairs-for one reason because I wouldn't interfere; I'm only trying to hint what's wisest for you both."

"Of course," he said. "What's the other promise you want?"

"That you will have blue in your dining-room!"

"Oh, but that's settled. We agreed on black and white, and I couldn't-

Well, then, promise me that the next time you want something and she wants something different, you'll be firm with her and have your way. Wiil you, Renfrew?"

"But I don't want anything different from what she wants." he said. "I like blue, but I'd much rather have black and white,

since she wants it."

"Well-" Mrs. Mears paused with a suggestion of helplessness. "Well, I've tried just to put a thought into your mind: I can't do any more, but it might be better for both of you if you think of it a little. Will you promise me that much-just

"Oh, I will," he returned heartily. "I understand what you mean, and of course I'll think about it. Don't worry!"

SHE laughed, regarded him for a moment with a pitying fondness, and bidding him good night, went out of his room, where this conversation had taken place. Then as soon as she had gone, he did a sentimental thing: he went to a window, lifted the shade, and looked long and dotingly across the street at the house where dwelt the promised bride. The windows of the library downstairs, where he and his Muriel had recently agreed upon black and white, were still lighted with the warm glow that came from the tall lamp with the tan and gold lampshade; and by a coincidence, Muriel was at this moment seated in that mellowed illumination and engaged with her mother in a conversation upon the proper beginnings for young couples about to be married. It was unfortunate that Renfrew couldn't hear it.

"I'm sorry, Muriel," Mrs. Elliot was saying reflectively. really very sorry you didn't end by telling Renfrew you thought blue would be prettier for your dining-room. It's so dreadfully important for young people to start just right and not have any disagreement they might remember afterward."

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'But we didn't disagree," Muriel said quickly. "We agreed

on black and white.'

"Yes, I know; and I think your ideas on decoration are better

than Renfrew's. At least, they're more definite."
"Well, yes!" the daughter agreed. "He just says 'blue' in a general way, and he really doesn't know, himself, whether he wants it all blue, or just the hangings blue and the walls white, or both blue, or what!"

"I understand. Still, I think it might have been better to

let him have his way."

"You do? "I mean," Mrs. Elliot explained, "I mean, it might have been better if you'd said yes, you thought blue would be prettie-, yourself, since he did; and then you could have your black table and sideboard and chairs, just the same, and your black-

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"I declare!" Muriel exclaimed. "Is that how you've made such a contented old party of Papa, all these years?"

and-white window draperies, but you could get a piece of bluish embroidery you could have on the table sometimes; and you could even get a pair of blue Bristol glass candlesticks for the mantelpiece. I mean just at first. Of course you could take 'em down and put up something else after a little while, if you didn't like 'em: he'd never even notice they were gone after the first week or so, probably."

Muriel's noticeably handsome and straightforward young eyes widened in the stare of strongly awakened interest with which she favored her mother. "I declare!" she exclaimed. "Is that how you've made such a contented old party of Papa, all these years?"

Mrs. Elliot laughed, but had conscience enough to blush faintly. "Your father's different," she said. "He's good, but he's a peculiarly obstinate man."

"You mean he's obstinate about things until you find some means to make him think he's having his way, Mamma?"

Upon this Mrs. Elliot's laughter and color both became a little-more pronounced. "A wife's home task is to keep her husband well and happy, isn't it?" she inquired gayly. "Contentment is happiness, they say. Well, a man's discontented when he isn't having his way; so it follows that when he's contented, he believes he is having his way."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Muriel. "And so what you're really telling me is—"
"Nothing!" Mrs. Elliot laurhed interesting here.

"Nothing!" Mrs. Elliot laughed, interrupting her daughter quickly. "Nothing at all! And you must be sure not to let Renfrew dream I've even spoken of your dining-room at all. Interfering mothers-in-law have done enough harm in this world, and I'm not one of that kind. I don't even want to put a thought into your head—except perhaps—"
"Except perhaps' what?" the daughter inquired, for Mrs.

"Except perhaps' what?" the daughter inquired, for Mrs. Elliot seemed merely to have set the two words adrift haphazard on the air.

"Except perhaps—nothing at all!" the merry lady said, rising. "I told you I don't want to be putting thoughts into your head!" And taking with her a book, she went to bed, to "read herself asleep," leaving behind her a wakeful daughter with indeed some thoughts in her head. In fact, Muriel's thoughts kept her awake until after midnight—and just across the street her chosen young man likewise remained long awake and thoughtful. Polonius' advice to his son, though of a base sort, was at least such as not to disturb his offspring; rather, it was so soothing that, repeated from the stage, it has sent many a son or daughter almost to sleep. Perhaps that is why many generations have regarded it as the very model of parental advice.

YOUNG Mr. Mears was still so thoughtful, at breakfast the next morning, that his mother had to ask him twice in what occupations he intended to spend the day. "Oh, nothing much," he then responded, smiling vaguely. "Of course, Muriel and I are going to drive out and see how far the plasterers have got on since yesterday, and we'll probably settle some points we hadn't quite decided yet."

"Not about the dining-room?" she asked with intentional

"No," he laughed. "Nothing so important as that. The main thing's about which room I'll use for my shooting stuff. I really need a separate room for it, and I'm going to bring my dogs in from Jones' farm and keep 'em at home.'
"You are? Have you told Muriel?"

"No; I hadn't happened to; but I know she'll want 'em as much as I do. Real dogs, I mean of course-not these miserable toy dogs. It was she that suggested I ought to have a whole room for my guns and things, but we didn't decide which room it ought to be. Probably the extra guest-room would do."

"And where are you going to keep your two setters?" "Oh, about the place. I like dogs in the house, myseif. So does Muriel; she said so. Everything's all right about that,

Mother."

"I hope so," she said. "But anyhow-"

"Anyhow what?"

"Anyhow you wont forget that secret little bit of advice I

gave you last night, will you, dear?"
"Now, don't you worry!" he said cheerfully. "Muriel wants me to have my way about things just as much as you do; but if we ever differ again about anything a little -why, of course a man ought

to have certain things his own way. I've thought it over, and I believe perhaps there is something in what you were telling me. Probably it would be better for both of 'em if the man showed some firmness at times. But just now I can't imagine anything else that's likely to turn up for us to differ about."

"Ever, do you mean, Ren-frew?" his mother said, and her devotion to him was so great that she contrived to express nothing more than a casual and gentle inquiry. But upon his prompt reply, she was forced to look away from him lest he should see the pitying wonder that came into her

eyes.
"Of course I do," he said. "I can't imagine anything else for us ever really to differ about. The only thing was the dining-room; it was only a trifle, and we got it settled, last

night."
"But if something else does

turn up-"

"Oh, yes," he said firmly. "If it does, I'll remember what you said."

BY another coincidence, not at all strange, Muriel was at this moment concluding her own breakfast in company with her mother, and they too were planning sketchily for the future, although their conversation, as it happened, involved a little jocose recrimination on the part of Muriel. "I've wanted a Pekinese spaniel for years and years," she informed her mother with smiling reproach, "and what's more, you

jolly well know it, Mamma! I've begged for one often enough!"
"You mustn't blame me," Mrs. Elliot said. "Of course I understood a Pekinese would have made your home life much more bearable, but you know as well as I do that your poor father doesn't like dogs, and especially little dogs. We could

scarcely expect to keep a Pekinese in the house as long as he has that prejudice; and you have to keep a Pekinese in the house if you keep one anywhere. If you let it run around alone outdoors, probably some cat would eat it."

"There's another thing I'd better learn," Muriel said with a

thoughtfulness that her mother seemed to find rather obscure,

"You'd better learn how a cat can eat a Pekinese, Muriel?" "No," said Muriel. "How to put everything on 'father.' " And she continued to eat raspberries and cream demurely, without looking up.

"Poor Renfrew!" her mother sighed. "Don't learn too much, Muriel! How do you think he'll take to your idea of a Pekinese? Have you told him you're going to use your new married free-

dom for this purpose?"

"No," Muriel replied. "But he loves dogs. I think he's been really hinting that he wants to give me a dog, because he keeps coming back to the subject so often. For the last week or so, he's never let a chance go by to tell me that he loves dogs. I'm sure he's been leading up to something, and I think this morning will be about the proper time for me to mention that it can be a Pekinese."

"Anything else this morning?"

"Oh, we're going out to the house, of course." "Not to reopen the question of the dining-

"No," said Muriel. "I have to find a place where he can keep his guns and shoot-

ing-clothes for a while."
"'For a while,' you say, dear?"
"Well, I rather hope he'll get over all that before long," said the daughter dreamily. "I've always thought shooting little birds and deer was really cruel-not consciously, of course, but

more a perfectly natural relic of barbarism left over inside us from our ancestors. I don't believe it's good for Renfrew spiritually, and I hope he'll gradually get so interested in books and music he wont care to go out kill-ing things. I really hate it; I hate guns and shootingclothes and everything connected with hunting-but of course for a while I'm going to be tactful and not let him see that.'

THIS determination of Muriel's, to be tactful, she began to put into effect immediately; for Renfrew arrived just then to drive her out to where, on the modish fringe of the growing city, their unfinished bride-andgroom house now enlivened a little April grove with the whistlings of plasterers, the laughter of anecdotal plumb-

ers and the songs of carpenters. She was tactful; yet as they drove along in Renfrew's neat "roadster," she was so comely, and of such a charming color in the springtime breeze, and he so stricken with the wonder that this loveliness should miraculously stoop to him, that it seemed she need not have taken the trouble to use a bothersome thing like tact. Indeed, he told her so, in his own way.

"If there's anything in the world you want, Muriel," he said, "I hope you" say so. I mean if there's anything you



He went to the window and looked dotingly across the street at the house where dwelt the promised bride.

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"Good heavens!" he said. "When the ladies claim to be the vanquished, what chance has a man?"

want different. I mean about me, or about the house. For instance, if you wanted me to be a different kind of person from the way I am, all you'd need to do'd be just to say so, and I'd try. And whatever you want different about the house—you know I'm building it for you, and it ought to be your way."

'Oh, no," she said. "It ought to be as much your way as

mine."
"No," he returned tenderly. "The house is the wife's. There's hardly anything the husband ought to have the say of—outside of his own room and a place for his guns and stuff, probably."

"Don't you think it would be better if both husband and wife agreed about the whole thing, Renfrew?" she suggested. "It oughtn't to be the wife's house nor the husband's house, either. They both live in the house: they ought to be in perfect agreement about all of it."

"Yes, that's the way I look at it," he said, with prompt inconsistency. "I think that's the best way, myself."
"Yes, dear." And with that her voice just hinted a little

generous abnegation as of some self-sacrifice accomplished in the cause of love and justice. "That's why I thought it over about the dining-room after you'd gone, last night. You're going to have your way, dear. We'll put blue there."

"What!" he cried, protesting. "Why, no! We settled on black

and white, and I wouldn't change it for the world!"

"Yes, you will," she insisted gently. "Don't you suppose your slightest wish is more to me than any silly old color-scheme for a dining-room?"

At this, his grateful marveling upon her sweetness to him was so emotional that his voice became husky. "Muriel—oh, Muriel!" he murmured.

She laughed. "Of course we'll have it blue!"
"We wont!" he cried. "Do you think I'd let you give up a
thing you'd planned like that? Why, black and white's a thousand

"No." she said. "Blue is the loveliest color there is, and that's what we'll use in our dining-room."
"We wont! I wont let you—"

"Yes. We'll keep some black and white touches-just the

curtains, for instance—to set the blue off a little; and the ivory-white walls'll help, too; but we'll have dull-blue flower-designs painted on the black furniture, and we'll put blue glass candle-

sticks on the mantelpiece, and a blue embroidered—"
"I wont let you!" he exclaimed vehemently. "I wont let you do such a thing just because I was so selfish I had to go and talk about blue after you'd planned to—"
"No, it's settled," she interrupted, and she patted his arm

with a cheery reassurance that brought even greater huskiness

to his voice, so everwhelming was his appreciation.
"Muriel—I—I don't deserve you. You mustn't ever dream I think I do!"

"Foolish!"

SHE whispered this lover's word, leaning nearer him, and his immediate response was to reach that stage of the ineffable which permits no verbal expression and can but heave the sigh of glorified marveling. And having heard that sigh, she patted his arm again, and said gayly: "So that's settled! Now we've got to decide where'll be your gun-room. Which room do you want it to be? Because it's going to be wherever you say, you

"Well, of course it oughtn't to be one of the larger rooms; but I was thinking we probably wont ever have more than one person at a time staying with us, and so I thought maybe I

might take that extra—"
"Let's wait," she said, interrupting him briskly. "Let's wait till we get there and go over the house again. It's so much easier

to decide on a thing like that when you're looking at it."
"So it is," he agreed, fondly. "You're always so practical,
Muriel. It's wonderful to me how a girl that's never had any responsibilities before, like you, can be as practical as you are."
"Oh, no, I'm not. But I have got an idea about your gun-room,

and I do hope you'll think it's a practical one."
"I know I will. What is it?"
"Wait and see!"

He gladly assented to that, but when they reached the pretty new house in the little grove, he was slightly puzzled to be conducted to the attic. "Did you want to see about something up here first, Muriel?" he inquired mildly.

She beamed upon him, and with a gesture both graceful and gracious, seemed to display riches in the spacious expanse about them. "Just think! Here's a whole third floor!" she cried, and obviously awaited his enthusiasm.

"What for?" he asked.
"'What for?" she of to do with it!"

"'What for!" " she echoed. "Why, for anything we want

"With the attic? Why, what would we want to do with it except to put things up here that get worn out or that we don't want to look at?

"Oh, that's the old-fashioned way of treating a third floor, Renfrew. You're thinking of your grandmother's garret."
"Am I?"

"Yes. People don't do that nowadays. You see, this isn't a garret," she informed him brightly.

"Isn't it?" the mystified young man inquired.

"No! It's a third floor!

"But what-

And as he again was thrilled by the tender word, she built his happiness higher by a light touch of her fingers upon his cheek. "Don't you see what my idea is, Renfrew?

"Well, not yet. I'm stupid. I-

"Stupid, no! It's because you'd never have thought of such a thing for yourself. You'd have been afraid it was wanting more than your share; but it isn't. A man's share of the house ought to be bigger: he needs more room."

"But I don't see-

"Listen, dear," she said. "Below the third floor it's all yours and mine together; each has it all just as much as the other does; but from the bottom of the third floor stairs up, it's all just yours -your private and special domain. So this is your gun-room or anything else you want it to be. Some day, if you like, you could put wall-board around; and we can stick hooks and things just anywhere in a big place like this, and you can hang your shooting things on 'em. Don't you like my idea, Renfrew

As she asked this question, with lovely eyes uplifted to his, she did what was appropriate to such an appeal, and lifted her arms too; whereupon the fond Renfrew was not loath to shield her from attic drafts. He was so deeply touched he spoke almost brokenly. "Muriel! I—I know I don't deserve you! What other girl

in the world would say what you just said to me? That all the rest of the house was ours together-none of it just yours alonebut this is to be just mine!"

"Foolish!" She laughed, patted his cheek again, and moved toward the stairway to descend. "So that's settled!" she said. "Now let's go down to where it's 'ours together.'"

RENFREW followed, overcome by the sense of his unworthiness, and he was still muttering something about it when they reached the hall on the ground floor. They found it vacant, for the workmen had gone out to lunch in the grove, and Muriel seated herself upon a bench. "No; you're wrong, dearest," she said. "I'm not nearly good enough for you; but let's talk about more practical things. I've been thinking lately—"
"Yes, Muriel? About what, dear?" She paused, musing.

"You've so often spoken of your great fondness for dogs." "How strange! I was just this second going to mention dogs myself!"

"We do have exactly the same thoughts so often!" she ex-claimed. "Isn't it strange?"

"It's-it's wonderful, Muriel! It makes it seem as if all this was-was intended."

"Yes, it does. But what I was thinking," Muriel went on, "—it's so nice that we're both fond of dogs. I don't mean all dogs, of course. There are lots of kinds of dogs we wouldn't care

"Indeed there are," he heartily agreed. "Some kinds of dogs I can't understand how people can even bear to look at 'em! But you take real dogs-dogs that have sense and gumption to 'em. and know how to do useful things-well, there isn't anything that's nicer to have right in the house with you. At least, that's the way I look at it, I mean."

"So do I," she said at once. "I'm so glad you feel that way

about dogs, Renfrew.

"Indeed I do! At home, of course, I couldn't have my dogs with me; Mother's always been afraid they'd muddy the house all up on rainy days; and besides, that far downtown, of course, it hardly seemed fair to the dogs themselves-no place to run without taking the chance of getting killed by automobiles. But I've always said if I ever had a house of my own-

"So have I," Muriel interrupted amiably. "I've never been able to keep a dog at home, either, Renfrew. Mamma doesn't like 'em and persuaded Papa into thinking he didn't; so he wouldn't let me; but I've always thought that if I married a man that wanted a dog, he should have one. I want you to have one, Renfrew.

"You-you dear!" said Renfrew. "I know you'll get mighty

fond of 'em, when I-

"You've never had your way about it at home, but you shall have your way in your own house," she assured him. mean to criticize your mother, of course; and probably she was right in one way, because those two big rough Irish setters you keep out at that farm would have interfered with your own comfort, and she must have thought of that as well as of keeping the house presentable. But I do think she might have let you keep a nice dog!"

Renfrew looked a little confused. "A nice one-" he murmured. "Yes. I mean the kind you want and ought to have and are going to have, dearest. A dog's meant to be a man's little companion-a gentle little friend to meet him at the door when he comes home. A dog's meant to amuse his master and make him laugh. Oh, Renfrew, think of a wonderful, fluffy, tiny thing rolling on his little back on a cushion, or fighting with a ball of yarn on

the floor!

But here the confused Renfrew failed to follow her, so to speak That is, his confusion had only deepened. "You mean a—a— He paused, then began again, apologetically: "You don't mean a— "You mean a-a-

a kitten, Muriel?"
"No," Muriel answered, laughing at him sweetly. "You dear, queer thing! I hate cats. How in the world did you get such an

idea?"

"You said-"

"I said a dog! A lovely clean woolly tiny clown of a dog that will just wear his warm little heart in his eyes every time he looks at his master—the way I do, Renfrew!" And rising, she stepped closer and looked at him indeed in a way to concentrate his interest. "Wouldn't you like to have two of us-a tiny dog and me-to look at our master like this, dear?"

Renfrew, instantly and transcendently radiant, was too overwhelmed by the miracle of that look to reply in words. But fortunately the workmen were all out in the yard, and preoccupied

with food.

Toward dinner-time, that coolist evening, and nodded as his wife finished reading to him a passage of Emerson's. "Thanks," he OWARD dinner-time, that coolish evening, Renfrew's father "I always like that. Where's Renfrew? Isn't he coming home for dinner?"

"I suppose so. He didn't lunch at home."

Somewhere with her, I suppose.

"Yes," Mrs. Mears said. "I haven't seen him since this They went to look at the house, of course. They had one or two matters to settle, he said."

"They had?"
"Yes," his wife informed him, with a faint smile. "They settled about the dining-room last night. Renfrew wanted it blue, and she wanted it black and white.' "I see," Mr. Mears returned. "So they settled on black and white."

"How did you guess that?" she laughed.

"From experience," her husband replied, giving her a brief glance from the corner of his eye.

"What! Why, our dining-room—"
"Yes, I know," he said. "I meant general experience—not experience about dining-rooms in particular. What were she and Renfrew going to settle today?'

"First about a room for his shooting things. He wants to use

guest-room for that."

I shouldn't think she'd like it."

"Why shouldn't you think so?" Mrs. Mears inquired a little sharply.

"From experience," he said again, placidly.

"What! Why, you never-

"No," he returned. "I didn't happen to like hunting: I was just speaking from general experience once more. What else were they going to 'settle?'

'He wants to keep his two Irish setters in the house."

"He does?" Mr. Mears laughed briefly. "In their new house. with everything in it dainty and fresh?" (Continued on page 108)



On the Boulevard

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

THERE is no spectacle more chastening to the male pride of intellect than that of a number of quite clever men attempting to explain the feminine riddle to each other. This cynical reflection is not mine. It was murmured to me by Dicky Morrice, from the cloud of tobacco-smoke which enveloped him as he sat cross-legged, Turkfashion, on the divan in McFadden's studio.

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(8)

That long sentence was an unusual conversational effort for Morrice, and some one overheard it during a pause in the conflict of generalizations evoked by a chance reference to poor young Montgomery's affair.

"Let's have your theory, then, O Solomon!" said a voice.

F. Britten Austin, cosmopolite and keen student of life, knows the eternal heart of woman. And he has never disclosed that knowledge with greater clarity than in this strange, poignant story of revenge—and a woman.

"Theory? Heaven forbid!" replied Morrice as he refilled his immense drooping brier. "I have no theories about women. Human life is not long enough. I am modestly contented with a collection of observational data. If I should happen to remember them, together with earlier collections, in the interval between one incarnation and the next, I propose to amuse myself by trying to fit them It should occupy quite a considerable period of

together. It should eternity."

McFadden laughed.

"You may be otherwise engaged," he said. "But let's have some of your observational data!"



little clumsily). I was sitting one evening outside the café at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, watching the crowd stream along the boulevard. You know that crowd-it's one of the most fascinating spectacies in the world. turned instinctively to the glare of light from the café were lit up by it with a cruelly ironic insistence of character of which they themselves were ignorant.

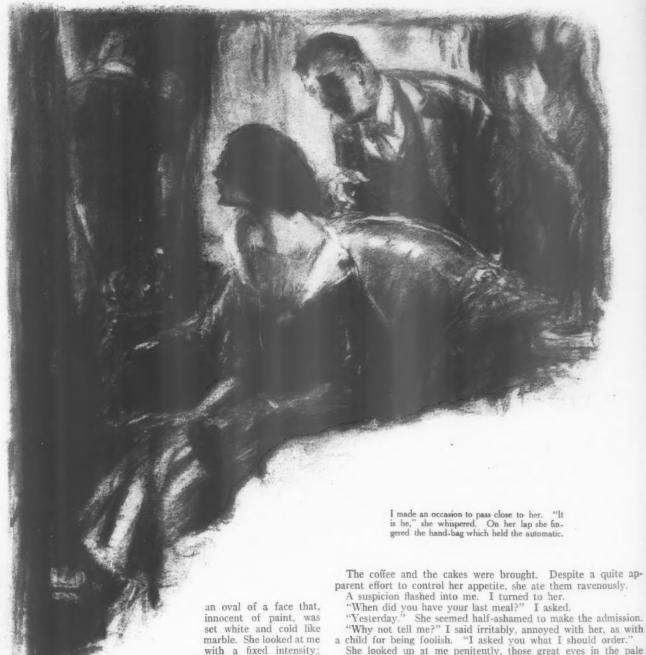
You can see the types, of course—the well-to-do bourgeois in a series of plump convexities from cheeks to abdomen; the ultrachic young men who are nevertheless caricatures of the elegance they aim at; those other young men in immense black sombreros and loose ties who have strayed from the Boul' Mich', the cadaverous concavity of their pale faces precociously hirsute, consumed with anxiety to be noticed by the world if only for their eccentricity; the old men, carefully preserved, who pass slowly, sending the eye of a decrepit vulture roving over the women in the café; the hawkers who stop, pathetically mute, dangling their toys over the little tables, while their hungry eyes search for clients; the somewhat furtive policemen; the newsboys who yell unintelligibly as they dodge under the arms of the promenading crowd-you know them as well as I do.

And the women! You know that procession of women with faces that are painted masks varying from the grotesque crudity

ochre, the tint of a sun-kissed countrygirl. One and all, their faces turn to the light of the café, and their eyes—the eyes that make you hate or pity them-range over the customers at the little tables, some expertly, some with a diffidence that may be only assumed, while they venture a half-smile of perfidious allurement. And

you read in their eyes the hard, ugly avarice which is all that is left in their hearts, except perhaps for a worthless scoundrel who sits drinking away their earnings round the corner. In certain moods, there is no more cynically horrible spectacle in the world than this phantasmagoria of unsouled women, shamelessly or pathetically hawking a poisoned mockery of love, that moves nightly through the corrupted heart of Paris.

I was in that mood, and some such thought was in my mind when I suddenly found myself looking at a girl who passed slowly before the serried tables. Her eyes were on mine when I first knew that I was looking at her. Such eyes! Great dark orbs in



a child for being foolish. "I asked you what I should order."

She looked up at me penitently, those great eyes in the pale

oval of her face curiously sincere. "Pardon, monsieur," she said. "You see, I-I didn't know. I-I am not accustomed-

I rose from my chair, threw down money for the waiter. "You can explain afterward," I said. "Come and have something to eat.'

I took her to the restaurant on the first floor over the café. It was deserted at this intermediate hour. In a few minutes she was spooning up her soup as a preliminary to the substantial meal I ordered for her. It did one good to see her eat. I watched her, without conversation, until she had finished. Not until she was peeling her final orange did I utter the question that had been

was beening her inflat of anged with the question that and seen waiting for utterance since I first set eyes on her.

"Now, my dear young lady." I said severely, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain what you are doing on the boulevard? It is obviously not your métier."

I felt like a father to her. In comparison, I was old enough. The white marble of her face, softened for a moment by the comfort of food and drink, hardened again. Then she yielded perhaps out of gratitude, to the authority I assumed.

from the callous sisterhood who passed her. With-out a certain native dignity her clothes would have appeared as poor as they really were. She stood on the boulevard, and the dinner-hour was long past. On a sudden inexplicable impulse, I made a sign to her. She saw it, hesitated-then with an obvious effort of courage, came and sat down beside me.

in her slow gait which distinguished her at once

yet I could not be sure that

she saw me. She looked like a somnambulist. But she moved

with a self-conscious diffidence

"You meant me to?" she queried, with a shy timidity unusual in such meetings. I could see that she was trembling. "Certainly, mademoiselle," I replied. "What may I order for

"Coffee," she said.
"Some cakes?" "Please."

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A ghost of a smile came over the marble beauty of her face. "Je veux bien. Merci, monsieur."

"I was looking for a man," she said, and the brows over her great eyes contracted and her lips went thin.

"So much I guessed," I said ironically. She flushed at my tone. "One particular man," she elucidated, with an expression that puzzled me. "I am sure to meet him on the boulevard sooner or later."

'How long have you been looking for him?"

"This is the first time." She glanced at me. "You guessed that too?

"Easily. But who is he, this man you are looking for? An old"-I was going to say "lover"-"friend of yours

"I have never seen him, but when I do, I shall know him." She felt in her hand-bag, extracted a photograph, passed it to me. It was that of a young man, strikingly good-looking in an ascetic "His name is Boris Mirsky. You don't know him?" sort of way.

'No. And when you do meet him?"

"I shall kill him."

As she replaced the photograph, I caught a glimpse of a small automatic in her bag. The cool ferocity of this bald statement, coming as it did from the girlish beauty of that face, gave me a queer shock. She could not have been more than nineteen, and there was in her that nobility, that peculiar virgin purity, which surrounds certain rare women with an aura which compels a reverential respect beyond explanation. She was a mystery that

fascinated me. Clearly, she was not French.
"Will you tell me your name?" I asked.
"Vera Mikhailovna," she answered, automatically almost, her dark eyes staring thoughtfully at some prospect I could not share.

These Russian names always muddle me. "Mikhailovna is not your surname?" I ventured.

"My father's name was Stapouloff," she said.

"Was?

"He died the day before yesterday." Tears came up in her great eyes.

"Is there no one else who—" I began.
"No one in all the world." Her curt finality asked no pity.
There was a little silence. The thought of this beautiful The thought of this beautiful girl alone in Paris with that murderous purpose in her mind perturbed me strangely. Why did she want to kill this Boris Mirsky? You know that feeling that you have been sent to help some one? I leaned forward to her.

"My dear young lady," I said, "will you not grant me the privilege of a disinterested friend and confide in me?

Her great eyes softened as she looked at me.
"I believe you are a friend," she said, "just a friend and not—

not—" She hesitated, pathetically hopeful.
"I am just a friend," I assured her, "nothing more. But I should like to help you, to put you on a better path than that of the boulevard.

She looked at me almost pityingly after a sudden resentment

had gone out of her eyes.

"How should you understand? Mon ami, I did not go on the boulevard because-because I liked that-that horror. I had to force myself to it. But it seemed to me the only way."

"Because you had no money?" I hazarded.

She shrugged her shoulders, contemptuous of my obtuseness. "I have no money, it is true," she said. "But not because of that. I have a sacred duty laid upon me. I sacrifice myself

"I don't understand," I admitted. "What duty?" "The duty of finding Boris Mirsky-and killing him."

HAD never had personal experience of the Slav temperament, but I remembered that a friend had told me that Russian girls had bewildered him from first to last; they were neither moral nor immoral as you expected them to be; they had an utterly dif-ferent code never coincident with ours. This girl was obviously chaste to the marrow of her bones; yet she could deliberately betake her beauty to the boulevard on the hypothetical chance of meeting one particular man in the millions that throng Paris! Only a Russian girl could have coldly conceived such a fantastic project.

She was plainly not to be argued with in her present mood. I

sought for further information.

"Why is it your sacred duty to kill this Boris Mirsky?" I

She hesitated as though judging whether I were worthy of her confidence, and then suddenly she gave it to me. Her eyes flashed somberly as she began her story. It would take too long to give it in her own words, and in its broad outlines it was a simple

story, not dissimilar to that of hundreds of other Russian refugees

in Paris at the present time.

Her father had been a general in the old Imperial army. With his son and daughter, he had managed to escape at the beginning of the Bolshevik Terror. They arrived in Paris utterly penniless and the old man had managed precariously to avoid starvation for himself and his daughter by doing translation work. The son became a cab-driver. During the war, he had been a major in one of the Guard regiments. In the same regiment, and his great friend from the time they were at the military academy together, was this Boris Mirsky.

Mirsky, it seemed, was an "intellectual," one of those high-

caste Russians who, before the Revolution, were forever tortured by doubts of their right to the privileges they enjoyed. The Revolution, apparently, fired the magazine in him. He enthusi-astically embraced the new order of things and was one of those who assisted Kerensky in his efforts to reconstitute the army.

Young Stapouloff fled.

Some months later, leaving his father and sister to continue their struggle against starvation in Paris, the ex-major joined Denikin's ill-fated army in the south of Russia. They sent him upcountry on some secret-service mission, disguised of course. As luck would have it, he ran into his old friend Boris Mirskyand Mirsky, Spartan or merely a scoundrel, promptly denounced him. The local Extraordinary Commission shot him next day. But somehow or other, he managed to send a message to his father giving the name of his betrayer.

After that, old General Stapouloff lived on with only one hope and object in life-that he would survive until the Bolsheviks collapsed and he could return to Russia and take vengeance for his son upon the friend who had betrayed him. She mimicked him, with a realism that made me shudder, muttering to himself: "Boris Mirsky! Boris Mirsky!"

A week previous to that evening, old Stapouloff had been startled to see-of all unlikely people-young Boris Mirsky on the boulevard. He was on the other side of the street, apparently unconscious of the old man's proximity. Old Stapouloff had darted across after him, blind to the traffic in his excitement and a motorcar had knocked him down. He died a few days later in a hospital, holding his daughter's hand and making her swear that she would not rest until she had tracked down her brother's murderer and exacted that vengeance which he begged from God even as his life went out.

She had spent her last centime on that automatic.

THE grim precision of her recital gave me cold shivers as I listened. I had to glance at her exquisite and nobly beautiful face not to lose sympathy for her-and then I saw her as a kind of Charlotte Corday sublimely ready to immolate herself for what she believed to be her duty.

"But are you sure it was Boris Mirsky?" I objected. "Would he dare to come to Paris? Surely, ardent Bolsheviks are not welcomed by the French Government?"

"My father could not have been mistaken," she replied. is probably here with false papers." Even so, what chance have you of finding him?" I said. "It

is like looking for a needle in a haystack."
"I shall find him," she answered, grimly confident, "sooner or

later on the boulevard-and then I shall kill him!"

The idea of her indefinitely promenading the boulevard on this hopeless quest was unthinkably abhorrent to me. You know the way some girls have of making you feel they are like your sisters? I felt like that. Something had to be done.
"Look here," I said, inspired on the spur of the moment,

"when you looked at me outside the café and came across to me at that sign from me, you had a feeling that this was predestined-that I was to help you-didn't you?" wildest of guesses on my part.

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She nodded her head gravely. "Yes," she said. "I felt that." "And you feel absolutely confident that you will sooner or later meet this Boris Mirsky?"

"I am sure of it!" she said, with emphasis.

"Good! If you feel instinctively certain that you will meet him, then assuredly you will meet him." Privately, I felt that nothing was less certain, but I assumed all the impressive sincerity I could. "But will you admit the possibility that now you are not going the right way to meet him?"

She looked at me, her confidence a little shaken.

"You say you felt that I was sent to help you," I went on, nickly. "I felt the same. I believe I was there to help you." quickly. "I felt the same. I believe I was the way and we "Yes," she breathed, almost to herself. "Something told me d n 2 d

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I made to follow her, but she stopped me. The cab whirled away-left me staring at a vision of the man she loved lying doomed and impotent,

"That means, if it means anything, that in some way-I don't know—you will meet him through me—because you have followed my advice," I continued. I felt almost ashamed to deceive her with this illusive hope,-if, improbably, I met Boris Mirsky, I meant merely to keep them as far apart as possible,-but I remembered what I had read about the fatalism of the Slav, and I played on it desperately. "Will you follow that advice?" "Yes." She looked, a rapt, far-away expression in her eyes,

like a nun listening to supernatural counsels. Then you will abandon your absurd project. You will never meet him in that way. I feel sure of it.'

An evident relief came into her pale, set face.

"What must I do?"

"Have you any means of support?" I asked. She shrugged her shoulders.

"I might perhaps find some lessons to give," she said. I had another inspiration—saw a picture in that head—many pictures.

"If you will come to my studio," I said, giving her my card, "and will pose for me, I can give you work—and introduce you to other artists who will be glad to paint you."

"You don't mean-" She hesitated apprehensively, blushed suddenly vivid in a curious alarm of modesty. What strange mix-tures some women are! Half an hour earlier she had been walking the boulevard.

I reassured her. "Only the head-or the draped body," I said. She smiled gratefully-and then suddenly looked at me with a last searching doubt.

"And I shall meet Boris Mirsky? You promise?"
I gestured my personal impotence.
"My dear child, we are but the vehicles of Fate," I said, equivocally.

It satisfied her. I gave her a few francs to go on with, and sent her home to the little appartement she had occupied with her As she disappeared into the interior of the long green father. and white motorbus, she gave me an almost joyous wave of the hand to reiterate our au revoir.

THANK heaven, I am old enough not to fall in love with every beautiful woman I meet. I was not in love with Vera Mikhailovna, but she had impressed me immensely, had evoked a very genuine concern. I felt that I (Continued on page 160)

No one can restore the magic of the old West more perfectly than the author of this story of "Kansas," hard rider and quick killer, who after many days es-caped his Nemesis and found - the way out.

Illustrated by William Meade Prince



FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

THE plain had become an enormous round shadow upon which objects showed vague and mellow in the gathering dusk: the blurred herd off in the middle distance; a horse and rider moving thither in pastel silhouette; and here in the center the covered chuck-wagon, the forms of men, recumbent, merging with the earth; a trio of cowboys saddling up their ponies; the foreman with one foot upon the wagon-tongue, elbow on knee and chin on hand, his lean back curved.

The foreman frowned thoughtfully as he watched young Kansas and his two companions drawing up their latigos. In those days of the Southwest every man's business was supposed to be his own affair, and he did not even know the boy's real name. Just "Kansas," that was all. But when Bob West and Owl-head Johnson were swinging into their saddles, he reached a decision

and beckoned him.

The other two rode on. Vacations came few and far between on the trail to Dodge; they were due back by the morning's second hour to take their turns guarding the sleeping herd; Horsehead lay more than ten miles away, and their money was burning the pockets of their tight jean breeches.

"I'll catch up," Kansas called after them, and came, with a faint jingle of spurs, to the wagon-tongue. "What's on your mind, Jeff?"

He was good to look upon, a study of harsh beauty, of untamed youth, slim-flanked and graceful as a cat, with his mop of crisp dark hair and the red stain of the Texas wind upon his reckless face. The foreman met his bold young eyes and smiled.

"I don't want to lose any hands at this end of the drive," he said, "and Bill Scarborough's the marshal at Horsehead nowone of them killers. Somebody's sure to tell him who you be." Young Kansas' eyes met those of the older man with sharp

interrogation.
"Meanin'?" he asked.

"I got it in Horsehead this afternoon," the foreman told him, "that you done killed one of the Herald gang last summer in the

"that you done killed one of the Herald gang last summer in the Lampasas County war."

The boy nodded. "I thought I'd kept that news behind me," he said lightly. "Them things get to be a nuisance when you go to town." As he was turning the stirrup, he asked over his shoulder: "This Scarborough—he's lookin' for new scalps?"

"He's got him a reputation," the other answered, "and it looks

like he's aiming to keep "Reckon I got to stay half sober, then. Adios! Kansas was in the saddle and the pony was leaping forward when he called his farewell. As he rode after his companions, he got a glimpse of the horseman who was going toward the herd. The man was sing-

ing softly, one of those long ballads which used to be heard on every cattle-trail. The cadences came quavering across the darkening plain. Young Kansas threw back his head, and he too sang, full-heartedly, care-free:

> The sun was sinking in the west And fell with lingering ray, Through the branches of a forest Where a wounded ranger lay. Beneath the shade of a palmetto And the sunset silvery sky, Far away from his home in Texas They laid him down to die.

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Bob West and Owl-head Johnson were jogging soberly along ahead of him. They heard him coming when he was in the second stanza.

A group had gathered round him, His comrades in the fight. . A tear rolled down each manly cheek As he bid his last good night. One tried and true companion-

That was as far as he got when they spurred their horses and

he leaned forward in the saddle, racing after them.
"Reckon the girls'll be settin' up fer us?" Owl-head Johnson called as their companion came thundering up behind them.



the town, where the noises dwindled to a pulsating hum during

whose lulls you could hear the whispering of the evening wind.

four rows of silent cowboys lay outstretched beneath long heaps

mson

of stones.

the back of the long room as Kansas left by the front door, but when the cowboy had gone a half-block, he looked over

told them. "Come after me at midnight.

Marshal Scarborough was talking to a burly floor-manager in

his shoulder and saw the Marshal pushing his way through a sidewalk group behind him.

"I sure have got to ride deep this evenin'," he reflected, "for he's

out to get my scalp.

Yet neither that knowledge, nor the memory of the slaying which had made him a shining mark for such men as Scarborough, marred his young serenity. He had done his killing in a fair fight defending his employer's herds. As for the imminence of any danger nowwhy, such men as Scarborough were like rattlesnakes and boggy fords and foundered horses, part of one's life; one took them as they came, and that was all there was to it.

Luck settled down upon him in the Crystal Palace. If he had not been keeping one eye on the goingson in the long room, he would probably have thought nothing of it when the management changed dealers an hour before midnight; but as it was, he felt reasonably certain that this had come about as a direct consequence of a quiet conference between the Marshal and the gray-mustached proprietor at the end of the long bar. So when Owl-head Johnson and Bob West came hilariously to seek him out in accordance with the appointment, he was quite ready for the thing that took place.

The new dealer, a sleek-haired, rat-eyed half-breed, took the chips as Kansas shoved them across the table to cash in, and counted them

with swift precision.

"Two hundred and eleven dollars," he announced, and smiled the wrong way of the mouth. There was something in his voice, although he had not raised it, which made the others at the table fall silent. "That's more'n you'd make in six months stealin' cows back in Lampasas County."

Those who caught the gist of that allusion to last summer's warfare, wherein the ownership of range-cattle was at issue, comprehended the fullness of the insult, and it was their unostentatious movement to one side which turned all eyes on Kansas. He had risen from his chair and stood looking down across the card-littered table at the dealer. Thus for a long fraction of a second. And then he smiled.

"I reckon mebbe it is,"

he answered lightly. "And now I'll take the dinero, if yo'-all are through with them little jokes of yours.'

The half-breed peeled several greenbacks from a pile before him, wetting his fingers on his thin lips as he counted them,

then placed a silver coin on top of them.

"Two hundred and eleven dollars," he said aggressively, and pushed the money across the table with his left hand. right hand's lean fingers rested lightly on the drawer wherein he kept his gun. Kansas picked up the bills and told them off aloud:

"Hundred, hundred and fifty, hundred and seventy, hundred He picked up the silver: "Hundred and ninety-one." He turned his back upon the dealer as he announced the total, and met the cold gaze of Horsehead's town marshal, unperturbed.



"You didn't think I'd go to jerk my gun for twenty dollars, Chief?" he asked—and laid his hand on the shoulder of Bob West, who was starting to remonstrate noisily.

going to buy a drink."
"Going?" Scarborough called after him as the three cowboys were departing a moment later.

"I reckon," Kansas answered evenly, "you will hear me when I do go.

Bob West and Owl-head Johnson made no comment as they walked down the sidewalk toward the town's edge, where their ponies were awaiting them. Hilarity had fallen from them, and in its place had come a silent alertness. He knew that they were biding his word, ready to do their part in what was to come.

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The cow-pony's hoofs scraped on the roadway with the abruptness of its stop. The rider had seen death enough to know it; there was no mistaking that limp sprawl.

came," Kansas bade them, "and wait for me where the road forks, two miles out."

They started to argue, maintaining that it was their right to remain beside him, but he shook his head.

"He tried to ambush me, and I've eat dirt. Now I've got to play this hand alone."

Having no answer for that, they wished him luck and rode away. When the hoofbeats of their ponies grew faint out in the blue night, he swung into the saddle and turned his horse toward the flaring center of the town.

One dimly lighted square lay between him and the glaring doorways. Somewhere beyond that block, within the shadows which those lamps cast upon the empty spaces between buildings, he knew that Scarborough would now be awaiting him with his sawed-off shotgun, according to the custom of his cold-eyed breed. As he spurred forward, that knowledge gave him a sort of reckless satisfaction.

His horse raced down the block, and when he came into the next, Kansas threw back his head. He gave the long wolf yell and saw the sidewalks before him clearing as if his voice were a gigantic broom which swept whole groups of men back through the open doorways. For Horsehead's populace realized the significance of that cry and to a man remembered the fate of bystanders on one or two past occasions when frolicsome cowboys had started to burn powder on the main street.

A thin stream of flame leaped from the muzzle of Bob West's revolver toward the distant stars—three times in swift succession, then thrice again. Before the last heavy report had died away, Kansas was thrusting the emptied weapon beneath his waistband. He pulled his own from its holster.

Now, as the pony was in the middle of a stride, he got sight of Scarborough. In the black shadows of a vacant lot, so close to the ground that only its abrupt

forward movement betrayed it as a substance other than the earth, the Marshal's form revealed itself. Before it a fan-shaped pathway of radiance sifted in from the street between the shade of the next building's wall and the raised sidewalk.

The right hand of Kansas was sweeping upward from his hip; his thumb was on the six-shooter's hammer, bringing it to the full cock. Before the instant had gone by, the sawed-off shotgun flung a lurid splash into the darkness.

The harsh breath of passing buckshot fanned the cowboy's cheek. He knew that he had reeled a little in the saddle, but he was unconscious of his wound. For all of his faculties were concentrated on the movement of his own right hand as he diverted his aim from the star-flecked heavens to the vague form of his assailant. He pulled the trigger. Into the fan-shaped

For according to the unwritten code of those days, when men challenged one another to combat as in the age of chivalry, he had flung his gage to Scarborough; and everyone within reach of his voice had understood the import of his defiance. He was going to shoot up Horsehead before he left.

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they s to As to the outcome, he took no thought. The situation had confronted him, and he had met it—just as he had to meet many another sudden grave issue in this wild life of his—without wasting time to reckon on what might lie beyond. Let future developments take care of themselves; in the meantime he would do what he had set out to do. When they reached the hitching-rack in the deep shade of the cottonwoods he spake

rack in the deep shade of the cottonwoods, he spoke.

"Lend me your six-shooter, Bob." The cowboy handed him the weapon without a word. "You boys ride back the way we

pathway of radiance Marshal Scarborough pitched forward upon

Kansas drew rein. The cow-pony's hoofs scraped on the hard roadway with the abruptness of its stop. The rider turned him where he stood and looked upon the prostrate form. He had seen death often enough to know it, and there was no mistaking that limp sprawl.

Then he rode forth from Horsehead. Somewhere beyond the foothill graveyard, he pulled down his pony to a walk and thrust his hand beneath his shirt to feel the hole which a stray buckshot had made on entering his side. He explored the place with clumsy fingers.

"Done glanced off along a rib-I reckon it's lodged somewheres in my back." When he had given himself this diagnosis and had made sure that the loss of blood was not dangerous, he spurred on and faced the situation as it stood.

He realized that there was more to it than Scarborough. It had begun with last summer's killing. That had made him worth the Marshal's while. Now he had slain two, and one of them wore a star. That meant, for one thing, that he was outlawed in this part of Texas-and for another, that wherever the story of his deeds was told, he was a marked man. Men would regard him as a desperado, and sooner or later some one else would seek his life again. So long as he rode where the events of the past year were known, he must keep a hand close to his revolver.

The boys were waiting for him at the forks of the road. While they dressed his wound he told them what had happened.
"Plug up the hole with a wad of axle-grease, and she'll heal

slick's a whistle," Owl-head Johnson said. Kansas buttoned his shirt and handed the borrowed revolver back to Bob West.

'Tell Jeff," he bade them, "not to look for me. I'm headed west."

That was in April.

ONE evening early in July old John Chilson sat on his ranch-house porch among the pale plains beyond the Pecos, where there was no law. His blunt face was turned eastward, and he kept his little eyes on the gray road which wound along the flanks of the low bluffs toward the hamlet of Puerta de Luna

by the river, twenty miles away.

The cattle king of Lincoln County—that was the name which men gave him, for he held two hundred miles of range down the wide valley, and the number of his beef-steers was beyond his knowledge. In that wild land where rights of property and rules of action were, for the most part, defined by rifle-muzzles, he still retained, by force of arms, the possession of those leagues of pasture which he had wrested from the Indians. With him, as with those old feudal barons who had thriven in very much the same fashion, there was seldom a month went by that did not see his hard-faced riders going forth to exterminate bold enemies.

He watched the road for the return of such a party now. little cloud of dust appeared above the nose of the bluff at the farthest bend; and as it advanced around the turn, catching the last sun's rays above the mesa's summit, the forms of riders emerged from beneath it. He counted them: two, four and finally a fifth. Then he rose slowly, sighing as one who has read good news, and went within the house.

Some minutes later, through the scuffle of hoofs and the sound of the cowboys' voices by the corrals, he heard footsteps on the veranda: his foreman entered.

Well, Ben?" the old man asked. The foreman dragged a chair from beside the oilcloth-covered table and perched himself upon its back with his feet on the wooden seat.

"Rudabaugh wont rustle no more of your steers," he announced, and rolled a cigarette. He puffed for some moments in silence, holding his folded hands between his knees.
"This feller Kansas," he went on, "is clean strain. There

was a while I thought he was going to show plumb yellow." He shook his head. "I never see a man swallow more'n he did before he jerked his gun."

Old Chilson let his lips relax, and showed his big teeth.

"Think Rudabaugh knew who he was runnin' up against?"
"He said so." The foreman smiled grimly. "The play come up in ol' Griselkowski's saloon. The five of us was havin' a drink when Rudabaugh come in with half a dozen of them O Z rail punchers. He spotted Kansas from the start and headed straight for him. Said he done killed that feller in Horsehead from behind. And all that Kansas done was laugh.

"He laughed at the things Rudabaugh called him, and asked him if that was the best he could do. Said that down in Texas where he come from, them words went fer pet names, and he

reckoned he'd take 'em as sech."
"And Rudabaugh," said John Chilson softly, "shore can misname a man. I mind the time he made me swallow conside'ble rough talk which he was handin' out acrost his six-shooter right in front of that there same bar.'

"Well, he wont cuss you out no more," the foreman answered "and he wont kill no more of your punchers. Kansas done asked him to have a drink. I was plumb disgusted with your he-wolf, John. And I reckon Rudabaugh was gettin' theta-way himself. He acted like he had begun to think Kansas was too easy to monkey with, and he was in a hurry to get the job done. Just pulled his gun and started fer to kill him! lad was standin' with his back toward him, too-and let him get the six-shooter out of the holster before he drilled him between the eyes. He seen him in the lookin'-glass behind the bar." He paused and then, after brief reflection: "Quickest draw I ever

see."
"Them's the kind of warriors a man needs in this kentry," old Chilson said, and pulled a thick black plug of tobacco from his hip pocket. He was worrying off a chunk when the door opened, and Kansas stood before them on the threshold.
"Set down," the cattleman bade him. "Ben was jest tellin'

But the cowboy made no movement to accept the in-

"Pears like my name has got up this way." He held his eyes a Chilson as he was speaking. "And that trouble down in on Chilson as he was speaking. Texas-"

The foreman laughed.

"The's a heap of good men along the Pecos that's been outlawed he announced. in Texas.

"This here Rudabaugh," Kansas went on with his eyes still on the cow-man, "seemed to know all about it."

John Chilson spat cheerfully. "Reckon he did," he answered.

"Did you-all know that he knew?" The question came with a disarming gentleness. The cattle king of Lincoln County rubbed his grizzled chin reflectively.

"We sort of figgered that-a-way," he said at length.

"Then"-the young fellow's voice hardened, but there was no anger in his eyes; they were a little weary as they looked into those of his employer—"I want my time."

He caught up his own horse before darkness had settled down,

and he did not stop for supper, but rode straight away into the West. Once, toward morning, when they were passing a ranchhouse, the pony lagged perceptibly, and as he touched him with

the spur"Not for a long ways yet," the cowboy said. "We got to keep shovin' on.'

THE night wore by, and the rays of the rising sun fell upon his back. That day he found a sheep-herder watching his flock and made camp with him; then he pressed on again through the bare hills that climbed toward the timber-crowned summits of the main divide. The pony was going footsore; he made up his mind to give it a few days' rest before he struck off by that route toward the setting sun.

So when he rode down into the tree-dotted swale and found the feed knee-high at the White Oaks Springs, he told the two prospectors at the little peeled-log cabin which was tucked away in this nook under Baxter Mountain, his intention to make camp. And they accepted him after the manner of their kind, without comment or question.

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To his way of thinking, they were strange men. He could not tell whether they were old or young; a hairy, bearded twain, bent-backed, and with the habit of silence strong upon them. They never took the trouble to ask him his name, but christened him as the fancy seized them; sometimes they called him Bud and sometimes Jack, but in the end his soft drawl impressed them somewhat, and they settled down on "Texas." He took a sort of indulgent interest in their endless toil. Every morning, when they had washed down their weighty flapjacks with some villainous decoction which they called coffee, they loaded a mouse-colored burro with two kegs of water at the spring and drove him to the diggings in the sun-baked gulch two miles away.

There they labored with pick and shovel, gathering gravel from among the hot rocks, or crouched for weary hours over a rocker, which looked for all the world like a little homemade There was in this endless routine a monotony which sometimes strained the cowboy's easy tolerance. And when they gathered the scanty teaspoonful of (Continued on page 111)

When Nature dons spring uniform And bees are in the clover, The baseball trainer blooms in camp And looks the cripples over. Doc' thinks the robins cannot sing Till he's "adjusted" every wing! He tinkers with Dame Nature's spine, And gives the daisies iodine.

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L'Envoi

Let blossoms bloom and poets sing-Some funny things occur in spring: A timid mouse creeps out to play, And Doc' adjusts its vertebrae!

-Sung by Lefty Williams



The Spring Mouse

By GERALD BEAUMONT

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

DOC' BLINKER BURKE was aware that it was spring at Laureldale. The same old boils were blooming on the neck of Peewee Patterson, and old Bill Turner's million-dollar arm squeaked like a rusty gate.

Beyond the training-quarters, green hills blushed under the amorous embrace of poppies; the iridescent dove cooed to its mate; golden buttercups lifted their tiny chalices of dew; and in

the orchards, the robins— Oh, well, let 'em sing!

The room was long and low, littered with training-camp impedimenta, and reeking with the fumes of liniment. A dozen men. in various stages of undress, sat around on trunks and gloomily awaited their turns on the rubbing table.

Blinker wiped the perspiration from his forehead, took a fresh grip on the naked shoulders of catcher Darrow, and exerted his

full strength.

Crack-crack-crack!

Patterson, midget infielder, looked up from a sporting page. "Sounds like the Fourth of July," he observed. "Doc', aint that just the way a man's neck pops when they hang him?" "Not exactly," said Blinker. "It goes more like this."

Darrow struggled futilely to free himself.
"Lemme up!" he howled. "Somebody slip me a gun! Say, if

this guy's a trainer, I'm John L. Sullivan! Look out, Doc', you-" The rest of his protest was smothered by a bath-towel. The trainer calmly continued his spinal manipulations.

Lefty Williams leaned over and whispered in the ear of Rube

Ferguson: Truck had a lotta nerve to talk like that when Doc's got hold

of him. Ferguson grunted scornfully. "That aint nerve-that's just

ignorance. There you are! What I tell you?"

Loud groans from the prostrate Darrow indicated that Doc' was wreaking vengeance. Lefty Williams slipped out a side door, and gave the glad tidings to those who were pitching horseshoes on the tennis court.

"Hey!" he bawled. "Doc's got a new adjustment! Come on

They accepted the invitation en masse. Doc's osteopathic experiments were one of the joys of spring, always providing they were being tried out on somebody else. As Rube Ferguson put it, Doc' knew more about human anatomy than a Jap wrestler

The newcomers beheld the club's first-string catcher flat on his stomach, gasping under the weight of the trainer, who was

bouncing up and down on his victim's spine.

Miss Morris was rolling up her sleeves. She motioned quietly to Ferguson. "Now, if you'll open the chest, please?"

"'Atta boy, Doc'!"
they whooped. "Ride
'im, cowboy! 'At's the
ol' adjustment, Blinker!
Stay with him, Doc!
Wa-hoo!"

Blinker ignored the advice of the gallery. All in due time he dismounted, liberated his victim and held up one finger, barber-fashion, to Patterson.

"Next!" Peewee drew a deep

breath, and peeled.

"Arm's feelin' pretty good today, Doc'," he confided. "She goes around just like a clock; see? Don't need an adjustment, Doc'. Just the little old rub. You know, Doc', just the—"

Doc', just the—"
"Lie down," commanded Blinker. "I
know what you need."

The midget sighed and surrendered. Over the rubbing-table bent the trainer.

A great man, Doc' Blinker! He was thirty-five, unmarried, muscled like Abdul the Turk, and costumed like a motion-picture director—leather puttees and white sport shirt, open at the throat. He knew far more about spring than Shakespeare.

Permit us to rise a moment in behalf of

the most important and the least understood figure in our national game. The baseball trainer is an osteopathic rose condemned to blush unseen and waste his sweetness on the clubhouse air. No press photographer ever takes *his* picture; no sporting editor ever writes *him* up; no bleacher mob ever bellows *his* praise; yet he wins many a pennant just the same.

Some trainers, it is true, reach the height of their art when they hang out undershirts on the clubhouse clotheslines, but Doc' Blinker was not one of these. McGovern's trainer was the man who restored the injured Patterson to the line-up in three days when physicians predicted the midget would be out for two weeks. It was Blinker who found out what was wrong with Scotty McTavitt's arm and sent the heartbroken veteran back to the majors to win a World's Series, and explode forever the theory that they never come back!

Some day ask a baseball manager how it is possible for him to take thirty men, gathered from all parts of the country, differing in age, temperament and religion, and mold them into a smooth-running harmonious machine, capable of standing up under seven months of daily combat on the ball-field despite all the difficulties to which the professional ball-player is subject. If he is a manager like Brick McGovern, he will direct your attention to a man in shirtsleeves who sits by the clubhouse window like a mother waiting for her children to come in from their play so



that she may bind up their injuries and listen to their troubles. Doc' Blinker not alone put thirty men into condition every spring and kept them that way all season, but he was house-mother and father-confessor to Brick McGovern's official family. Men confided in him when they wouldn't disclose their troubles to the manager. On the rubbing-table they confessed their domestic difficulties, and bared their souls as nakedly as their bodies. Thus Blinker learned how to administer soothing syrup as well as iodine. Further, he was the property clerk, lord of the laundry, keeper of uniforms, distributor of the mail, and the man to whom everyone turned for pen and ink, stationery, postage stamps, matches—

and "five berries till pay-day." That is all you need to know about Blinker's profession.

Now, concerning this particular spring at Laureldale, which promised to be much like any other: The camp was filled as usual with fresh young bushers, muscle-bound veterans, and recruits from Eastern leagues who were homesick for absent wives and children. For three days the trainer sweated over the rubbing-board, anointing, adjusting, bandaging, manipulating—striving to make it possible for every man to hold his job. Then spring, in the infinity of her wisdom, directed Doc's talents along unusual

Her name was Rosalie Morris, but Rube Ferguson referred to her as "Lil' Miss Mouse," and as a training-camp is always the



place where nicknames are bestowed, this one was generally accepted. Rube showed good judgment, at that!

Rosalie suggested a mouse. She was a timid little thing. scurrying around in the dining-room with the other waitresses, and taking frightened nibbles at the fruit-cake of fellowship. Everybody enjoyed kidding her because she was most certainly a "busher" at the game.

Blinker noticed with professional interest that Miss Mouse appeared to have a weak shoulder. He meant, of course, to speak to her about it, but he postponed the matter because the "regulars" needed his attention first.

The club was at lunch in the hotel dining-room on the fourth day. Rosalie came staggering in from the kitchen with a heavily laden tray. She was small and frail, and her burden was large and heavy. Her shoulder declined to assume the responsibility any longer. She made a gallant effort to avert disaster, but Peewee Patterson, smartest shortstop in the minors, saw that she wasn't going to make the play.

"Heads up, everybody!" he yelled. "Look out below! Grab the ball, Doc'. It's all yours!"

But Blinker was a trainer, not a shortstop. He fumbled the tray, and nine bowls of soup descended in his lap! For a few seconds the celebrated Blinker sat there, bathed in warm vermicelli, while everyone scrambled up to view the wreckage. Then

the dining-room resounded to the jubilation of youth, and Doc' blew up! Never before was such language heard outside of a baseball dugout when the umpire has missed one. Long after the little waitress had fled and Peewee Patterson had been hauled out from under a table, Brick McGovern's conscientious trainer was still talking.

However, no ball-player permits any long-continued interruption at meal-time. Though Miss Mouse remained in retirement, Rube Ferguson, clown of the ballfield, donned apron and took her place. Then, even Blinker, reappearing shortly in the glory of fresh costume, had to join in the laughter. Rube wabbled around the dining-room, faking distress, and leaving a trail of joy and mashed potatoes behind him. Gleefully the club coached him with the familiar slogans of the ball-

"Play it safe, Rube! Hang on to that all! 'Atta ol' kid! Steady! Nobody ball! near you!"

Thus are life's little tragedies in a spring training-camp dismissed with a But the little waitress was not fortified with baseball philosophy. Physical distress and mortification do not make for laughter, even though it is spring at Laureldale.

BLINKER was sitting on the porch of his cottage late that afternoon staring at purple shadows creeping into the vineyards on the distant hills, and wondering how he was going to get rid of the winter "marble" that had formed in Bill Turner's right elbow. Patterson dropped into a chair beside the trainer.

"You razzed that little dame too hard, Doc'," Peewee confided. "I understand she has a bum arm-neuritis or some-

thing. That's why she dropped the tray."
"What's that?" said Blinker. "Bum
arm? Gosh, that's right! Her shoulder was all tied up like Jake Cassidy's. Well, I can't think of everything! Where is

"Hiking down the road," said Pee-ee. "She's quit. You scared her to wee. death. Course, it aint my business, but that's chasing a cripple out of camp pretty quick. If every guy who had a sore arm was given the bum's rush,

Brick wouldn't have no ball-club."

Blinker frowned.

'She had no business ducking out without seeing me! I'll bet it's only a misplaced ligament pressing against the nerveseither that or she's got a muscle caught under the shoulder-Five doctors couldn't locate Bill Tabor's trouble, but I found it, didn't I?"

"You sure did!" acknowledged Peewee. "If it wasn't for you, old Bill wouldn't be in uniform."

It needed only a compliment like that to spur Blinker along the path of professional duty. He arose and craned his neck along the dusty road that led toward town.

"How long ago did she leave?" he asked.
"Not so very long," said Peewee. "Guess she's about reached second base."

Doc' nodded briskly.

"Go in and get your letters; they're on my desk. But don't monkey with my instruments. Some skunk used one of my lances to clean out his pipe. If I ever get him on the rubbing-table, he'll never get off. Tell Brick I'll be back in a little while."

Five minutes later Doc' was hurrying down the road on the trail of the deserter. He spotted the object of his search halfway to the station. Rosalie, scurrying along under the weight of a suitcase, looked back in answer to his call, and recognized with considerable alarm the identity of her pursuer. She quickened her

"Hey, you!" bawled the trainer. "What do you think this is a relay race? Pull up a minute! I'm not going to hurt you!" "What do you think this is She ran a little faster. Blinker swore under his breath, and also broke into a run. Being in much the better condition of the two, the trainer overhauled the fugitive. Miss Mouse swung around, and prepared to wield the suitcase.

Blinker calmly pried the weapon from her hand.

"Forget it!" he admonished. "Come on back to camp, and I'll fix you up. Why didn't you tell me you had a bum arm?

Didn't you know that sore arms are my candy?'

The two looked at each other. Rosalie could not have been more than twenty-five. The afternoon wind blew soft strands of dark hair across tired features and a rebellious little chin. Somewhere in a near-by orchard, a meadow lark began to sing. "You give me my suitcase!" she pleaded. "I don't know what you're talking about, but I'm certainly not going back there."

Blinker sighed. He didn't know much about women, except that they had the reputation of all being left-handers. But having gone thus far, Doc' was not the sort of man to turn back.

"Sister, you aint going to jump this club till I take a look at that arm," he told her. "What's one error? Ty Cobb drops 'em, don't he? It don't mean a thing. Come on back!"

"I w-wont," said Miss Mouse, but she was weakening. "You

had no right to insult me."
"I know it," he answered. "That's why I came after you. Saw you had a bad shoulder the first day, but I forgot about it." "It's neuritis.

"Neuritis, nothin'," said Doc'. "Under that shoulder-blade you probably got a pork chop-

"A what?"

"Pork chop," he repeated. "The rhomboideus major gets knotted under the scapula sometimes and adheres to the bone. If you was a pitcher, you'd know all about it. I'll fix you up. Report to me tomorrow morning at nine o'clock with Tim Donlin's wife. I'm curing her of rheumatism." "But-

Blinker silenced her.

"This is a spring training-camp. You aint the only one that's out of condition. What do you think I'm here for? Now, don't waste my time arguing. You're going back, and that's all there

He set off for the hotel at a brisk pace. Rosalie opened her mouth three times, but no words formed. Instead, a pink flush suffused the pale cheeks, much as the apple blossoms paint the trees in spring. Destiny, in the form of a baseball trainer, was striding off with her belongings. She hesitated a moment, and then scurried timidly in the trail of Blinker.

OF course, the boys had a lot of fun out of it. But they were wise enough to restrain themselves lest Doc' punish them on the rubbing-table. They learned the details from Tim Donlin, whose wife was present when Rosalie Morris took her first treatment.

"The old lady tells me they had a hell of a time," said Tim. "The girl wouldn't put her arm around Doc's neck the way he wanted, and he was going to spank her. But finally the Missus came forward, and between her and Blinker, the patient didn't have no show. Look out for your job, Lefty; Doc's going to make a pitcher out of that girl.

Blinker condescended to explain his diagnosis to Peewee Pat-

terson:

"Ye-ah, it was a pork chop, all right! You knowtrouble that Lefty Williams had two years ago when he couldn't raise his arm. She'll be O. K. in about three treatments. you imagine them bunk doctors callin' that neuritis!"

"It's awful," agreed Peewee. "Say, you better take a look at He tried to stop a dog-fight this morning, and Jimmy Hanlon. got his thumb chewed. He's scared to go near you!"

Blinker was disgusted.

"He ought to be scared! Any guy who hasn't got sense enough to keep out of a dog-fight, don't belong on no ball-club. I hope

he swells up so big they can't get him in a coffin."

Nevertheless he went immediately in search of Hanlon and scared that unfortunate athlete out of a season's growth. Later he spent an hour working on an ambidextrous young pitcher from Canada who showed up in camp with a torn muscle in one shoulder and a cold in the other.

"The only ball-player in the world with two sore arms," protested Blinker. "Brick, that boy belongs in a museum!"

scious of a growing interest in his latest patient.

Never in his life had Doc' Blinker beheld such a crop of spring

afflictions. But as the days went by, he became gradually con-

Deny Blinker credit, if you will, for the cure of Rosalie Morris. No one ever gave him credit for anything, so what does it matter? Attribute her improvement to the hotel mud-baths, or to the warm breath of spring, or the recuperative qualities of youth! Blinker was accustomed to having his patients deny that he had helped them. The ball-player doesn't live who wont attribute a bad throw in the critical part of a game to a "sore All trainers appreciate that!

But Miss Mouse was not a ball-player. She was a woman, with all the instincts of her sex, and she was not deaf to the call of the robins, nor blind to the appeal of wild flowers.

Doc' Blinker, the man who helped everyone, had broken a hole in the social barrier of the training-camp, and Miss Morris emerged timidly. Kind old Brick McGovern had a lot of fun signing the little waitress to a pitcher's contract, but it was Blinker who helped the most.

IN the evenings, when the spring moon bathed Laureldale in green and silver, and the field-mice ventured from their nests, Brick McGovern's athletes gathered in the clubhouse to test their skill at jackpots with a two-bit limit. Blinker objected to closed windows and tobacco-laden atmosphere. Therefore he sat on the hotel porch, and discussed with the waitress the responsi-

bilities of his calling.

Underneath his professional mask Cornelius Burke was very human, and not at all a bad-looking fellow. His eyelids blinked occasionally, but that was only because they always felt the strain of facial grimaces at the rubbing-table. Never having enjoyed before the pleasure of an interested and sympathetic auditor. Doc' told his life history, bared his ambitions, and expounded his theories of medicine. May he be forgiven if he blundered occasionally when describing the four hundred muscles of the human body. Blinker's heart was none the less in the right place.

As for Miss Morris, she did not seem to mind Doc's long-winded medical discourses. Strange things happen in the spring at Laureldale. The pink deepened in her cheeks; her eyes became dreamy and limpid, and around the prim academic features, dark hair now rippled in a softening frame. A little later a bit of scarlet bloomed at her throat, with another dash of color at her waist. Only the women observed how the thing was done, but every man on the ball club was aware that "Lil' Miss Mouse." to quote Rube Ferguson, came "damn' near being major material."

Brick McGovern, wandering in the hotel grounds one evening. found himself an accidental eavesdropper, and he retreated hastily lest he laugh out loud. Blinker was explaining just how it was possible for him to sit near a clubhouse window during a ballgame, and tell by the way a man slid into second base, exactly

what muscle would need attention that night.
"You like to help the boys, don't you?" Miss Morris said softly, looking off into the darkness. "You're a born doctor!"

Overhead the stars quivered against deep green velvet, and the air was like wine. From high in the hills a coyote called to its mate. Peewee Patterson was in the parlor behind them, negotiating on the piano with one finger, "Lonesome Blues." From somewhere near the clubhouse Rube Ferguson's rich tenor floated toward them:

> "Oh, she wore silk socks And a pale-blue sweater, And she winked at me, And she should 'a' known better, For, dog my cats, I'm a lil' go-getter, Oh, Jo-siah!"

Doc' stirred restlessly. He was vaguely aware of strange impulses which he couldn't diagnose. He was in the same plight as a man who knows he has overlooked something but can't think what it is. Mentally he checked off various items in an effort to determine wherein he had been neglectful. The new bath-towels had been sterilized; he had telephoned for more liniment, inspected Jimmy Hanlon's finger, and reminded Brick Mc-Govern to arrange transportation for the new outfielder from Nebraska. Still he wasn't satisfied.

"Guess I'd better take a look at Donlin," he said, getting up. "Tim's got a pretty bad charley-horse. If I don't loosen it up for him, he wont get much sleep. You'd better go inside too, or you'll be getting cold in that arm."

He trudged off in the direction of the clubhouse. delayed until the darkness had swallowed him and the crunch of ed

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"The boys were so human," explained Miss Morris, "and I was almost one of them. You don't know what it meant."

his steps upon the gravel path had faded. Then she looked at the spring moon for inspiration, and finding no suggestion there, retired to her room.

HE god of baseball is a harsh taskmaster. Under the gay camaraderie that cloaks a training-camp, the shadows of tragedy ever lurk. Men compete against one another under the watchful eye of a manager who must dismiss his own brother if a better man appears. It is the place where the busher's bright dream is blasted and the hero of former days goes down battling vainly against the skill of a younger man who may be his best The destiny of wives and children is settled by the strength of a man's arm in spring, or the suppleness of his legs and the keenness of his batting eye. May Blinker Burke be excused therefore if he labored so hard and earnestly at his chosen profession that he failed to diagnose his own symptoms, or realize at once that Miss Morris seemed to be undergoing a relapse. The little waitress had emerged from her spiritual hiding-place just so far, but now she was scurrying back. The bloom on her cheeks was not so apparent.

Peewee Patterson, hero of many an exploit on the diamond, spoke about it to Rube Ferguson at batting-practice one morning. "That girl kind of bothers me. Seems like she wants to be human and don't know how to. You know, Doc' aint a bad guy,

either. He helped her a lot, and she was pretty grateful. I thought that maybe-well, you know!"

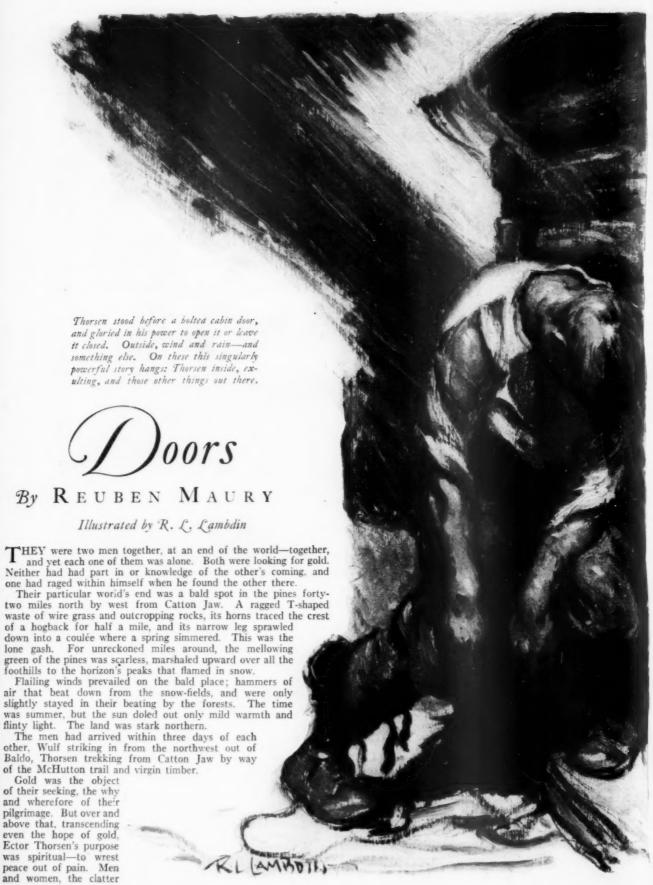
Ferguson nodded gravely.

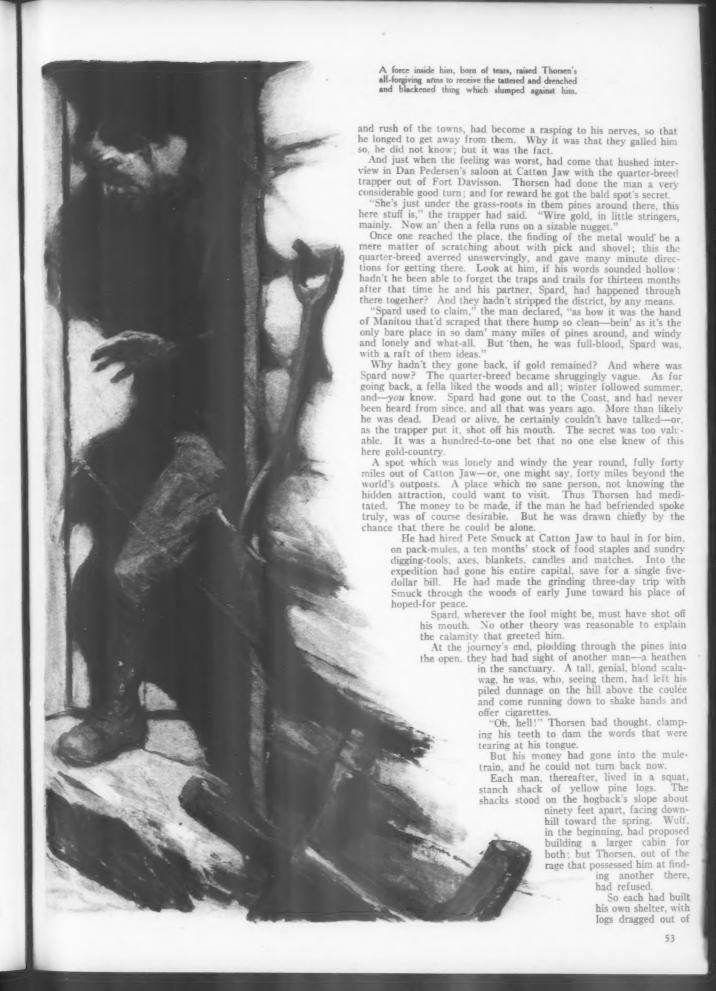
"They'd make a funny battery," he commented. "She feeds us and he rubs us. But the signs don't look good. Trainers and doctors bat in the same league; their ambition in life is to cut off some guy's leg."
"I suppose so," sighed Peewee.

The daily workouts lengthened into practice games, and the regular line-up began to materialize. One ofter another, young pitchers were farmed out to other leagues; veterans rounded into form or were released; the training grind quickened, and the club became a machine animated by the spirit of baseball alone. Rosalie Morris toiled in the dining-room, catering to the gastronomical necessities of the flesh which Blinker anointed with the sweat of his brow. Nighttimes the crickets still chirped their invitation; the stars laughed on; and a puzzled moon, peering down upon Laureldale, beheld a learned trainer explaining to a little waitress why most ball-players are afflicted with stomach trouble.

Thus time passed, and the final week in camp unfolded.

Tragedy flashed out of a blue sky on a balmy spring morningstruck in the absence of Blinker Burke, and so quickly that Laureldale was stunned. Doc' had gone into town with Tom Baker to secure an X-ray photograph (Continued on page 138)





the encircling woods, peeled, squared at the ends and bullied into place on the mounting structures—chinking the cracks with mud and grass, sodding the roof, and claying in one small, precious windowpane. It happened that the windows faced each other, across the ninety-foot space.

So they had come, then, and there they were, at this end of the world, a place bared by the hand of Manitou (so Spard said) to every wind that howled. Two men together, yet how essen-

tially alone!

"Get the gold," had been Thorsen's thought the moment he spied Wulf from the pines' edge in the coulée. "Get the gold and go. To hell with everything! A man can't get away. People everywhere."

And through the days that followed, his disappointed brain, turning to a baser hope since it could not have its great desire,

had hummed the hammering refrain:

'Get the gold, and go. Get the gold and go!

YET a friendship, of a sort, grew up between them. It was chiefly of Wulf's building, for Thorsen made no advances. "Come over and have a smoke!" Wulf would call from his

cabin doorway after supper.

A big yellow-haired man perhaps thirty years old, dressed like Thorsen in flannel and corduroy, his strong, good-natured face burned as brown as fair skin ever becomes, he would hold up before him a package of cigarettes; and Thorsen would walk over, with fewer misgivings every night. He was fond of cigarettes, but had brought none with him, while Wulf in the beginning had twenty-five cartons.

Sit down," the interloper would urge heartily, and in the prismatic sunsets that burned and died along the snow-peaks they

traded many experiences.

But the word "gold" never passed between them.

There were mornings when they issued from their cabins at the same moment, each carrying his pick and shovel and lunchbucket. Yet they waved a formal greeting. Sometimes, even, their trails crossed in the prospecting of the district, and once they worked side by side in a gully under the pines during a whole afternoon. But the thing which consumed the thoughts of each, the yellow wire each sought with laboring body and straining eyes, was never mentioned.

Wulf could afford to be friendly; Thorsen decided that point early. He based his conclusions on a handsome sleeping-bag the other owned. This was a great sheath of soft, thick leather, lined with bearskin, with beaded breathing holes and a drawstring of flawless rawhide. It sprawled majestically on the pine-bough

mattress of Wulf's bunk.

"That?" Wulf said, answering Thorsen's question. "Oh, it set me back three hundred and a quarter. Got it from Edmonton just for this trip. How do you like it?"

Thorsen liked it. The bag was built to fend away the wildest storm the snow-peaks could hurl against it, and it was a thing of beauty. As for himself, he had blankets enough, but a sleeping-bag would have been better. He had wanted to buy one when he was outfitting, but had not had the price.

Yes, Wulf could afford to be cordial, Thorsen argued; the chance was that he was merely a rich man with a taste for adventure, who had struck out for this place on the impulse bred

by Spard's accursed chatter.

Still, it was not unpleasant to sit with Wulf in the sunset. The man had always some entertaining tale to spin, and he resolutely would not force his company on one. Thorsen felt that he could refuse to come over whenever he wanted to, yet give his neighbor no offense. He was never grumpy, as Thorsen often was, after a day in the pines; yet he was no professional

"Wulf's all right," Thorsen found himself thinking one day when they had been on the bald spot a month. "I like him. Might be kind of lonely if he wasn't around." And it surprised him much to be feeling thus. "I hope he finds the gold," he de-

cided, "-if I do too.

For in this matter Thorsen, at least, was having no luck. Summer rushed now to its generous climax, in wild flowers un-ending and warm green of the pines; yet he had found not a

thread of the yellow wire in all his scratchings.

His brain had long since given up its insistent hammering of "Get the gold and go!" He had fled from people into the silence, only to find a man waiting to greet him at the trail's end. The bitterness of it had been almost overpowering at first. Yet now his mind sang only: "Get the gold; get the gold!" He did not care to think of what he would do after he had found the gold.

He wondered how Wulf was faring-wanted to ask him, now that he felt so friendly toward this man who had invaded the haven. But on the doorstep that evening the question stuck in his throat. They had been silent too long; the pretense must be kept up that both had casually wandered here.

In late July, the Day came. Grotesquely simple was the act that touched off the fuse-the mere shutting of a door.

Ector Thorsen had turned toward home after another unprofitable day. The northern twilight, which would be long, growing flint cold.

This evening, more eagerly than ever before, he was looking forward to the after-dinner smoke and talk with Wulf. Strange how that blond sharer of the silence had worked into his liking.

He gained the rim of the trees which belted the clearing. he passed into the open, he spied Wulf. The man was standing in his doorway, just back of the threshold, his yellow head bowed slightly under the top frame, which was slung a bit too low for his height.

Wulf's hand was on the door-latch. Thorsen caught his eye, and smiled. Wulf waved, hastily it seemed, even impatiently,

and then shut the door.

The vision of that flat yellow oblong of pine splits folding into place like a card, the shutting of that physical door, had the effect of opening a door in the mind of Ector Thorsen.

It was a door giving on a mental chamber where dwelt and brooded baleful things, things misted in memory, and almost forgotten in his new friendship with Braden Wulf-things, nevertheless, which had played the chiefest part in making Thorsen the sort of man he was.

Flash pictures came, one on the heels of another, as from a

magic lantern:

HIS world possessed no dearer face than hers. It was she who read to him about Hansel and Gretel, and the fairy Peri-Banu, and Snow-White, sleeping the days away in the beautiful casket, gnome-attended. She thrilled and laughed with him over the glamorous adventurings of Sinbad. ("But why couldn't they just kill the old rocs, Mother-dear?")

She told him that the State capital was named Madison, M-a-d-i-s-o-n. This seemed inconsequential, until she added that there was a wonderful big school there, where he should go some day if "things" went well, to learn why the stars rose and set, and what made the stream over in the lower field keep changing

its snaky course.

Of nights she sang to him about one Daddy, who had gone hunting after a rabbit-skin in which to wrap some baby, Bunting by name. From what he knew of rabbits, this Bunting must have been incredibly small, even for a baby. She made him say his prayers, and then left him to the dark and his dreams, closing

Uncle Nelson Thornquist held his small hand in a big, lumpy one, squeezing gently now and then. For his part, little Ector was saying desperately to himself, over and over, a set of words Mr. Winsell had declaimed a time ago: "And this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written-

That was all he could remember. The most you could say for them was that they were English words, without much meaning. But if you kept saying them off pauselessly under your breath, and thought hard about them as you did so, they helped you not to think of the Other Thing. But nevertheless, you had to think of that a little—a good deal, in fact.

Later, he was trudging alongside Uncle Nelson Thornquist in the line of people that moved slowly through a wintry sunlight. Presently he heard the door close, with the old familiar squeak which always came just before the latch clicked. Out of the grown-ups' veiled talk, he had divined that that particular door would not again close on him, going in or out.

THORSEN had covered half the distance between the pines and his cabin now, and the memory-pictures came faster.

There was the door which had shut behind him when he left his Uncle Martin Thorsen's place after a dispute over his requested use of one of the horses for a ride to town. He, Ector, had closed the physical door himself; but the leaving had been the climax of many similar quarrels arising out of the old man's stingy ill-nature. In essence, it was Uncle Martin who had shut that door. And in so doing, he had reached a spirit-arm all the way to Madison, barring the doors of the shining university.

There were other pictures. Life had done hardly by Ector Thorsen. He had not seen his past in (Continued on page 158)

The author of "Mamselle Chérie" has here written—and illustrated—the most captivating of his novels, the story of a girl who won her way from the steerage to the houses of the Four Hundred.



"You're very kind to me," he said gently, "I'm going to deserve your friendship if I can."

fires of Ambition

Written and Illustrated by

GEORGE GIBBS

The Story So Far:

I T was as a child in the steerage that Mary Ryan had come to America, and she had grown up in a poverty-stricken household; but she had a bountiful dower of beauty and of intelligence, and she was determined to win better—far better—things for herself. Somehow she managed a course in business college; and this enabled her to obtain a position as stenographer with the Hygrade Company, dealers in women's dresses.

Mary prospered with the Hygrade; she took advantage of the employees' discount to buy one of their dresses; and when the president Mr. Wittmaier and the head salesman Al Crawley saw how well she wore it, a chance for quicker achievement—at greater peril—was offered her. She was asked to help Crawley sell the Hygrade dresses by wearing them while accompanying him to certain exclusive shops that had hitherto declined to carry the Hygrade "line." She consented—and succeeded, remarkably. Both Lucille Dunois and "Madame Denise" (who was in reality a man named Alan Wetherby) agreed to put a Hygrade dress in stock; and Mary's value to her employers was now unquestioned.

thought of Joe Bass, whom she had known a long time and liked well, who was saving from the meager profits of a news-stand to put himself through law-school—and who was to have called for her at the Hygrade's closing time. Joe would have to wait and to forgive her. This was important to her future,

She dined with Crawley—her first visit to a fashionable restaurant. Afterward he took her to other novel experiences—a theater and a cabaret, at which he drank too much. And on the way home, she had some crude love-making to repulse.

It was this sort of thing, indeed, that drove her from the Hygrade. For presently she found herself expected to entertain out-of-town buyers, men who felt themselves privileged to make love to her. In desperation she went to Alan Wetherby,—"Madame Denise,"—asked for a position—and got it.

Mary's duties with Wetherby were manifold—bookkeeper, dress model, assistant saleswoman; and in all of them she was successful. And here, as at the Hygrade, she had need of intelligence to avoid the difficulties her beauty provoked. Reginald Cheever, a wealthy young man of high social standing, came into the shop with Mrs.

He found himself standing at the edge of the cliff. She had been kind to him-too kind. found her! He wanted none of her kindness.

Despard, and was much taken with Mary. Thereafter he paid open court to her, and Mrs. Despard was not at all pleased-

though her husband was.

Mary coolly "used" Cheever to advance her social status, and when he tried to capture her by storm, checked him by the simple expedient of jabbing a pin into him. Yet he forgave her for this, and at her request introduced her to Mrs. Vanderhorst, a society woman who was also a successful portrait painter. Mrs. Vanderhorst, eager for so beautiful a subject, "took her up." And it was at Mrs. Vanderhorst's that Mary met Bart Savage, a powerful railroad official, destined to be an important factor in her career. Meanwhile, Mary kept the friendship of Joe Bass, who now had a promising place in a law-office. Meanwhile, too, her position with Wetherby improved; and she was about to go with him on a buying trip to Paris. (The story continues in detail:)

OE BASS and his roommate Martin Daingerfield emerged from the pier after the Olympic had swung out into midstream. Joe had brought Martin along to contribute a jovial note to the leave-takings which might otherwise have been charged with undue emotion. Martin had never quite understood Mary. She had always bewildered him a little, but of course he was by no means immune to her beauty and other attractions and his gallantry had something of the savor of a bygone day. Mary, who was living very much up to the minute, had secretly thought him stodgy and rhetorical. Virginia was just a pink place on a map to her, and the departed glories of the Daingerfields meant nothing in her young life except perhaps the history of a failure.

And whatever Martin thought of Mary, he usually spoke of her to Joe in the warmest terms, for she was Joe's friend, and any friend of Joe's must in the nature of things be his friend too.

"The world is finding a place for the girl who is looking for a career," he said as they walked across town for the exercise. "She's a wonder, Joe. But it always seems a pity when a woman like that has to work for a living.

Joe laughed.
"Martin, you're paleozoic. You think the women are all queens only meant to be served and adored. You'd like to stick 'em in glass cases to be admired and only let out at stated intervals You'd like to stick 'em for food and drink. But it can't be done. The old order of things has passed. The woman in business has come to stay. Old-fashioned chivalry is dead. It was slaughtered by the typewriter."

"I reckon you're right," admitted Martin, "but it goes against the grain, somehow." He broke off with a laugh. "Why, Joe, when I'm just polite to a girl here in New York, she looks at me with a stare as if she thinks I'm just a plain ordinary nut." A "You know, Mary Ryan sometimes looks at me that way as if I were a specimen out of a museum. Huh! I don't mind. I reckon I am a specimen to a girl like her. But I tell you the women of today are losing something that rightfully they ought to have. Maybe it's just sensitiveness-to the delicate amenities. Life is doing something fine for girls of Mary Ryan's type in making them self-reliant; but it's making them hard, too. And I tell you, Joe, no sweet, gentle girl that's worth being loved at all has any right to grow like that.

"I think you're right, Martin," said Joe. "But I'm not running this shebang, and I'm not running Mary. She's got the bit in her teeth and is headed for the high spots, where neither you or I

can catch her. But she's fine, Mary is-fine-

He relinquished the phrase as though at some difficulty in the choice of the adjectives of encomium, and having halted, said no more. Perhaps he saw in the opinions of his friend the reflection of a judgment which gave Mary no high praise. In his own heart he was well aware of Mary's shortcomings, and he frequently exercised his private right in criticizing her, but he didn't like to hear anyone else do so-even Martin.

They were to dine that night at the Simpsons, but there were busy hours ahead that afternoon for both of them and so they separated at the L station, Joe returning to the office, where he had some work to do, and Martin making his way uptown. Of the two men, Joe had already more brilliant prospects. Joe was brisk by nature and there was a drive to him. Martin had plodded along, but he was steady and he was sure. Of the two he was the wheel-horse who could be counted on to take the steady strain of the load without complaint, while the brilliant Joe was out in



front champing at the bit, and impatient for the tests of mettle in the long journey.

These tests had come to Joe early in his professional careeralmost at the first moment of it in fact. Among the corporations which retained the legal services of the firm was "The Tradeswomen's Union," an organization heavily endowed and supported by many well-meaning and wealthy men and women who were helping the women who worked. Joe had known something of its workings while he was in the law-school; but this casual interest suddenly focused into a very definite professional attention upon the details of its history as he read of the cases successfully prosecuted by the firm. These he found to be many and of unquestioned public interest.

Aside from the purely professional aspect in which he now regarded the legal affairs of the Union, there was also the fact to consider that Ivan Simpson, Joe's mentor and guide, was an officer of the Union and personally concerned with its success. One day while Joe was in the private office of the senior member, the chief clerk brought in the information that Bill Number Fortyseven Eighty-six had been passed by both houses of the legislature at Albany. The facts were these: A man of great wealth had died, leaving nearly a million dollars for the use of the Trades-



women's Union. This was a large sum of money to add to the endowment, a sum which would immeasurably increase the power and influence of the organization. Bill Forty-seven Eighty-six, which had just been passed by the two branches of the legislature, remitted the inheritance tax of about thirty thousand dollars. Ivan Simpson was gratified at the result of his lobby, as it now seemed certain that the governor would give the bill his approval.

Two weeks later, returning to the office after a hard day's work searching for evidence in a case to which he had been assigned, Joe Bass found the law-office in a state of consternation over a wire just received from Albany which repeated a rumor that Governor Morley intended to veto the bill.

There was no one in the office of the firm except the few members of the clerical force. Mr. Simpson had gone up into Canada and was beyond the reach of the telegraph. Mr. Hall had gone West on business. Mr. Blackwell was in Europe. And Mr. Wilkinson, the chief clerk, it seemed, was at the end of his wits to deal with the situation so suddenly thrust upon him. As a chief clerk he was unsurpassed, but it was not his habit ever to take the initiative in anything.

Joe listened and ventured a few questions, receiving rather careless replies.

"What's to be done? Nothing, as far as I can see," snapped lilkinson. "Today is Thursday. Tomorrow the legislature will Wilkinson. "Today is Thursday. Tomorrow the legislature will adjourn. If Morley vetoes that bill, the case will be as dead as a herring."

"Thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money," said Joe thoughtfully. "He mustn't veto it."

Wilkinson shrugged and turned away from the latest arrival in the office, who very properly deserved snubbing. But Joe refused to be snubbed.

"Something will have to be done, Mr. Wilkinson," he said politely. "Have you any plan?"

"No, there's no time to plan," said the chief clerk.

"Twenty hours," suggested Joe cheerfully. "I know the talking points on that bill. Will you let me try to see what I can do?"

"You?" said Willinson with a sniff "What can you do?" "You?" said Wilkinson with a sniff. "What can you do?"

"I may not be able to do anything, but it can't do any harm to try. Even if I fail, the firm will lose no more than if nothing is done."

This was a good argument, and Wilkinson stared at the young man who had made it.

"Nothing will avail but a personal plea to the governor," he said. "I suppose you know, young man, that the governor of

New York is a harder man to see during the closing hours of the legislature than the President of the United States

"Well," said Joe, unabashed, "have you any objections to my making the effort?

"No. But you'll fail."

"Perhaps. But at least I'll know I've done what I could." "Go to it, young man," said Wilkinson, turning indifferently to the papers on his desk.

JOE did "go to it," though the chance of getting a personal interview with Governor Morley at this late hour seemed to verge upon the impossible. He was entirely without influence, even without credentials, except the name of the firm he representedwhich might prove a liability if the governor had formed a prejudice, for the men who had "fathered" the bill through the legislature were of the "reformer" type, to which the governor was not partial. But Joe knew that Morley was a just man, amenable to reason, and that there was much that could be said

to influence his decision.

But how to reach him? It was already six o'clock. The day was almost finished. Influence of a personal kind, just a written scrawl from a personal friend—that was the thing. But who? What man in New York City was closest to the governor? John Bancroft, of course—the man who had done more to carry the city for him than anyone else. But how to reach John Bancroft, who was as difficult to get at as the governor? Joe Bass coming to a sudden resolution hunted up a list of the subscribers to the Tradeswomen's Union and did some rapid work with a pencil and In ten minutes he was in a taxi and on his way uptown, taking the names he had written in the order of their importance. By eight o'clock, after many failures, he found a man who was in a position to give him the note of introduction he needed. By eleven o'clock Joe was on his way to the Grand Central Station. He took the night train to Albany, and in his pocket he had John Bancroft's visiting card, which bore just a penciled scrawl:

"Dear Bill: Give this young man five minutes if you can.

He's the classiest pleader I ever listened to. Yrs., Jack."

Joe Bass spent a part of the night mentally arranging the facts

in support of the bill as he had heard it discussed around the office; and when he reached the Capitol he had reduced each of his arguments to the smallest possible number of words, for five minutes was a very short time in which to show how "classy" his pleading could be. But Bancroft's card, amusing as it was, had given him confidence. Joe took it out and looked at it frequentlythe key to open wide the door to his first professional adventure.

But Joe's heart sank when he reached the antechamber of the governor's room at the Capitol. The governor had not yet arrived, he heard, but the large room was already crowded with politicians, members of the legislature, a delegation of financial men from the city-with farmers, steel men, lumbermen, men in the uniform of the State National Guard, each one with his ax to grind and only an hour or two left to grind it in.

Joe felt the eyes of a multitude upon him as he entered, the quick glances of busy men ever ready for suspicion. He had never felt smaller in his life than at that moment-but not so small, indeed, as a few moments later when a tall man who had been weaving in and out from group to group came up to Joe Bass and asked him what was his business with the governor. For when Joe began to tell him, he replied curtly that it would be impossible for Governor Morely to see him, and turned on his heel before

Joe could finish and abruptly walked away.

This was the governor's secretary. Joe disliked him intensely. He looked like a floorwalker in a department store and had the superior air which only comes to those who bask in reflected light from the high places. But Joe stood his ground, watching the door at the end of the room, which opened from time to time to admit those whose business was more important to the governor than his own. Men emerged from that door too from time to time, some smiling, others wearing the set expressions of balked ambition.

The secretary came out too and resumed his supercilious round. Joe patiently stood, awaiting another propitious moment. little while the secretary passed near him, and their glances met again. Joe took a pace forward, and the other met him irritably.

"I thought I told you the governor was too busy to see you

today," he said gruffly.

"I know you did," said Joe calmly. "But I've stayed because I didn't believe you. I only want five minutes. It's a matter that can't wait. I have a card from John Bancroft-

"Bancroft? Let me see it." He examined Joe's credentials. his frown relaxing in the proportion of his increasing respect.

"H-m!" he muttered. "Why didn't you show me this at first?" Joe grinned. "You didn't give me a chance," he said.

Well," went on the other tolerantly, "I'll see what I can do; but of course you'll understand that the governor is very busy This was better. Joe regarded the secretary's vanishing back more amiably. He seemed less like a floorwalker now.

Yes, the governor would see Mr. Bass—but for five minutes aly. Joe followed his guide into the inner room. The governor was standing at his desk in earnest conversation with the mayor of New York City and an alderman who had gained some fame.

But as Joe's name was announced, the governor turned toward him, fingering the card from Bancroft.

"Well, young man," he said, offering his hand and shooting a keen glance at his visitor. "Your credentials are-er-sketchy. But they come from a good friend of mine. What can I do for

"I came to see you about the bill remitting the tax on the bequest to the Tradeswomen's Union. There is a rumor that you

intend to veto it.'

The governor frowned at the card, and his words came in a series of staccato explosions. "I do. That bill seems to me like a clean-cut case of special privilege. Thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money. The State of New York is in need of every dollar that rightfully belongs to it, and I intend that it shall get it in my administration.'

In this speech Joe felt all the forces of official antagonism arrayed against him. He caught the nod of approval for the governor from the mayor, and the smile of approval from the alderman; but he squared his shoulders for the attack and spoke

with confidence.

"Governor, will you give me five minutes to state my case?"

Governor Morely glanced at the clock.

"Yes—if you'll excuse me, gentlemen."

Joe had his opportunity. Without preamble he recited the arguments which he had so carefully rehearsed in the train stated the exact nature of the services which the Union was rendering the city of New York and the State, enumerated briefly the important cases of the past year that had been fought and won in the interests of the public, and finally, as the minute-hand of the clock swung upward on its fifth minute, brought forth his crowning argument—the saving of more than fifty thousand dollars in successful prosecutions by the Union, the expense of which otherwise must have been borne by the city and State.
"You may call that special privilege if you like, Governor," he

finished. "It is, sir—a special privilege to the city of New York and the State of New York in having some of its legal

bills paid by the organization which I represent."

"Well-well, young man. I must say that you've put this case

in a new light. Fifty thousand dollars—you say?"

"You can verify the figures, Governor," said Joe earnestly.

The governor laughed. "You'll do," he said. "You've got a clean-cut case, Mr. Bass. All right. I'll sign that bill. Anything

"No sir."

The governor extended his hand.

"Good-by, young man. Glad you came. Regards to Mr. Bancroft." He glanced amusedly at the card which he still held in his fingers. "Er—you may tell him that he's quite right. You are a classy pleader, Mr. Bass.

"Thank you, Governor.

That was a proud moment for Joe, and he went out of the room and into the antechamber through the groups of lesser mortals who impatiently waited.

T was therefore with pleasant expectation that Joe looked forward to his disease areas and the looked forward to his disease are also his disease areas and the looked forward to his disease are also h ward to his dinner engagement at Ivan Simpson's house the night that Mary sailed, for the senior partner had just returned to New York from his Canadian visit, and Joe had not yet received the words of approval from his chief. It was a big thing to have accomplished against odds when all the clerical force had proven its helplessness in the face of a dubious situation. Even old Wilkinson, after humming and hawing for a while, had admitted with graceless precision that the achievement had shown resource and ingenuity of a high order. But Ivan Simpson's commendation would be sweeter still to Joe's ear, for he knew that already he had justified the interest the senior member had taken in him.

And then there were Mrs. Simpson and Fanny. liked the idea of Fanny's hearing all the details of his visit to the governor. He had always tried very hard to please Fanny ion

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"Choose," she sepeated firmly. "If you can afford to have people gossiping, I can't."

Simpson, because she had been kind to him since the first time that her father had brought Joe to the house to dine.

The Simpsons was a pleasant place to visit—an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned district, in which the idea of money would scarcely occur to one, though the evidences of quiet wealth were at every hand: gray-walled rooms with warm silk hangings, solid-looking furniture of approved design, good pictures and books. It was a place worth going to, a place to linger in and enjoy when one got there, for the vulgarity of the crowded avenues, with their spurious elegance of encroaching apartment hotels, loud in the pretentiousness of rococo and gilt, failed to penetrate this sanctuary dedicated to sound American traditions.

Perhaps better than Joe Bass, Martin Daingerfield, who had

Perhaps better than Joe Bass, Martin Daingerfield, who had always felt himself an alien in this great city of his own country, understood and appreciated the Simpson family. Joe liked to go to the house, because he realized that these friends were a shade finer than any others that he had made, Martin because he found beyond the threshold an oasis of simplicity in a desert of pompous fustian. Martin and the Simpsons spoke the same language. Joe

spoke their language too, but it was with the New York accent.

Ivan Simpson was large, rotund and bald, a man who used his forces conservatively but with good judgment, self-made in the sense that any man who earns distinction is self-made; born of good colonial stock, a man with practical ideals and a brilliant mind which made their achievement possible. Mrs. Simpson, like her husband, was past middle age, with blonde hair graying at the temples. She was background in the rather splendid picture of which her husband was the dominant note—gray background with lively little touches of sparkling color which responded to his bolder tones.

Fanny, the daughter, reflected them both—intensely alive to the meanings of the life about them, and possessed of a kind of quiet feminine omniscience which guided her unerringly past the pitfalls of her young generation. She was fair, bright-eyed and well modeled, delicate but not frail, her features just enough divergent from the classical standards to proclaim her personality.

It did not take Fanny Simpson long to discover, as her father had done, that Joe Bass was very much (Continued on page 148)

They would make him President; yet over him hung a cloud. And behind him a dim figure pointed to the fork in the road. "Choose," he heard the whisper. You'll remember for years this story by an author who goes deep into the heart of life.

hadowed

MARY SYNON

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

ALL the way down from the Capitol, Stroude knew that he was being followed. From the moment he had come out of the Senate officebuilding upon the plaza, fragrant with forsythia in the March moonlight, he had been conscious of the man who trailed his sauntering footsteps. He had led him down a winding way past the Marshall statue and into the deserted wideness of Pennsylvania Avenue. He had thought to lose him when he stepped into the lobby of a big hotel, pausing for a word there with men he knew, men who made their greetings casual or portentous, according to their knowledge of the turning of the inner wheels of Washington; but he found the other man some twenty paces behind him as he crossed Lafayette Square, and his amused acceptance of the situation curdled to annoyance at the possibility of having to deal with an irresponsible crank determined on an interview.

The day had been more than ordinarily difficult, one of the hardest Stroude had known since the turmoiled times of war. He had suffered under the sense of impending crisis, knowing that his future hung on tomorrow's balance; and his temper, always drawn like a taut bow, had been ready to snap a hundred times through the afternoon's battle in the Senate chamber. Now, at the doorway of his house, that limestone palace of Georgian severity which loomed in

stately classicism among the older residences of the neighborhood, he poised the arrow of his wrath as he turned to confront the man behind him. "What do you want?" he snapped at him.

The man came nearer. By the dim light of the hall lantern Stroude saw his shambling listlessness, and his hand went to his pocket with a thought of relief that the other sought only alms. The man, seeing the gesture, put up his hand arrestingly. "Remember me?" he inquired, almost too nonchalantly. His voice, for all its soft slurring of the consonants, was threaded with a fiber of steel which edged the menace of his quiet poise.
"Why not?" Stroude asked sharply, his shoulders lifting as if

for defense.

Then I reckon you're none too glad to see me?"

"You haven't come here to ask me that. You might as well tell me first as last what you want from me."
"Nothing you'll call the sheriff about," the man told him. He

faced the Senator squarely, revealing even in the half-darkness a certain racial resemblance to him which made them equals on the



"We've settled our affairs before," Stroude said. "We can do it now." "Let's do it, then," the "We can do it now." "Let's do it, then," the other man replied. "Will you fight me for it?"

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instant. For all Stroude's grooming and the stranger's shabbiness, they were strangely akin in their antagonism, bound not by family ties but by broader, more basic associations. Each of them, tall, thin, lithe, gazed on the other with unflinching blue eyes. Each of them kept watch with wildcat tenacity. From each of them emanated the recklessness of personal courage that takes no count of law beyond its own code. In their sudden springing to guard, the predominant characteristics of the two men, the Senator and the shambling shadower, flared up stronger than their setting, and although the lights of the White House gleamed golden across the Square, they were mountaineers fac-ing each other in the hate of vendetta. The years and the place fell away from Stroude, leaving him stripped to the bone of his clan's creed.

"We've settled our own affairs before," Stroude said. can do it now.'

As if the words gave him advantage, the other man seized them swiftly. "Let's do it, then," he replied. "I've come here to get

you to do something you wont want to do. Will you fight me

"Not till I know the stake." "Didn't you get her letter?
"Whose?"

"There's only one woman I'd be coming to you about, I reckon."
"I've never heard from her since the day she went back to you. That was twenty-six years ago last May. "The fourteenth."

"Why should she have written me now?"
"She's dying." The man's voice sounded in a softer timbre. "A month ago the doctor from the moonlight school told her that she had only a little while to live. She's been pining ever since, not about dying, for she's brave as any man, but for something I couldn't guess until she told me. She wants to see you. She wrote you a letter, but she was afraid you might not get it, and so she sent me. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that I wont rest easy in my grave over there on the side of Big Stony, if he don't come to me before I die. He told me once, she said, 'that he'd come when I'd call. I'm calling now.' That's her message." His tone lifted from its softer depth. "Are you coming to her?"

I can't. Why not?"

I've a thousand duties. I've— It's ridiculous." Then you're not coming?"

"How can I, Martin? I'm not my own man. I'm here for my State, for my country. I have work to do. I can't let any personal obligation interfere with it. Besides—"

It couldn't hurt your wife, not even if she knew it. And

Dell's dying.

I'm sorry, Martin. I am, honestly. Will you tell Dell that I-

when she comes in. And she made an appointment, sir, for Senator Manning and two other gentlemen to see you tonight on their way from the Pan-American dinner. She said it was very important.

He thanked the man, and went upstairs to the library, ing on light after light to dispel its shrouding gloom. He tried to read, but the pages of the periodicals he took up ran into dullness. He chewed his cigar savagely, finding it flavorless. He strove to concentrate on his impending interview with Manning and his companions, realizing its portent, but he could not focus Impatiently he thrust away the work which always his attitude. waited his attention on his homecoming-findings of committees, digests of newspaper editorials, confidential reports on public interest in various measures, letters from men who had constituted themselves his captains. He frowned at the framed photograph of his wife, the only decoration she had placed upon his table; and he grimaced at the portrait of himself which Rhoda had set above the immaculate mantel. He was weary with work, he told himself, crossing the room and flinging wide open the windows which looked down on the Square.

The thrill of the night wind, prematurely warm as it crossed the Potomac, and burdened with elusive odors of a southern March, caught him unawares. For a moment he stood drinking deeply of the immortal beauty of the recurrent springtime. Memories he had thought long dead and buried went over him. Pictures more vivid than those on the walls framed themselves in the darkened greenery of the little park: a girl in a faded gingham dress waving him welcome on a hill road, a girl with eyes brighter than mountain stars telling him her love, flinging away all thought or care of herself, giving him everything and glorying in the gift, even to the last sacrifice of her departure from him.

"Does it mean"—she leaned forward in her eagerness — "that they are going to ask you to take the nomination?

"I'll tell her nothing but that you wouldn't come. Nothing else matters. And I think you owe her that, at least.

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The other man turned away, crossed the street and walked back across the Square. Stroude could see him swinging on between the bushes, and the remembrance of another trail which Boyce Martin would climb rushed over him. More plainly than the crocusbordered path to the White House shone the moonlit path up to the cabin on Pisgah where Dell Martin had used to wait for his own coming, the cabin where she now waited for death. memory of that way, twisting among laurel and rhododendrons, stabbed him more sharply than had Boyce Martin's words; but with the old habit of setting aside dis-

turbing thoughts, he tried to thrust the memory from his brain as he unlocked the door of his house.

A servant, coming forward at the sound of his key in the lock, gave him a message with a careful precision which bespoke respect for the executive management that directed his tasks. "Mrs. Stroude wishes you to be told, sir, that she is at the theater, and will see you

"Wouldn't the old pirate have loved to sit in a ten-minute game of four men who decided the next President?" "What do you mean?" Rhoda's voice rang in challenge.

Not as she was now, Boyce Martin's wife dying in that far-away little community of his native hills, but as she had been when she had defied their little world to come to him, Stroude saw her. In the thought of what she had been to him, he flung out his arms. "After all these years," he muttered, "after all these years!" And as if drawn by a power stronger than his will, he crossed to the table, and picking up the telephone, called the information desk of the Union Station. "What time does the Mountain Mail on the C. & O. go out now?" he asked. "One o'clock? One-fifteen." He hung up the receiver, and saw again the photograph of his wife.

He studied it with suddenly arrested attention. What would she think of his desire to leave Washington at a time when, according to her fundamental ideas, his presence was imperative for the fulfillment of his ambition? Or was it her ambition? He gazed at the pictured countenance, seeing the determination of the uplifted chin, meeting the challenge in the steady eyes. Rhoda was certainly her father's daughter. Old Peter Armond's indomitable will and shrewdly calculating brain lived on in her. For the fourteen-or was it fifteen?-years of their marriage she had managed Stroude's career as cleverly as ever her father had directed one of his lieutenants, and he had acknowledged his debt to her with a certain attitude of amusement. Now, facing the last triumphal stage of its development, he felt an angry distaste of Rhoda's maneuver-ing. It might bring him, he conceded, to the goal, but he wished he might have traveled a simpler path.

He had been an obscure Congressman of fiery political rectitude when he had met Rhoda Armond. She, and her group, and the circumstances the Armond connection had conjured for him, had made him into a statesman. Or was it only that they had made it possible for him to plant his own standards on the heights? At any rate, he owed her something, he thought. She was his wife, even though her attitude toward him was that of a director of destinies. had given him, after all, what he had desired from her. She had made the upward

road smooth, and she had dowered him with loval faith in his ability. It wasn't fair to compare ner attitude toward.

Dell's. He had never given to Rhoda what he had given Dell.

Dell's. He had never given to Rhoda what he had given Dell. It wasn't fair to compare her attitude toward him with Poor little Dell! But what good could he do her now by going Twenty-five years would have changed her as they had to her? changed him. They had had their day, and the sun of it had set long since. "I wont go; I can't," he said, and turned back to the work on his desk, not looking up until his wife entered the room.

She came, a tall, consciously beautiful woman, bringing with her an aroma of power as subtle and as pervasive as the perfume of her toilet. She gave to Stroude the greeting of a perfunctory kiss on his brow, and stood off for his admiration. It was, however, not the product of her personality as much as her satisfac-tion in the work which struck him as he watched her. Rhoda's thought of herself as well as of him was that of a sculptor of his masterpieces. Stroude accepted it with the affectionate tolerance of a long marital relationship, feeling somehow sorrier for Rhoda than she would ever feel for herself, since she would never know what she had missed from life. "I was playing your game tonight," she told him.

'Isn't it yours too?" he smiled.

"In a way, yes," she acknowledged, "but this involved real



sacrifice, and I want reward. I went to the theater with the Covingers.

Was the play deadly?" No, but the Covingers are." "He isn't a bad sort, and-

"Oh, I know that he'll have the delegation from his State, and that it's one of the big States; but oh, my dear, have you ever had to listen to his wife?"

She isn't so terrible, Rhoda."

"Oh, of course, if you will look at people as characters rather than as social factors, you wont see the awfulness of the Mrs. Covingers of Washington. But really-

Did Manning hint at why he had to see me tonight?"

"At nothing but the importance of seeing you. He is bringing, he said, Mr. Laflin and Senator Wilk."

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He probably said Senator Wilk and Mr. Laffin, but you know the field well enough to put them in the order of their importance. Laflin's the new factor, a shrewd wolf raised in a wild forest.

"Does it mean"-she leaned forward, tapping the table with her fan in eagerness-"that they are going to ask you to take the nomination?

"They haven't the entire giving of it, my dear."



"Don't be silly, Burton. You know that they are the architects

of presidential nominations. But even architects-

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"Oh, Burt, don't quibble. You know that you're the logical man for the place. You're squarely based in party policies-"Safe, and steady." His tone was whimsical.

"But picturesque enough to be a good campaigner."

"Barefoot boy from the mountains. Good American stock with fine traditions. Reads rhetorically, doesn't it?

"And a border State gives you strategic advantage."

"Some one has coached you well."
"I was coached before I ever knew you, Burt dear. My father taught us politics as religiously as my mother taught us sewing. It wasn't as practical, perhaps, as yours, but-

"There haven't been many men more practical in their politics than Peter Armond," Stroude said dryly.
"Even if he did grow wealthy," his daughter defended, "you

know how high he kept his standards."

"I can guess," Stroude said, but his tone gave her no handle to catch for controversy, and she swung into off-side statement. "Mrs. Covinger let slip something that may be vital to us," she told him.

"If it's vital, she let it slip with due eliberation," he declared. "Don't deliberation." underestimate her brains, Rhoda, even if she wasn't raised by the Armond code. What did she say?"
"I don't believe I'll tell you."

"Yes, you will."

"We do run in double harness, don't we? Well, she said that Covinger wasn't going back to New York until tomorrow night, as there was a tremendously important conference at noon tomorrow. Seven men will be there, and they will decide the fate of the nation. That's exactly what she said. She's bombastic, you know.

"Seven? Then they're letting Covin-

ger in?"

"You knew about it?"

"Not that it would be tomorrow." "Is that why Senator Manning is coming tonight?"

"Probably

"Then that means-" Her voice broke in excitement.

"That our fate hangs in the bal-

"Does it?"

"It looks like it." He smiled at her through the smoke of his cigar. Her eyes shone with myriad points of light. "Not planning what you'll wear at the inauguration, are you?" he teased her.
"No," she said, "but wondering what

you'll say. It's wonderful, isn't it?"
"Don't count your chickens yet,
Rhoda," he warned her. "We, both
of us, know the thousand slips between the cup of consideration and the lip of nomination. We've gone through it all for other offices.

"But we've won every time," she said solemnly. "You've never been beaten, Burt. Don't you see what an advantage that is, now? You've been going up, and up, and up."

"The Senate's a rather high plateau,

at that."

"But not the high mountain. Oh, Burt, think of it! It seems almost unbelievable, and yet I've always known you were destined for it. knew you'd be great. Why, even in those first days here, you promised it. You knew it, too. You had the look of a man who was dedicated to something beyond the immediate, the look

of one who is going to travel far and high. I believe that was one of the reasons why I loved you. And you—" She leaned over the table, and spread out the brilliant feathers of her fan, gazing at their splendor and not at her husband as she went on: "Did you love me when you married me?'

"Why else do men marry women?" he countered, letting the

smoke veil his eyes.

"To put other women out of their lives, sometimes," she said. "Well?" He drew hard on the cigar.

"I never knew until today who she was," she said. "I opened a letter by mistake. You may see from the envelope how easy it was for me to think it was addressed to me when I found it in my mail. It was directed merely to Washington, and the post office sent it to the house here.

"I quite understand," he said, and held out his hand for Dell

Martin's letter.

His wife drew it from the gay bag she had borne, and gave it to him. For a moment he looked at the pitiful missive, contrasting it with the appointments of the table before him. dying." Rhoda said. "and she asks you to go to her."

"Yes." he said, "I know it."

"But-"

"How did I know? Her husband followed me down from the Hill tonight. He demanded that I return with him.'

"Then she married, after—"
"She was married," he said, "when I met her."

"Oh!" She snapped shut the great fan, twisting its tortoise-shell handle between her lithe fingers. "When was that?"

"Before I knew you." He sank down into his chair, staring forward as if he were a judge considering a decision. twenty-two years old, teaching school in the mountains, and studying law with old Judge McLaurin, when I met Dell Martin. She had been married to Boyce against her will, as plenty of the girls in the hills are married. She was lonely, and wretched, and lovelier than a wild rose. I was young, and reckless. I fell in love with her, and I made her love me. Boyce found it out. He drew me into a fight, and I won it. He shot me then. Dell came to nurse me, and I wouldn't let her go. Boyce wouldn't get a divorce, and she couldn't, but she stayed with me. We had two years of utter happiness. I'd have gone through heli to win them.

A stick of the tortoise-shell handle of the fan broke in Rhoda's

hands. "But you left her?"
"No," he said. "She left me. She saw before I did that it couldn't go on. She saw in me the ambition that I thought I had buried in my love for her. She knew that if I stayed with her, I'd never be anything but a miserable shyster, living from hand to mouth, despising myself and all I did, coming perhaps in time to hate her because she had been the cause of my degradation. She went to Judge McLaurin, and asked him to tell her the truth. He told her, old Covenanter that he was. Then she went up the mountain to Boyce, and asked him if he wanted her to come back to him. She knew that it was the only action I'd consider final. He told her to come. She told me that she was leaving me. I pleaded with her all that night, but she went with the dawn. I couldn't hold her. I went up Pisgah with her till we came to the trail to Boyce's cabin. We could see the woodsmoke curling up above the masses of shining green leaves and pink clusters of the laurel. 'You're going away from me,' she said, 'far away, and you'll climb a higher mountain than Pisgah. 'You're going away from me,' she I begged her to come with me, but she shook her head. 'T'm giving you up for your sake,' she told me. 'But you need me,' I pleaded. 'Not now,' she said. 'But some day I shall, and then I'll call you. And no matter where you are, you'll come, wont you, Burt?' I promised her that I would. The last I saw of her was as she climbed the trail to Boyce's cabin. From that day to this,"-he touched the crumpled little white letter,-"she has sent me no word."

"IT'S strange, isn't it," Rhoda said, her voice not quite steady, "that a woman may live with a man through long years, and never really know him at all?"

'Should I have told you?"

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose I'd have married you, even if you had. It's not deception, perhaps, when you've never seen her nor written to her since you married me; and yet-Are you going to her, Burt?"

"Tomorrow's the conference. I must be there if I am to be

the man chosen."

"Do you want to go?"

"I wonder," he mused, "if you'll understand me when I tell you that, other things being equal, I should go tonight. It's with no sense of failing you, and with no idea of helping her, but I

promised her-that I'd come if she called.

"Even if there weren't the conference," Rhoda said, "you're a marked man now. You couldn't go back to a little village in the mountains without it being known, and the reason for it bla-zoned. It wouldn't do, would it?" She could not quite succeed in making her tone judicial. Her own eagerness palpitated back of the assumed impartiality. "You've wanted the presidency too long to throw away the chance of it."

"I've never wanted it," he said.

"You don't mean," she demanded, her vexation rising into view, "sired?" "that I've urged you to seek something you haven't de-

"It's more complex than that," he shrugged. "I suppose it's simply that I married the Armond hope as well as you. Peter set a standard for your family which has kept you all up on your toes. If the dead see, he must chuckle sometimes over its way of working."

"Why?" she flared, letting her annoyance catch at a point of difference less vital than the main issue. "He gave his whole service to his country. He was one of the really great men of his generation, wasn't he? You've never known my father as I

You've always let yourself be influenced by the knew him. knew him. You've always let yourself be influenced by the demagogic attacks on him. You've thought that because he made a great fortune he couldn't be an idealist. Haven't you seen that, if he had been a materialist, he wouldn't have trained his family as he did? Why, it's been his torch that I've tried to keep alight, and if I have done anything for you, Burton, it has been he that torch's flower." been by that torch's flame.

"You've done a very great deal, Rhoda," he said. "I'm not questioning the number or the brightness of the candles you've burned in my game. I'm only questioning the value of the game itself. Power's like money. If you give up all else to possess

it, then it possesses you." "But-

"I know. I should have chosen long ago. I'm not turning back now. I owe you that, I think. If I'm anything at all beyond a struggling lawyer in a little city—" He broke off suddenly as the young servant came to the library curtains.

"Senator Manning and two other gentlemen," he announced.

THEY came almost on his heels, three men with the aspect of dignitaries: Manning tall, thin, almost cadaverous, with the eye and the hand of a Richelieu; Wilk heavy, ponderous, inscrutable as a great Buddha; Laflin, a blend of college professor and Wall Street lawyer, hiding a predatory keenness behind horn-rimmed spectacles. Characteristically, Stroude felt, they fell into place, Wilk into the nearest easy-chair, Manning into an Italian seat which put him in the center of a softly lighted stage, and Laslin back in the shadows. After a moment of casual conversation Rhoda rose to leave them. Stroude halted her. "I have an idea," he said, "that these gentlemen have come to me on an errand which concerns you as well as myself. -Do you mind if she stays?"

"Not at all," said Manning suavely. Laffin nodded, and old man Wilk grunted assent. Rhoda went over beyond Laffin as far outside the group as she could, and just out of her husband's line of vision; but he turned his chair a little, that he might en-

compass her in his sight as Manning began to speak.
"It makes it a little easier for us," he said, "tl guessed something of our mission." he said, "that you have

"I couldn't help knowing," Stroude swung back, "when every other man in the Senate has known it for days."
"Not definitely," boomed Wilk. "There's always talk, of

course, and often more smoke than fire."

"Sometimes it's only a screen for the protection of a real ue," Manning went on, "but in this case the fire is burning. You know, I am sure, that the conference to determine the best candidate for the next term of the presidency is to be held here in Washington tomorrow."

"At noon," smiled Stroude.

"Your information," Manning said, "is speedy as well as accurate. The time was not determined until seven o'clock this Seven men know it." evening.

"And their wives," cut in Laslin, peering at Rhoda.

"We have canvassed the field thoroughly before coming to you." Manning continued with his air of authoritative spokesmanship. "We have eliminated, for one reason or another, all the men who have been under consideration. Bannister is too old. Maxwell is too radical. Vandringham is too theatrical. Stearns is too variable. Durham is too light. Landreau lacks the necessary tradition. Penn comes from the wrong location. Jarvis jumped the party. The process brings us to you.

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"How about Corliss?"

"I don't mind telling you," Manning said, "that Carmichael is fighting desperately for Corliss, and that, without Covinger's help, he *might* be able to swing the conference. Mr. Laffin, Senator Wilk and I have never swerved from our determination to have you. Carmichael has Bennett and Franklin with him. Covinger is the determining vote. You have him."

'Are you sure?"

He's attending on Parker's proxy. We won that point this afternoon. He's solidly with you.'

"Even against Corliss? Corliss is from his State."

"Even against him."

"Why?"

"Well, it seems that Corliss has an old scandal against him which frightens Covinger. He's afraid that it might make an elec-tion issue. By the way—You're not interested in these affairs, Mrs. Stroude?

"Very vitally," she said, "and there's nothing you need fear to discuss before me."

Manning cleared his throat, and old (Continued on page 112)

As the stars sweep onward in their courses, so sweeps onward Love; never was there revealed a stranger story of a great love than this by an author whose fiction is winning high praise from the critical.

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By LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

THE sun had flamed its last and had dropped, as if to a crimson oblivion, behind the dark edge of the forest.

Ballinger, from where he stood on the highest eminence which the island afforded, watched the night shadows steal forth and lick their way over the mysterious, impenetrable land, which lay beneath him like a rumpled quilt of somber, gigantic

folds. Faint mists showed wraithlike in the valleys for a brief moment before the pall of darkness engulfed them. It obliterated everything, until even the drooping fronds of the palm trees above the young man's head were merged with the sky.

There was something almost sinister in this swift mantling of the earth by the tropic night. The realization of it struck sharply upon Ballinger along with the first chill stir of air, as the temperature began to drop rapidly. He shivered involuntarily and turned away. A little distance off, and still faintly distinguishable, loomed two huts of freshly cut bamboo, and a portable shack, above which projected the shrouded body of a telescope.

Two men in khaki were moving about a fire that lighted up the clearing. As Ballinger approached, a stick snapped sharply under his foot. The men at the fire suddenly paused, lifting startled, apprehensive faces. Cootes, the planter

from the coast, who sat cross-legged on the ground, smoking his

pipe, alone did not stir.

Ballinger dropped down beside him, and watched the preparations for supper which Parker and Judson had in hand. He was still merged in the thoughts that had held him during his solitary vigil under the palm trees. He had gone off to be alone for a while and to think of Diana, safely quartered with her aunt, Lady Chilton, at the coast settlement twelve miles away.

Presently Cootes knocked the ashes from his pipe and shook his head.

"I can't help feeling, Ballinger, that you have made a serious mistake in ignoring the Rajah in this affair. You want to remember that this is a savage land you've invaded without ceremony. You can't expect a tattooed potentate to understand astronomy. All this queer scientific apparatus you've set up here-mark my words, there isn't a single thing you brought inland that wasn't

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

> sharply scrutinized by eyes watching from the bush. They don't know what sort of devil's magic you're up to. But trust them to use their imaginations. Furthermore,"—he paused to give emphasis to his words,—"you are twelve miles from the coast.

> Twelve miles might prove to be a very long distance, in case—"
> Ballinger, glooming at the fire and thinking of Diana Moorehouse, was only half listening. "But you said the natives never
> made any trouble."

"Along the coast—no. But"—Cootes shrugged his shoulders significantly—"we don't profess to know what goes on in the depths of this region. Fact is, we'd rather not know." After a moment's silence he resumed: "What possessed you to come to

"I went out and loaded all four rifles

and waited-and

wondered when the

attack would come.

Marippu-of all places? Couldn't this eclipse, or whatever you

A fugitive breeze drifted across the clearing and caught at the thin spiral of smoke rising from the fire. And suddenly, as if borne upon it, came the faint, reverberant note of a drum, infinitely remote. Then abruptly it ceased, and the great silence fell again.

Parker and Judson looked up uneasily from their cooking opera-

tions. Cootes took his pipe from his mouth:
"First time you've heard that? Well, I dare say it's of no con-

sequence. You'll get accustomed to it.

Ballinger frowned thoughtfully at the fire. The old planter seemed singularly lugubrious tonight. Finally he shook himself and sprang to his feet. "Come on, fellows, let's eat.

WHEN the meal was finished, Judson and Parker turned in to bed. Ballinger, left alone with Cootes, stretched himself by the dying embers of the fire. It was hard to realize that after months of preparation, and a voyage half around the world, his objective was at last attained, his observation camp established in the heart of this savage land. The formidable task of getting the telescope and its equipment up through those twelve tortuous miles of almost trackless forest had been a nerve-racking ordeal. At every step his concern had been for the great lens, intricately swathed and padded against mishap in the hands of the carriers, for the sidereal clocks ticking in synchrony with Greenwich Observatory and for all the other delicate and fragile mechanisms.

Now he lay before the fire, wearied but eager for what the morrow held in store-the climax and reward of all his efforts. He knew that the thoughts of the scientific world were upon him tonight in this outpost remote from civilization. And Diana, too, would be thinking of him. As the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse, and as Ballinger's fiancée, her interest in the expedition

was twofold.

At length he turned on his elbow and spoke to Cootes. "You were wondering why we came to Marippu.

The planter merely grunted, and Ballinger went on:

"Of course, there are other islands in this part of the Pacific from which this transit of Venus will be visible. We needn't have chosen Marippu. Taking a foolish risk, as you seem to think. had a special reason for coming here—wholly a sentimental one."

Cootes grunted again. "And you a scientist!"

The young man smiled at the gruff sarcasm. He had grown extremely fond of the grizzled old planter, bronzed by years of semi-isolation in the South Seas. Since Ballinger and his party, including the two English ladies, had been put ashore at Marippu; Cootes had been of infinite service to them in their inexperience of the tropics. He had shaken his head over their plan of venturing so far inland, and then had joined forces with them, grumbling that some one must "see them through" their rash project.

"Putting your learned and precious heads in a noose among these rascally savages! But I can't see what sentiment has to do

with this transit of Venus.

There was a sudden deep glow in Ballinger's eyes, and he sprang

to his feet. "Come along, and I'll show you.

He led the way past the portable structure housing the telescope, in readiness for the great test on the morrow. Beyond, in a tangle of matted vegetation, some ends of decayed stakes protruded from the ground, and upon these bits of rotting wood Ballinger's flashlamp was almost reverently directed.

You've heard of Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse, of course. It was on this very spot, years ago, that he made his famous observation of the sun's corona during a total eclipse. I don't suppose you can realize just what that means to men like Parker and Judson and myself. To astronomers this spot is almost hallowed ground."

"I've heard a lot about Moorehouse," said Cootes. pressed even the natives during his stay here, so that he has

become a legend among them.'

"His scientific enthusiasms took him to more than one out-ofthe-way corner of the globe. Eventually he lost his life in the Arabian desert, murdered by Bedouins. There's a kind of curious fatality about that. Sir Geoffrey's father and grandfather were scientists too, in other fields. And strangely enough, each of them lost his life in pursuit of recondite knowledge. It's become almost a tradition in the Moorehouse family-this grim destiny that seems to pursue them-that in each generation a life is fated to be sacrificed to science.'

"Did Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse leave a son?" asked Cootes

thoughtfully.

Ballinger shook his head. "Only a daughter. With her aunt now, down at the coast settlement.

Cootes recalled the tall and palely beautiful English girl, who had insisted on accompanying Ballinger's expedition in spite of all difficulties and discomforts. Women of her stamp seldom penetrated to these remote regions of the South Seas. Doubtless there was much of her distinguished father's adventurous spirit in her.

Again there came, as if from a vast distance; the long, rever-

berant note of a drum.

Cootes frowned and spat irreverently toward the decaying stakes. "Well, Ballinger, let's hope that your marrying into the Moorehouse family doesn't make you share their traditional fate.' The young man laughed shortly, and sought to turn the lugu-

brious drift of the conversation.

"What's going to happen tomorrow afternoon is this: Venus passes across the face of the sun, but the planet is so much smaller that it is seen only as a minute, dark disk against the larger one. To determine the precise moment of contact between the disks is a problem that has never been satisfactorily achieved. There are technical difficulties. Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse perfected an apparatus for this purpose, by means of which successive photographs can be taken very rapidly, and the instant of exposure-to the thousandth of a second—automatically recorded. For years he looked forward to this transit of Venus, but he didn't live to put his apparatus to this test. We are here for that -the Moorehouse Memorial Expedition. I chose Marippu, because I wanted to pay this tribute to his memory on the very ground where he had labored, himself.

"Besides," the young man went on in his enthusiasm, "the atmospheric conditions here are ideal. A mere wisp of cloud over the sun at the critical moment would ruin everything.

there's no danger of that-

"No," agreed the old planter grimly, "there's nothing to fear overhead. But below—down there!" With a jerk of his elbow Cootes indicated the silent, somber undulations of forest that extended to the horizon.

As the two men emerged from the underbrush and came into view of the clearing, the planter suddenly uttered a grunt of surprise.

"There's that girl again! I declare, Ballinger, I believe she's fallen in love with you."

BEFORE the fire, motionless, like a votary at a shrine, a native D girl was crouched upon her heels, with one bare arm extended toward the thin feather of smoke. She turned at their approach. There was a flash from the gold coils upon her arm, and then her lithe and sinuous body was poised as before.

"Ayanna! What are you doing here? At this hour!" the

planter scolded in English, as the two men drew near.

She seemed not to understand the words. But her glance mutely lifted to Ballinger and held there. The young man felt vaguely embarrassed.

Again the long, reverberant note of a drum rose from the valley, sinister and remote, borne on the chill night air. Cootes frowned. "Look here, Ayanna," he said in the native tongue. "What are

they up to down there—those charming people of yours?" The girl, with a strange and inscrutable passiveness, gazed into the fire without answering. Both shapely arms were now extended toward the embers. She might have been a priestess intent upon some mystical incantation. Then, again, her glance lifted in a some mystical incantation. Then, a sort of veiled adoration to Ballinger.

"A little white blood in these creatures, and what queens they

" the young man was saying to himself.

He had caught a glimpse of her on the day of his arrival, and had been instantly struck by her beauty. She had been among the throng of curious lookers-on, drawn to the shore by the advent of the strange schooner with the party of white men who had not come to trade. The following day he had seen her again, hovering on the outskirts of the group from which Cootes was recruiting a gang of carriers to transport the expedition's equipment inland. Some strange fascination in this mysterious enterprise of the white men seemed to possess the girl. And in the course of the journey of the carriers, she had been tempted to follow to the site of the new-made camp. Ballinger had been aware of her, aloof but watchful, squatting on her shapely ankles, and missing no maneuver in the erection of the telescope. But through it all, the young man was conscious of her dark, magnificent eyes, at intervals, concerned wholly with him.

She seemed now unmindful of Cootes' interrogations. Her tapering arms were again extended toward the fire, and the barbaric gold coiled upon them caught the flickering glint of the

dying flames.

"There's no getting anything out of her," Cootes announced at

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The girl gazed into the fire without answering. She might have been a priestess intent upon some mystical incantation.

last to Ballinger in disgust. "But it's quite obvious that she is mightily interested in you. Well, I'm off to bed."
"But she can't stay here all night!" Ballinger appealed to him

with concern.

"Don't worry. She'll take herself off when it suits her to go. And she knows the forest like a book." As if amused at the young man's discomfiture, Cootes was prompted to turn again to the girl. "The stranger says you are very beautiful," he announced bluntly.

Ayanna seemed to shrink at the words. She half started up, darting a swift look at Ballinger, and then, as if somehow reassured, she resumed her position and spread her hands again to the flames. Cootes yawned. "Well, good night-to both of you.

BALLINGER watched his retreating back with uneasy dismay. He didn't altogether relish being left alone with this strange girl by the fire. Mysteries of race and tongue and alien cultures infinitely separated them—lay between them like some vast, un-plumbed abyss. The thought filled Ballinger with a profound wonder. He could understand her primitive fascination in the curious, glittering mechanisms of the white men, which had lured her to the camp. But this return after nightfall! Mechanically he set about replenishing the fire.

He had no desire for sleep. Fatigued as he was, the thought of the morrow held him keyed to a tension. Success or failure hung on those brief, precious seconds of time, so long awaited, and prepared for with such infinite care. Everything was in readiness for the great and critical event. With Parker and Judson each movement and least detail of procedure had been rehearsed in advance like an acted drama.

The fire crackled and gained headway. It lighted up the clearing and threw into grotesque relief the massed, exotic vegetation that hemmed them in. It played upon the gleaming olive skin of the girl crouching before it. mute and unfathomable, like the strange tropic stars that burned overhead. She seemed mysteriously content to sit and share the silent vigil of the white tuan who could not speak her tongue.

Ballinger's thoughts reverted to Diana. She too would be awake tonight, thinking of him marooned in the heart of Marippu,

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eager to be with him. It had taken no end of argument, coupled with Lady Chilton's dismayed and scandalized appeals, to dissuade her from following to the observation camp. She was her father's daughter in every sense. She had rebelled at remaining behind on the coast; she wanted to share in the whole adventure, regardless of convention and scornful of any danger that might accompany it.

Ballinger's fancy tenderly pictured her in that setting as one of them. She would have made a capable adjunct to his staff, equal to any jungle march-her lithe, slender figure in khaki shirt and knickers, stiff boots and leather puttees. He could see her eyes dancing with excitement at the lark, her flushed, eager face, framed by that wondrous wealth of ashblonde hair. . .

He drew a notebook and pencil from his pocket, opened it and read over the lines jotted down there as a letter to Diana. Then

he began to write: "If you could see me at this moment! Cootes has taken himself off to bed, where Parker and Judson, dog-tired, have long since gone. Every-thing is ready, and we Everyare waiting-for tomorrow. For me sleep is out of the question. The silence is too weird, oppressive. You would think we had penetrated to the heart of a dead, untenanted land, were it not that now and then I catch the long roll of drums

in the distance. Cootes seems a little worried. He thinks that so small a party as ours offers too great a temptation to the natives, who still retain their ancestral head-hunting proclivities. But I tell him that if they were bent on making trouble, they would have done so before now. Your father once lived here unmolested for weeks.

"I am writing this by the light of our campfire, but I am not alone. That strange native girl I told you of turned up again this Evidently she is vastly fascinated by the Moorehouse Memorial Expedition, although I wonder what her savage mind

"She is crouched here now by the fire, quite silent, and, I would add, oblivious of my presence, except that now and then I detect a covert glance toward this notebook and pencil. I wonder what she thinks I am up to. As I am unable to speak her language, and as she is almost equally ignorant of mine, naturally there has been no attempt at conversation. We ignore each other in a sort of polite, mutual understanding. And I venture to scrib-ble these lines to you regardless of her presence—which I trust is not an infraction of Marippuan good manners.

"Her name is Ayanna, and I suspect a trace of white blood in her. She is much above the average height, with a figure, frankly disclosed, that would make her fortune in a London music-hall.

Her quick, leopard-like play of muscles-

There came again, faint and far off, the long roll of a drumbut this time with some subtle change of cadence or intonation, for at the sound Ayanna suddenly lifted her head, quiveringly alert. Ballinger paused in his writing and looked up.

"I say, what's it all about?" he was prompted to ask, although he knew his English was useless. The girl regarded him aslant for an instant, said something in her soft, liquid speech, and resumed her absorbed contemplation of the fire. But Ballinger could see that she remained uneasily intent. He shrugged his shoulders and resumed his letter:

"Just now we exchanged words. I hope you are not jealous. I am utterly lonely without you. The fire is dying down so that I can hardly see to write these lines and tell you again that I love

you more than all the world-The night breeze suddenly swept across the clearing, ruffling the thin paper under Ballinger's hand, and awakening him to an abrupt realization of the growing darkness and chill. For an instant the clearing seemed to have

> grown unfamiliar and unreal, the forest to have crowded closer with its impenetrable shadows. The fire had become but a handful of glowing coals.

Above it Ayanna still crouched, watching Ballinger, her eyes softly but strangely luminous. She was hardly more than a shape in the darkness, but suddenly she reached out her hand and spoke in a hesitant English:

"Me take.

He was suddenly aware that she understood what he had been doing-writing a message; and to her mind it immediately associated itself with the business of getting delivered.

"You take!" he echoed in astonishment. "Now, that's very kind of you, my dear, and clever of you, too. Unfortunately-Ayanna's hand was still extended toward him, and abruptly she

spoke again:

"Me take-white girl."

Ballinger sprang to his feet with a gasp of amazement. The clearing was now plunged in darkness, in which he was aware of the savage girl close upon him, eager, expectant. The pages which he had written to Diana, and which he was unconsciously folding, were touched by an entreating hand.
"Good Lord!" he muttered in his bewilderment; and then help-

lessly he released them to her.

Ayanna vanished in the darkness.

THE sun flamed like a dazzling, molten ball in a sky bereft of all color, and trained upon it, like a siege-gun projecting from its enshrouding inclosure, Ballinger's telescope followed its slow arc with a relentless fixity. Within the cramped quarters of the observatory shack, broiling as in an oven under the merciless

merab rapidly it was came swash with i refrige ment. The

hung 1 inger. smaller watche ball p black d for a l from th

Parker light. Peri heat!



"Perfect!" he announced laconically to Ballinger. "But this

heat! Good Lord! I wonder that even flint glass can stand up

DON'T ever ask me to put in another afternoon like that," Cootes was accustomed to say, months afterward, idling on veranda of his bungalow in the cool of the evening. He would sigh and look off at Venus, brilliant and majestically serene in the western sky, and then he would (Continued on page 144)

Three of the most dramatic scenes in all modern literature occur in these impressive chapters of this remarkable story by a distinguished American novelist and social historian.

Within these Walls-

RUPERT HUGHES

The Story So Far:

PATTY JESSAMINE had married the young lawyer David RoBards during the panic caused by the plague in old New York, when she thought her more brilliant suitor Harry Chalender was lost to her. So it was that later when Chalender, employed as an engineer surveying for the new Croton reservoir, came to call at RoBards' country place, Tulip-tree Farm, the young lawyer was sick with jealousy

It was at Tulip-tree that Patty's first baby was born. A few months later she enjoyed a brief interval of gayety at Saratoga. And the following year, after the birth of her second child. she plunged into the social whirlpool with an

enthusiasm that provoked gossip.

In the great fire of 1835, Chalender and Ro-Bards were both volunteer firemen, and Chalender saved David's life. RoBards was so

unlucky as to help in the necessary blowing up of certain buildings, among them a warehouse belonging to Patty's father, and Jessa-

mine never forgave him.

Years passed; the city was rebuilt; work on the Croton water-way progressed. Patty's third baby came—and died; so too a fourth—though a fifth, David Junior, born some years afterward,

survived.

Chalender was injured in separating two fighting workmen and was carried to Tulip-tree Farm. Some time later RoBards re-turned joyfully home from a trip to New York—and found Patty in the arms of the convalescent Chalender! RoBards could not bring himself to kill a wounded man; Chalender remained unaware that he had been discovered; and Patty's remorse seemed keen and sincere. Eventually, RoBards' anguish and bitterness abated.



Realizing that her grief was beginning to

And then-a new blow fell. Little Keith came crying to him that a half-witted youth, Jud Lasher, had carried off his sister. Near a lonely pool among the rocks, RoBards overtook young Though he all but drowned the creature in the pool, he could not bring himself to the final vengeance; and upon Lasher's promise to ship aboard a whaler and never return to the region, RoBards spared him. He left poor Immy to the ministrations of his farmer's wife, and swore her and Keith to secrecy.

But a few days later Lasher passed by on his way to sea, saw Immy and carried her off again. RoBards rescued her in time. And now he did not stay his hand. That night Keith was awakened by a noise, crept downstairs and led by a light from the basement, watched his father engaged in dreadful masonry-walling up the body of Jud Lasher in the thick foundation of the

chimney.

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break his pride, she panted: "Kiss me good-by, oh my little baby, for I must let you go."

About this time Patty met the great Daniel Webster at a dinner in New York and enlisted his aid in her father's claim for damages against the city. But even Webster's eloquence did not suffice, and when at last the case came to trial, the verdict was against Jessamine. And shortly thereafter, at Tulip-tree, the heartbroken old man took a suicidal dose of laudanum. Dr. Matson mercifully gave a certificate of heart-failure—and the walls of Tulip-tree kept silence.

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Immy was grown up now—as RoBards realized with a shock when Chalender, calling to say good-by before his journey to the new California gold-fields, said to Immy: "The first nugget of gold I find, I'll bring back for our wedding ring."

It was only a little later that RoBards overheard young Chirnside propose to Immy, and her halting story of what had happened years before—of Jud Lasher. The young prig gave over

his suit at this news. And Immy, after a period of grief, flung herself into all manner of gayeties with an abandon that caused her father grave anxiety.

Eventually RoBards learned that his fears were only too well justified, and that Tulip-tree House was to have a new secret to conceal. They took Immy thither, and sent the tenant farmer to the South on a trumped-up errand.

It was on a bitter night of winter that Immy's baby was born—and died. And David knew from Patty's too-many words that she had—had not, at least, done her best to save the unwelcome life.

Immy recovered in time—and recovered, too, her reckless mood. So it happened, perhaps, that she went about a great deal with Harry Chalender, newly returned from California, and eventually, to her parents' distress, Immy married him—her mother's one-time lover, her father's secret hatred.

By

RoBards' two sons were grown up now too. Keith was a young engineer, absorbed in his work. But David the younger was a sentimental lad-and gave his father a new distress when he came upon the boy in company with Aletta Lasher, sister to Jud of hateful memory. "I'll marry you, Aletta," the boy was saying, "or I'll marry nobody." (The story continues in detail:)

AFRAID to intervene in this awkward idyl, ashamed of the un-American snobbery that made him shudder at the prospect of a Lasher for a daughter-in-law, aghast at the thought of having to ruin Aletta's life after secretly taking her brother's life, and humbled by the praise he had overheard her give him, RoBards was in a palsy of uncertainty.

He could not declare himself to the two lovesick children. He could not challenge them to a debate on the rights of youth to

He hurried down the hill home, to lay the problem before Patty; but the nearer he drew to her, the more clearly he foresaw that she would be less of a help in its solution than herself a new complication. She had suffered bitterly from Immy's marriage to Chalender. The son growing up should have been a support. Junior was bound to be an increasing torment. No, he must not tell Patty what he had learned. But he wanted to be near her in his own misery, and when he could not find her downstairs, he went up to her room.

She was so profoundly a-brood over some evident despair that she did not hear him push back the door, slightly ajar. He stood on the sill and studied her with the utter regret and impotency of a lover who cannot buy or fetch new beauty for the old beauty

of his sweet, nor stay the waning of her radiance.

As vainly as a girl muses upon her outgrown dolls, as vainly as Dido wished her love to come again to Carthage, so Patty was scanning the fineries she had taken pride in up to the doomsday when her daughter married her own former lover. She sat back and away from the bureau at a timid distance from the wonderful looking-glass RoBards had bought her not long ago as the novelty of the day; an oval reflector with a jointed rod to fasten above the large mirror, so that the back of the head was visible without turning and twisting. Now she was afraid to gaze at herself fore and aft, or at all.

On the bureau was a bracelet she had rejoiced in when he brought it home as the latest importation from France: a greenjointed gold serpent to wrap round and round her wrist; it had a fierce diamond in its crest, and bloodshot rubies for eyes. Next to it lay a tiny watch in a locket no bigger than a shilling; also another fantastic contrivance, a little diamond-sprinkled gold pocket-pistol with a watch in the butt, and hidden beneath it, a vinaigrette against fainting spells-not to mention a bouquet-

holder that popped out when you pulled the trigger.

Spilled along the bureau was a loop of pearls her mother had worn as a bride-yellowed they were, with years; and a necklace of tiny diamonds he had squandered an unexpected fee upon after a quarrel. Often and often he had watched them luminously mysterious as they made a little brook around her throat, and laughed silently above the panting of her spent heart after a dance. But she would not wear them now. They were the loot of her youth, doomed to the museum of age.

NEVER had RoBards loved her so much as at this moment. Never had she seemed so beautiful. But it was the beauty of a maple tree in autumnal elegy, in yellow Chinese mourning, and in the red of imperial "purple" worn by a dowager queen. He could not praise her aloud for this pitiable splendor. Still less could he tell her that one more of her babies was impatient to marry. For Junior was Patty's final toy. She had spoiled him and wanted for him everything he wanted. But she could not wish him another woman to love, a young beauty to worship even to marriage.

So RoBards said nothing more than a long-drawn "Well!" as he moved forward. He bent and kissed her, and she smiled as

she had done when she was in a bed of pain.

Pain in her body or her heart hurt him fearfully. He hated the world most when it gave her pangs to endure. He shared Patty's reverence for the Prometheus who had snatched from heaven the anodyne to the earth's worst curse. He had made sure that she should have the advantage of the cloud of merciful oblivion when she went down into the dark of her last child-

Today, however, RoBards longed passionately for some modern anesthesia of the soul, some new drug for the spirit, some nepenthe to avert and annul the slow surgery of age that excises the graces and leaves scars everywhere; he yearned for some mystic laughing-gas to give Patty to carry her through the news that another woman, a young woman, had wrenched her boy's heart away from his mother.

Lacking such an ether, he resolved to tell Patty nothing of Junior's infatuation for the Lasher girl. With a tender deception, he urged that he must be getting back to town; he would shortly be needed in the law courts; he could not face the long evenings alone in New York without his beautiful wife for company. And thus, in the words of the song, he managed to rob her of a smile and cheat her of a tear. She beamed a little, and

rose to be at her packing.

This was better than an onset of grief, but he noted that she did not receive the good word of a return to the city with her usual clamor of joy.

Chapter Thirty-eight

THOUGH Patty greeted the decision to leave the country dumbly, the boy Junior emitted noise enough for two. It was a heartache to RoBards to see his child grown suddenly old enough to be skewered with the darts of love; but the romance was premature, and it must be suppressed ruthlessly for the boy's own sake. And for this pain also there was no ether.

To town they went.

For a while Junior's melancholy was complete; then it suddenly vanished. He no longer spent his evenings at home writing long, long letters. He no longer went about with the eyes of a dying gazelle.

"He has forgotten his country sweetheart and Patty said:

found a city one."

From his superior information, RoBards made a shrewder guess that the Lasher girl had come to town and was supporting herself somehow. He did not mention this suspicion to Patty. but he tried to verify it by shadowing Junior through the streets as he had through the lanes. But he never found Junior, and he was ashamed to confess that he was searching, since his search was vain. And he dared not ask the boy where he spent his evenings lest he encourage him to lie, or to retort with impudent

The eldest son, Keith, was thinking little of women. He was a man's man, full of civic pride and municipal works. When he was at his business, he took delight in being as dirty as possible. He wore the roughest of clothes, left his jaws unshaven,

talked big aqueduct talk.

Then he would go to the other extreme and cleanse himself to a foppery. But even this was mannishness, for he was a soldier. He loved his family, his city, his nation, and his was that patriotism which proves itself by an eagerness to be ready

"Any man who really loves his country," he would say, "will keep himself strong enough to dig a ditch, build a wall, know a gun and shoot it straight."

He had joined the Seventh Regiment as soon as he could get in, though everybody knew that there was no chance of war and the soldiers were counted mere dandies. A little later there was a parade in honor of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, which collapsed after two alleged messages were passed and was voted a gigantic hoax. But while the town laughed at it, the poor Seventh was dragged to Staten Island, where a thousand miscreants had set fire to the quarantine buildings. For three months Keith had to remain there on guard duty over the cold and malodorous

When war of this sort was not afoot, there were the ever recurrent parades under the hot sun, or in the fitful glare of the bobbing torchlights. Very gay was their march past the two visiting princes from Japan, that strange new country opened a few years before by Commodore Perry. The two royal delegates were almost drowned in wine. New York, which had just emerged from years of total abstinence (officially), spent a hundred thousand dollars on an uproarious reception at which champagne corks blurted by the thousand.

Besides the Japanese princes, came the French Prince de Join-

ville, and finally the English heir apparent.

The change in Patty's soul was so profound that when the Prince of Wales approached the city and everybody fought for tickets to the ball in his honor as if it were Judgment Day itself, she made no plans at all. Could this be the same Patty who hitherto would have bankrupted RoBards for a supreme gown and played the Machiavel for a presentation?

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There were many embarrassing things to say on either side, but before the parley could begin, the baby intervened.

It was he, not Patty, that made sure of the invitation and toadied to Isaac Brown. The burly old sexton of Grace Church decided who was to sit in what pew of his sacred edifice, and who was to be invited to any affair meriting the high epithet "genteel."

Even Brown recognized the right of Judge RoBards and his lady, who had been a Jessamine, and they received their tickets to the Academy of Music and even the almost royal honor of density in the academy of the Academy of the second of the s

dancing in the quadrille d'honneur.

The floor gave way and had to be rebuilt, but Patty escaped so much as the rumpling of her cherry satin train. When she was presented to the young prince, her husband fancied that he saw in those boyish eyes so avid of beauty a flash of homage for the graces that had not yet gone.

But Patty, when she was at home again, wept all night. The only excuse she would give was a whimpering regret that the far-away Immy could not have been there and danced with the Prince. But RoBards felt that she regretted rather the yet more remote Patty of the long ago, who was no longer present within her tight stavs and her voluminous paneled brocade.

The next night he understood the ravages of the years yet more keenly, for he must march in the firemen's parade under the dripping, smoking torches. It was his last appearance with the volunteers, whose own last days were numbered. Philadelphia and Cincinnati already had steam fire-engines drawn by horses, and in a few years hired firemen would replace the old footrunners and hand-pumpers.

As RoBards limped along on strangely flagging feet, he thought he caught a glimpse of his boy Junior and the Lasher girl standing arm in arm at the curb. But in the twinkling of an eyelid they were gone.

Keith had marched, of course, with the Seventh; but the Sixtyninth, made up of Irishmen, had refused to pay honor to the Sassenach prince. Its colors were taken away, and it drilled no more.

WHEN riot or parade or drill was not afoot, the aqueduct was forever haling Keith forth. For the restless town kept hewing down the hills that covered its upper regions—or cutting streets through and leaving houses perched in air. In 1840 the Water Commissioners had decided that the city would not reach Ninety-fourth Street "for a century or two," but it was crawling thither fast.

Like sculptors who uncover the armature as they carve off the clay, the engineers were constantly disclosing the deep-buried water-mains, and they must needs be sunk deeper. Often the pipes broke in their subterrene beds. This was like the rupture of an artery inside a man, and it required quick surgery to avert a fatal hemorrhage. On December twenty-first there was such a break in the water-mains at Sixty-fourth Street, where the pipes had been carried across a marsh in a raised embankment.

As Keith worked with the men to repair it, his heart was shaken with a double thrill, for the morning papers had shrieked the news that on the day before, the State of Carolina had actually

carried out what nearly everybody had poohpoohed as a silly threat; South Carolina had seceded from the Union. The South Carolina newspapers spoke of New York and other States as foreign countries.

The Charleston Mercury proclaimed: "This is War." New York grimly realized that it must, then, assume the chief burden of furnishing men, munitions and money.

RoBards' heart sank within him. The great war had found him fifty-five years old.

But Patty's heart leaped like a doe startled from a covert. It leaped with a cry:

"And my boy is in the first regiment that will go!"

Chapter Thirty-nine

Mayor Fernando Wood, having failed in trying to secede from the State, vainly proposed that New York City should secede from the Union. A number of prominent citizens held a meeting in Pine Street and passed resolutions pleading with Mr. Jefferson Davis and the Southern governors to return to the fold. RoBards was one of the signers of this appeal.

To him and to others, the great house of the Republic could not be divided. It was a pity to let a herd of ignorant blacks disrupt the sacred union. Numberless New Yorkers detested the Abolitionists as heartily as the Southerners did.

But the younger, hotter blood of the North demanded action. Keith terrified Patty by his belligerent tone. He wanted to set out at once and trample Richmond and Atlanta and Charleston into submission.

Strangely, very strangely, his martial humor brought on a sudden amatory fever, and awoke a sudden interest in a certain young woman of an old and wealthy family: Frances Ward, a relative of the banker Ward, who had moved into Bond Street when it began to rival St. John's Park as a select region.

At first Patty was glad to have Keith seen about with the girl. Patty had a wholesome and normal amount of snobbery in her nature, and it pleased her to tell of the great people she had known, especially the Ward sisters, called "The Three Graces of Bond Street," until Julia had terrified everybody by going in for learning to an almost indecent extent.

Frances took the place of the aqueduct in Keith's affections, and Patty called her "the Nymph Crotona" in proud ridicule. Every evening when Keith was not with the Seventh Regiment in its armory over Tompkins' market, he was at the home of Miss Ward or out with her in one of the great sleighs that made Broadway tintinnabulate.

Then suddenly he announced that he and Frances were to be



married immediately without even the splendid ceremony that might have given Patty a medicine of excitement. She wailed aloud uncomforted. She was losing another child by the halfdeath of marriage.

"I'd like to poison the girl," she cried. "She'll have me a grandmother in a year! Immy's children are so far away they don't count. Still, if it will keep Keith from the war, I'll be a dozen grandmothers."

But Keith was not thinking of marriage as a substitute for war. It was a prelude. The war-mood was causing a stampede toward matrimony. The warrjor heart surged with the thought: "I may not be beating long." The woman heart mourned: "My love who clasps me may soon lie cold in death on a muddy field."

Keith was married on a Thursday in April and set out for a brief honeymoon at Tulip-tree Farm. The next day the nation's flag at Fort Sumter was fired on; and the next day after that—the thirteenth, it was—Major Anderson saluted the flag with fifty guns before he surrendered. The Sunday Herald carried the headline "Dissolution of the Union" and stated that on the night before, a mass-meeting had been held to force the administration to desist from Mr. Lincoln's expressed intention to coerce the seceding States. But the challenge and the insult to the

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"Where's Mother?" Keith cried, "Why couldn't she have come down to meet me?" "She's up at the farm," answered his father. "She's —not so very well recently."

fell away into the mass of crumpled crinolines at the curb and was lost to Keith's backward gaze. His heart ran to her, but he could not rebuke the triumphant laugh of his mother, who scuttered alongside, clinging to him so tight that her big skirts must bulge out sidewise and brush the throngs. She was no longer the radiant beauty, but only a frightened little old lady whose child was striding off to all that a mother's heart could imagine for her anguish. Finally, realizing that her stumbling threw her soldier out of step and out of the alignment of which the Seventh was so proud, realizing blindly that her grief was beginning to break his pride and would send him to war blubbering, she panted:

"Kiss me good-by, oh my little baby, for I must let you go." He bent his head and

He bent his head and drenched her cheeks with his tears, as their lips met in salt. The soldier behind him jostled his heel and forced him along; and that was the last he saw of his mother for four years. One day RoBards

One day RoBards brought home the paper, and after assuring Patty that Keith's name was not in any of the gory lists, he said:

"Our relative-in-law has broken into poetry—cousin Julia Ward Howe. It's a war poem, very womanly for a blue-stocking."

Patty took the paper, and as she read, her smile became a look

of pain. The poem was a dirge for beautiful things.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms, To deck our girls for gay delights! The crimson flower of battle blooms, And solemn marches fill the nights.

It was odd that a city-bred banker's daughter should have written the most graceful of war-elegies. It was odder yet that in a still darker hour this woman should fire the country with the most majestic of battle-hymns:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

A shy little wife of a preacher wrote the most successful novel ever written, and brought on the war; and a banker's daughter gave it its noblest voice—in a song that started a new current of volunteers and brought the final resolution to many a hesitant patriot. And Patty was proud again to claim relationship to the daughter of money and of song. (Continued on page 129)

Stars and Stripes stung most of the waverers into demanding the blood of the insolent Southrons.

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Monday morning Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand militia to devote three months to suppressing the Rebellion. Nobody thought it would take that long, but it was well to be safe.

The militia offered itself with a heroism all the finer for the fact that it lacked only uniform, equipment, ammunition, drill, organization, officers and men, knowledge of war and of the more perilous problems of taking care of the feet and the bowels.

On a Friday afternoon the Seventh New York pushed through the mob of fathers, mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, brothers on its way to the transports. It hurried to the salvation of Washington, where the Government was said to be packed in a valise for a back-door escape.

Patty marched down Broadway clinging to the arm of Keith, embarrassing him wonderfully, and none the less for the fact that she crowded his wife aside. Wives and mothers and girls betrothed were all agog over madly sweet farewells. There was a civil war of love about Keith.

After a brief jostling-match with Patty, Frances gave up the struggle and with a last fierce hug and a hammering of kisses.

(age Mates

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John

CAP HOUSTON, of the Grand Amalgamated, got the idea one drizzly morning as he stood on the Eighty-fourth Street Pier in New York. It came to him while watching the unloading of crates and shipping dens, the transfer of squealing elephants by means of slings and creaking derricks, and the steady procession of ruminants and "led stock" which represented the labors of many a month in the far-off veldts and jungles of Africa—a shipload of victories over every possible obstacle of nature and wild life, that the menagerie of the Grand Amalgamated might hold true to its billing as the greatest show in the world. With Cap Houston, the conception of an idea meant its realization. He turned quickly to his menagerie superintendent.

"Got a hunch, Mike," he announced as he pointed to a snarling, ugly, striped thing in a small shipping den near by. "How old's Sultan now?"

"Beauty's cub? 'Bout three months."

"That hyena there can't be much older, can it?" Houston asked.

The wise old superintendent squinted as he sized up the animal "Nope—I'd say a little younger, if anything. Somewhere around ten weeks to three months."

"How do you think they'd mix?"

"Lion and hyena?"

"Yeh." Cap Houston lit a fresh cigar. "That's my idea—to put 'em together when they're cubs, and let 'em grow up together give the folks an idea of the best and the worst in the animal kingdom side by side; think they'd get along?"

"Sure. They'd get along fine, starting 'em out together as cubs." So when the Grand Amalgamated began its season a few months later, the menageric carried a little lesson in animal sociology. In a heavily embossed den, bearing at its top a gold-lettered announcement of its widely varied occupants, two cubs were quartered—one an ungainly tawny cat, the other a striped, bristly-haired, hump-backed heavy-jawed canine—otherwise Sultan the lion, and Sneak the hyena. Already the cat had begun to dominate, the



Famous as Mr. Cooper is for his animal stories, he has never told a tale of greater power than this in which Sultan, monarch of the jungle in life, rules You will never forget this story. still in death.

ghoul to cringe and snarl—and hate. The laws of the jungle had traveled through to the circus. Cage mates they might be, in name and appearance, but by nature they remained what their forebears had been before them—the monarch and the serf.

Not that it was a matter of strength alone-far from it. The hyena is not a weakling in bodily power. There is no comparison which so fits the tremendous force of his jaws as that of a miner's crushing mill, or the great scissors which bite through the red metal which seethes and twists from the maw of a rolling mill. More, Sneak was a particularly strong specimen of his kind. bones which Sultan only gnawed or licked were food to him; he crushed them, nor winced at their splintered edges as he gulped them piece by piece, snarling in his greedy delight, and licking at the marrow with a twisting tongue which moved with almost serpentine swiftness. But he did this only when Sultan had finished his meal, and drowsy, had trundled to a far side of the cage to sleep. There was something beside sheer strength to be considered—the knowledge within the brain of Sneak that this tawny, yowling cub was a superior thing.

And Sultan knew it no less. With a funny, cublike majesty he took his place as readily, as properly, as though he realized that he had a position to maintain, and that his prestige was a thing dependent upon the subjection of the coarse-haired intruder who shared his house. Not that there was oppression; it was more a matter of endurance than anything else. The lion cub simply knew that the hyena was there, little more. He played with the animal-men who came to the bars—played even as a kitten would play, darting forth first one claw-fringed paw, then the other, in his efforts to catch the piece of string or cloth which was dangled before him. But he did not play with Sneak.

He ignored him.

This attitude had its opposite in the demeanor of the lower While Sultan endured, Sneak snarled and watched, beast. watched and snarled, glutting himself when the opportunity permitted, drawing back into his corner when Sultan decided to move It was only when the lion slept that the hyena became bold-but always, even then, with furtive glances toward his

sleeping companion.

A boldness appeared later which gradually began to take on a slow stealthiness as the beasts grew older, and the gap between them became more apparent. A "season" passed, and a winter. The cage mates had almost achieved their full growth when again the circus took to the road and the lecturer once more stood each afternoon before their cage dilating to the gaping throngs upon the fact that there may be strata of society even in the animal kingdom-a statement which Sneak and Sultan illustrated to the last particular. For with the approach of maturity, the line of difference between the twain broadened.

Sultan's mane had begun to make its appearance. He had lost the ungainliness of his cubhood. The arch which gives to the Nubian lion that proud majesty which makes him kingly even above other leonine species, had come into his neck. His pacing was strong and graceful. His princedom was ending; Sultan was beginning to ascend the steps of his

The hyena was already the size of a young mastiff. His head and neck had become thick and ugly, his coat a dirty gray of harsh, wry fur, surmounted by a coarse ridge of bristly hair which ran along his humped backbone, edging away into transverse black stripes. His front legs, heavy and strong and far longer than his hind-quarters, which, by comparison, seemed bowed and weak, gave him a stilted, unbalanced appearance, and served only to add to his incongruous, disproportionate make-up, as if Nature had striven to build his body in conformity to his brain. While the monarch paced against the bars the full length of the cage, the serf held to a corner, shuffling here and there with stealthy, mincing steps, constantly circling, his head deep between his shoulders, the black, evil, hairless lips pulled back slightly from the heavy teeth, the long tongue now and then protruding over vicious teeth-a malignant shadow of the great cat whose very proudness made the hyena an object of repulsion to the



The great black-maned beast was quiet. The hyena waited. With dawn a circling black thing paused in the sky and began to make its slow way downward.

circus crowds that daily listened to the adenoidal tones of the

lecturer as time after time he repeated his rote:

"And in this den, ladies-s-s an' gentlemen, we have the two opposites of animaldom, Sultan, a full-maned Nubian lion, and Sneak, the scion of a despised race, the African ghoul or grave-robber, the vulture of the animal kingdom, commonly known as the striped

or laughin' hyena.

'You'll notice that the hyena knows that the lion is boss. Always gives in to him, never tries to get to the front of the cage or do anything that the lion wouldn't want him to do. tries to eat until the cat's through. The jungle has laws, ladies-s-s an' gentlemen, just like us humans have. But at that,' he would conclude, "they're pretty good pals-get along fine with each other and never cause any trouble. Each of 'em knows his place an' never tries to step out of it, which is a lot more than can be said for a lot of people. Now, passing to the history of these strange companions-

Whereupon the story of their cage life would be forthcoming, while the crowd jostled closer. But there was one thing which the lecturer did not tell, simply because he did not know it—that something had begun to grow,-a constantly inflamed growth,-in the mind of the hyena. A thing propelled not by a desire to conquer, but by the very cowardice which obsessed him. Because Sneak was a skulker, the animal brain of him gave to his cage mate the same possibilities. This instinct became stronger as the months passed and as the circus rocked along on its summer's journey until finally it brought the craven beast to a condition of fear in which he slept but fitfully, ever ready for the attack. Perhaps for the reason that in his vulture-like brain the same scheme was seething-to tighten those jaws when Sultan could not resist!

Day after day he awaited his chance—that he might be free from this great black-maned, superior thing which did not even deign to notice his presence. Day after day he watched, starting forward from his corner as the lion dropped to sleep, creeping forward upon his stalky, unproportionate legs, the black skin curling farther and farther from his scissors-like teeth-only to cringe at the slightest movement from the sleeping cat, and slink back to his corner again. Always it was the same-watching, starting, pausing-then retreat. But at last that fear became stronger than caution. It drove him out of his corner, closer, still closer-

then he attacked!

It was a matter of only a moment! The heavy teeth of the hyena reached no farther than the thick mane of the lion. the touch the beast, prostrate and sleeping a moment before, metamorphosed into a bellowing, horrible machine, his four clawstudded paws working with lightning-like rapidity as with one movement he whirled to his back and doubling, slashed and cross-slashed at his enemy, hooking deep into the quivering skin of the shrieking Then with one bunching of his muscles he threw the hyena into the air, sending its body thudding against the top of Shivering and whimpering, Sneak lay for a moment on the cage. the cage floor, before his panic-stricken brain could summon the muscle-command that would allow him to drag himself to his corner. Sultan did not follow the craven thing nor crowd him. He only cared that the striped ghoul which had been forced upon him by the adversities of captive life had learned his lesson. Sneak did not attack again.

BUT neither did he forget. He only knew that he had made a **D** mistake, that he had gone contrary to his instincts—which demanded attack only upon the weak, the wounded or the dead. Vaguely conscious of this, he became truer to type than ever. hugging his corner, often curled there during the daytime, catching his sleep in quick, almost spasmodic naps, closing his eyes only that he might open them again to assure himself that the great, be-maned thing which represented to him the power of

destruction still held him beneath contempt.

A purpose was served by this which even he did not realize. For one thing, it told Sultan that there would be no further attempts at usurpation of a forbidden position. For another, it quieted momentary fears on the part of menagerie men who had rushed forward, feeding forks and prod-rods in readiness, with the screeching and yowling of that attack. But now they passed the cage with hardly a glance. The cage mates had fought it out; from now on they would be friends again-which was as much as the menagerie men could be supposed to know, or care. As for Sneak, he realized only that he had failed, and that his life was more unbearable than ever. More and more he held to his corner; sometimes he did not even rush forward to crush and gorge the bones which Sultan had disregarded.

Only at night did he allow himself to become a thing of move-

ment and of life. The nocturnal instincts coming then to the fore, he would rouse as the sideboards were placed upon the den, and his leonine companion would settle himself to rest. On the jolting journey to the cars he would pace stalkily, his heavy head slightly raised, his ugly mouth half open, his breath rasping in his thick throat; when the train began to move and the screeching noise of progress drowned out the breathing of the lion at the other side of the den, his pace would increase in a nervous, shambling circle, leading again and again about the narrow confines of his prison, until at last, forgetful of his serfdom, he would allow a broken, shrieking cry to issue, echoing along the noisy train like exaggerated, unearthly laughter.

Invariably this cry brought a movement from the darkness, a gruft growl as of command-and the knowledge that across the cage lay a superior thing which must not be disturbed. would come again-fear which sent a skulking beast to his corner, there to stare into the darkness, to pant, and to await the attack which did not come. Weeks-months while the circus traveled steadily into the hot regions of the South-then one night the

THE emergencies had set on a down grade. The whole great train quivered and jolted in the vain attempts of compressed air to halt its movement. More and more racking came the tremors-then while elephants bellowed and squealed, while cat animals yowled their fear and humans shouted the danger, the impact came! A moment later the right of way was a tangle of broken wagons, of upended coaches from which stunned performers and workingmen crawled aimlessly, to stagger about a moment, then blindly move forward in obedience to the shouts of command from far ahead, where the train-crew already was beginning to fight fire in the horse- and elephant-cars. Five minutes later-

Above the noise of hissing steam, of shouting strings of workmen, of screaming horses and roaring cat-cages, a new sound came from the hot, swampy woodland which lay far to the right of the track, a shrieking yet guttural cry which, at once shrill and hoarse, echoed through the eerie night like the laugh of a demon, a call which rose high, then dropped to hoarseness in a quick succession of jerky breaks, and which caused Cap Houston, grimy and bleeding, to turn for an instant from the work before him.

'Mike!" he shouted. "Beat it to that Eighty den. That sounded

like Sneak-out there in them swamps!

A form streaked away into the blackness at the edge of the field of flickering red, to clamber over the twisted frame of a flat-car, to halt—then to turn, cupping his hands to his mouth:

"Cap-Cap-they're both out. Sultan an' Sneak-gone. Number Twelve telescoped their flat. Ripped the end of the cage plumb off. Aint no trace of 'em here."

"Then get rifles-an' start after 'em! Do your best not to

hurt 'em if you can help it. But of course, if you can't-

Even as the command was shouted, that ghoul-like laugh began to sound again, far in the depths of the swamp, to rise, to fall—then to fade in silence. For Sneak the hyena, panting with the excitement of freedom a moment before, now lay crouched in the heavy grass of a gumbo hummock, his eyes narrowed, his nostrils twitching. Something was moving not a hundred yards awaysomething which carried a scent familiar from years of association. the odor of a cat beast, the odor he hated!

An hour passed, but he did not move, save to rise now and then from his cramped position, and swing in writhing circles about the hummock-only to drop into hiding again. From far ahead there sounded the sharp report of a rifle, followed by two more, almost simultaneous in their swiftness. After that, silence again, save for the uneasy fluttering of the bats and the cheeping of night-birds. After a long time Sneak rose, now with a feeling of security, and started forward-only to halt again through the bidding of a hitherto unknown instinct. Heretofore he had regarded humans only as detached beings which moved about outside the bars of his prison. But with freedom—

A man had shouted somewhere over at the edge of the swamp. He was answered by another call from the distance. Then a query:

"Hey, Smithy!"
"Yeh."

"That you shootin' a minute ago?"

"Yeh. Aint seen nothin' o' that lion down this way, have you?" "No-nothin' but his tracks, back there a ways. I'm lookin' for that hvena.

"Well, I guess they're both around here somewhere-'less they doubled back on us. That's most probable. That lion started down this way after I nicked him.'

"Oh, you hit him, huh?" (Continued on page 106)

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The distinguished author of "The Shining Adventure" here contributes the surprising and delightful story of a young man who was informed that he was soon to die, and in consequence became a very bold young man indeed.

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onesty, Industry, Perspicacity

By DANA BURNET

MR. TRUMBELL looked with horror at the lugubrious person of the doctor standing beside his bed.

"You mean I'm going to die-now?"

The doctor made a deprecatory gesture. "Not necessarily. You may live for years. You may go the limit. But your heart, my dear sir, is dangerously affected. I feel it my duty to warn you that it may-give out-at any moment. "But—is there nothing to be done about it? Is there nothing I can do?"

"You can take care of yourself. That's all. Don't over-ercise. Don't overeat. Don't overdo in any respect."

Mr. Trumbell was speechless, not so much from fright as from indignation. How could Fate have played this cruel joke

on him who had done nothing to deserve it?

He hardly heard the doctor's parting instructions. was scribbling on a prescription-pad, mumbling something about moderation and strychnine-tablets. Mr. Trumbell replied memoderation and strychnine-tablets. He was relieved when the doctor had gone. What had he to do with doctors now?

He lay stunned, unable to conceive the tragedy thus suddenly fallen upon him. It was altogether crushing. He had gone to

the office that morning a man apparently sound and healthy. That night he had come home-if one may call a second-class boarding-house home—to discover that he was a man with a death-sentence hanging over his head. Nothing had occurred meanwhile to forecast or explain this astounding phenomenon. be sure, he had eaten a piece of mince pie at lunch in the Wall Street cafeteria. He had chosen it for dessert against his own better judgment. He had expected consequences—a touch of indigestion, perhaps, or at worst, a headache. But one could hardly attribute a constitutional defect to a piece of mince pie.

He had been seized with a terrible dizziness while riding uptown in the subway, had managed somehow to get to his boardinghouse and there had collapsed on the bed. The landlady, fearful that he would die on her hands-as though she hadn't enough to attend to as it was-had hurriedly summoned the nearest physician, whose name, by one of those freaks of chance that seem almost deliberate, was Coffan. He had examined Mr. Trumbell from top to toe and finally, with a gravity that was ominously impressive, rendered his verdict.

It was a verdict from which Mr. Trumbell knew there was no appeal. He was going to die of heart-failure. The physician's "not necessarily" was small comfort. Why not die now and be done with it?

The thought of death came at him Yet more appalling than death cruelly. was the contemplation of life-of his particular life. How futile, how poverty-stricken a life it had been! What had he ever done that was interesting or beautiful? What had he ever accomplished?

Charles Trumbell-he had been christened Charlemagne by an optimistic mother who was a school-teacher, but circumstances and environment had reduced the name promptly to Charles-had been born in a small town in Ohio, and had been left an orphan at the age of ten. An uncle, a druggist, who lived in New York, had sent for him. He had hated his uncle and his uncle's family at first sight, but he had accepted them. He was neither a complainer nor a rebel. There was nothing of the revolutionary in his make-up. He did not resent: he endured. It was his nature.

He had gone to high-school and had taken a night course in a business college while working by day in the drug-store. He had got a job with the National Fruit Company, importers of bananas and citrus fruit, and over a period of twelve years had worked his way slowly up the com-mercial ladder. He had taken for his inspiration the three words of a wall-motto that hung over his desk: "Honesty, In-dustry, Perspicacity." His present position was that of confidential clerk to the

first vice-president.

The first vice-president, Mr. Peebles, was the immediate sun about which Charles Trumbell revolved-his light and his destiny. Mr. Trumbell paid Mr. Peebles the unconscious tribute of his soul. He did not particularly like Mr. Peebles -- the first vice-president was a small, tart, snappy man who, trained to a professional elevation of vision, could not see clearly objects smaller than himself or the persons he looked up to.

Mr. Trumbell, lying on his bed with the threat of death in his soul, thought of Mr. Peebles, and at once his heart-his treacherous heart - missed a beat. What would Mr. Peebles say when he learned that his confidential clerk was going to die of heart-failure? Immediately, however, and quite logically, an-

other thought insinuated itself into his

consciousness. What did it matter what Mr. Peebles might say? The reflection was tremendously daring. He entertained it at first cautiously, then with increasing savor. What did it matter what anyone said? He was going to die of heart-failure.

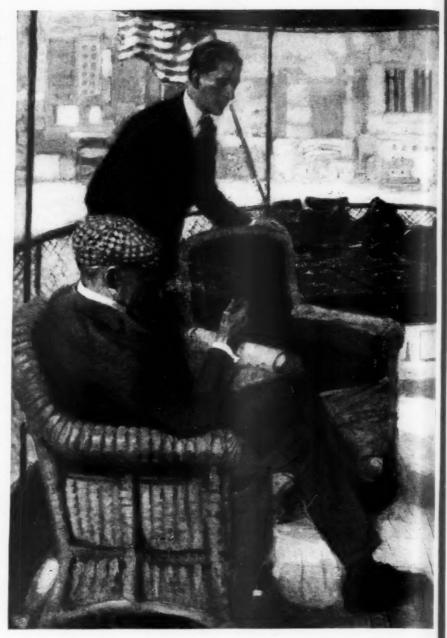
His life had been upheaved by catastrophe; it was taking on new values, new aspects. Destiny, in the guise of a lugubrious doctor, had wrenched him violently out of himself. He was a man fundamentally deferential to authority; he had no sovereignty in himself. Hitherto he had derived his authority from the governing powers of the National Fruit Company, and more particularly from Mr. Peebles. Now he felt those powers to be shaken and

Why should he go on paying fealty to others? He was a doomed man. Why not make one gesture, one effort for himself? These thoughts came to him, not clearly, not definitely sum-

moning his will, but faithfully and insidiously. Yet they persisted. He began to take stock of himself as an individual-of his sen-

sations, of his experiences.

His experiences made a slender account. He was thirty-two years old, and he had not been outside of New York in twenty years, except for his vacations, which were no more than timid excursions to Far Rockaway or the near-by beaches. He had



rarely been to the theater, though he enjoyed it, and only occasionally permitted himself the comparative dissipation of a movie. His chief intellectual diversion was reading. He bought one suit of clothes a year. His clothes were good; they were his one extravagance. But even that was not an extravagance of temperament. It was a business necessity. He must keep up appearances, at all costs.

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He lived in the cheapest room, in the most inexpensive boardinghouse, that he could find. As rents rose and swept uptown, he fled before them. He was a bird of passage, who belonged nowhere.

It came to him with a shock that he had literally no friends. The men he knew-men of his own age and station in life, clerks and underlings-alienated him by their frivolity, by their boastfulness (which never came to anything), by their laziness and their crass pleasures. As for the women he met, he had never got anywhere with them. His shyness, his fear that they were going to prove expensive to him, his dread of their bright eyes, which seemed to demand of him something that he could not afford to give, effectually checked any companionship with the female sex that might have arisen to comfort him in his loneliness.

Lying there on his bed-which was a couch by day-he seemed to himself to cut an intolerably lonely figure. For years he had



"Cynthia!" said old Jacob helplessly; then: "This is Mr. Trumbell, from the office." Cynthia gave him a quick, bright glance. . . . He was conscious of his defective heart.

And never have his fling? That question robbed him of his high resolve. He shrank from it. It pursued him. Was he going to die without having his fling? What was he afraid of? Why bother to be a coward when imminent death was not merely a chance but a

certainty?

He fell asleep at last, worn out with the agony of selfexamination, and dreamed that he was dead. He was sitting at his desk in the office of the Fruit Company, and he was dead. Faces came up, looked at him and vanished: strange faces of women, beautiful, with bright eyes; faces of men who resembled Mr. Peebles; faces of children who resembled himself. They all looked at him and melted away.

He sat there. One by one the people in the office went out, passed by him heedless. Mr. Peebles went by him, looked at him once and

frowned.

The ships in the distant river, which he could see from his office window, left their piers and sailed away. Night fell on a deserted city, on a deserted world. The world had gone from him, and left him sitting dead at his desk through all eternity.

A bell was ringing somewhere, sharp and insistent. It was calling him to Judgment. (He had always thought the summons would be a trumpetblast.) But it was a bell-a bell that rang furiously..... He woke. It was morning.

The bell was that of his alarmclock, calling him-not to Judgment, but to business. It

was five minutes to seven. He must be at his desk at eight. He lifted himself on his elbow, then sank back upon the pillow. He had remembered that he was going to die of heartfailure.

What was punctuality to him now? What was time to him now? Why go to the office at all? Wasn't he going to die shortly of heart-failure.

The transition from impulse to determination is sometimes conscious and protracted, sometimes unconscious and immediate.

Mr. Trumbell rose and began to dress.

He dressed slowly, with unusual care for the niceties of his toilet. He was conscious of a physical weakness, the result of his heart attack the previous night, but he felt curiously refreshed and alert. He noted with the delight of a connoisseur the June sunlight pouring in at the window. Some foolish lines from a child's story popped unexpectedly into his head, and he said them aloud, with a smile.

"What a day for a picnic! 'Goody!' Goody!' cried forty

happy little voices. And so it was agreed—"
What nonsense! Was his mind affected, as well as his heart? Why was he lingering like this? It was seven-thirty. He must

worked, scrimping, and saving his money. For what? What good had it ever done him? Why had he not had one good fling? Something that he could look back on at the last moment—something of which he could say, on his deathbed: "At least, I have had my day. I have known what it is to hold life in my arms.' But there was no such experience behind him, not one hour, not one moment that he could seize and hurl defiantly into the dark face of Death.

Well, it was too late now. He was done for. Yet he might live for some time. What was he to do with his remaining days? he to spend them fussing with a doctor whose name was Coffan -consuming strychnine tablets and shuddering at every step he took, like old Jenson, the filing-clerk at the office? Old Jenson had died of heart-failure a month before, but for five years previous to that he had gone about fearful, with a haunted look in his eyes, his hand on his breast and his blue lips trembling.

No. By heavens, he wouldn't cringe and cower. He wouldn't surrender himself to the domination of a doctor. There was a certain satisfaction in the thought of defying physical assistance, of rejecting a knowledge that was impotent to help him. He would go on as before, keeping a stiff upper lip, doing his duty to

the bitter end.

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But he did not hurry. He was feeling much better now. Dallying, he grew momentarily stronger and more vigorous. He knew that it was a false strength, an illusory vigor. But why question the illusion? He was no longer a man with a serious life to live. He was an actor in a tragic farce—and as such he might wear his body as a costume, as a mask, lightly and perhaps with beauty.

It was not his body that mattered now. It was his nerve and

his wit.

Could one change one's nature thus easily-overnight? Was the metamorphosis genuine? Of course not. But it was impressive. It simulated reality. An actor in a tragic farce!

He ate his breakfast with a swagger-if one may be said to do such a thing. It was eight-fifteen when he left the house. What a fine day it was! He believed he'd ride downtown by

trolley

He had never done such a thing before. The subway was his servant and his master. He belonged to it organically and by virtue of the cosmic plan, exactly as a sardine belongs to its tin box. Yet on this day, because he was going to die of heart-failure, he rode to the offices of the National Fruit Company in lower Broadway by trolley.

As he entered the office building, he spoke to the elevator starter, a gigantic man in a blue uniform, whom he had known-

as one knows the familiar object in one's path—for years.

"Good morning," said Mr. Trumbell. "Fine day."

"Fine day, yes sir," repeated the starter. He stared at Mr. Trumbell. "Late, aint you?"

"Yes, rather," said Charles indifferently, but with an inward joy at the nonchalance of his words. "Yes, rather!" Where had he got that particular phrase? Out of a magazine, probably. But it was elegant and beautiful. The "rather" was especially good. Plainly he had impressed the starter.

How simple, how intoxicating it was to impress one's fellowman! One had merely to step out of one's rôle a little, to deviate,

to improvise an elegancy.

He was conscious, as he walked between the desks of the main office, of the astonished glances cast in his direction. He could hear the startled whispers of the clerks and stenographers. He

knew what they were saying. "It's Mr. Trumbell. He's late."
Oh, yes, there was no doubt of it! He was creating an

impression.

AT the door of Mr. Peebles' office, however, his courage suddenly failed him. What had he done? He had flouted deliberately the office discipline, the office creed. Mr. Peebles would know. Mr. Peebles would be angry. Charles began consider excuses. "I was sick last night. I'm very sorry. Charles began to consider excuses. wont happen again."

He wouldn't! He'd see it through if it killed him-which very likely it would. He imagined himself dying of heart-

failure before Mr. Peebles' astonished eyes.

He opened the door without knocking and went in. To his surprise he found Mr. Peebles not in the least terrifying. He, Charles Trumbell, seemed to see his chief in a new light. saw him as a little, partly bald man with a querulous mouth, who wasn't capable of frightening a rabbit. The vice-president looked up as he entered, and his gray brows bristled in a frown.

Well, Trumbell!" "Good morning, Mr. Peebles. Rather warm this morning."

"Warm!" The vice-president's eyes bulged. "Do you realize that you're two hours late?"

"Yes, Mr. Peebles.

"Well! You know I'm particular about punctuality. What have you to say for yourself?" Mr. Peebles' tone was partly facetious, but it covered a worried severity. Mr. Trumbell, who had come into the room with no definite plan in mind, was moved to toss a chance bomb at his superior's feet.

"I have this to say, Mr. Peebles. I'm thinking of leaving

the company."
"What! You're thinking of leaving—"
"Yes—for good."

The vice-president stiffened in his chair. "You-leaving!" He recovered his self-possession. "Come, now, Trumbell. You don't mean that. Why should you do such a thing?"

"The truth is, Mr. Peebles-but perhaps you don't care to hear

the truth?"

"Of course I do. Speak up."

"Very well. I'm leaving because I-because there's no opportunity for me to get any farther in this office. I've worked hard, Mr. Peebles, but after twelve years I'm still a clerk. I've gone as far as I can here. You've treated me fairly, I'll admit, but

you've taken no account of my—of my ambitions."
"Ambitions! My God, Trumbell—don't tell me you've got ambitions!

"I have, Mr. Peebles."
"Well! I never would have suspected it of you."
"No. That's just the point. That's why I'm leaving.
thought I was merely a—a cog in the machine." He had He had got that out of a magazine, without a doubt; but it was effective. It came pat. He repeated it. "A cog in a machine, like all the rest of those people ou there. I'm not a cog, Mr. Peebles. I'm a human being with ambitions of my own.

HE had spoken, and his words were good. He had even essayed a small gesture, a dignified wave of the hand. Mr. Peebles swallowed hard.

"What-what are your ambitions?"

In truth, what were they? Mr. Trumbell hadn't the least idea. It he must say something. He thought of the thing that would But he must say something. most shock Mr. Peebles. He replied:

"My ambition, when I first entered this office, was to become

head of the Company."

'Head of the-

"But since my ability has not been recognized, I am forced, Mr. Peebles, to resign.'

The vice-president's eyes narrowed. "Look here, Trumbell. Are you trying to bluff me?"

"Have I ever tried to bluff you, Mr. Peebles?"

"No. You're right. I beg your pardon." Mr. Peebles' manner had become courteous. He smiled. He was frank and hearty. "You're a valuable man, Trumbell. I can't afford to lose you. The Company can't afford to lose you. If it's simply a question of money

He paused; and Mr. Trumbell hesitated. The latter had been trying for a year past to screw up his courage to ask for an increase in salary. Now, apparently, the increase was his at a word. But some instinct of cunning informed him that it would spoil the joke if he permitted himself to be bought off thus easily. He would carry it farther.

"It isn't a question of money, Mr. Peebles. It's a question of ability. You may think I'm conceited, but the fact is, I know what I'm worth. I know I've got ideas that would be of benefit It's hard, Mr. Peebles, to sit by and watch to the Company. other people making mistakes-

"Mistakes! Do you mean me?" gasped Mr. Peebles.
"I mention no names, Mr. Peebles. If I were going to criticize,

I should say that the fault was general, rather than specific."
"Ah! You mean all of us. The entire Board of Directors!" Mr. Peebles was grimly sardonic, but as Charles continued to

maintain a dignified silence, he was piqued into asking: What mistakes have we made?"

Mr. Trumbell was about to reply that he did not care to designate his criticism, when suddenly there came to his mind the matter of the Cuban trade. He promptly seized upon it. fact that the Grant Line, the National's only serious rival, had monopolized for years the citrus-fruit exports of Cuba was an open secret in the organization. Every tyro in the office knew it, knew it was a thorn in the side of the Company. Trumbell said:
"What about the Cuban export question, Mr. Peebles? You've

permitted the Grant Line, which is a carrier of general merchandise, to monopolize the chief products of Cuba, including

citrus fruits. I consider that a mistake.'

At the mention of the Grant Line, Mr. Peebles' face grew red. "Trumbell! You know it's against our rules for employees in the Company's confidence to discuss matters of policy. "Yes, Mr. Peebles. But big men never get ahead by obeying

rules. They get ahead by breaking them."

It was the best thing that he had said, and it was his own. It had fallen spontaneously from the lips of the new Charles Trumbell, actor, whose sole concern in life was to play a joke upon authority. It quite captivated Mr. Peebles.

"Big men! By George, Trumbell, I never dreamed you had so much spunk in you. Sit down, and let's talk it over.'

TRUMBELL gravely accepted the chair that the vice-president I offered him. How many times he had sat in that same chair noting down important memoranda! But this was different. Now there was equality and honor in the invitation.

Mr. Peebles was speaking: "I admit that we've been outgeneraled with regard to the Cuban trade. That's self-evident. The Grant Line got in ahead of us. We were asleep at the time. But I

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"Then you wake up-and fall in love with me." "How do I do that?" asked Charles with perfect seriousness.

doubt whether you realize, Mr. Trumbell,"—the vice-president had called him Mr. Trumbell; could he believe his ears?—"I doubt

whether you realize the delicacy of the problem as it exists today."

Charles thought it wise to concede the point. "Perhaps not, Mr. Peebles," he said magnanimously, but with an intonation that implied his own certainty in the matter.

"The fact is, we've hesitated to make a strong bid for the Cuban trade because we don't wish to incur any competition in the Central American routes. If we made a bid for Cuba, the Grant Line would strike at Central America. Moreover, the principal Cuban crop isn't fruit, but sugar. And we're not in-

terested in sugar."
"You would be if you could get it," said Mr. Trumbell

· "Well. yes, we would. That's true. If we could find an excuse to go into Havana—a legitimate excuse that wouldn't arouse

suspicions among the directors of the Grant Line- Look here, Trumbell; you're not pumping me? You're not going over to the Grant people, are you?"

Mr. Trumbell found the situation delicious; it was manna to his soul. But he managed to glow with righteous indignation. "Mr. Peebles, I have no idea of betraying your confidence. My motto in business has always been honesty, industry and perspicacity. If you don't trust me-

"Keep your seat, Mr. Trumbell. I know I can trust you."

Mr. Trumbell relaxed in his chair.

"You were saying that if you could find an excuse to go into Havana—" he prompted, with an air of reserved judgment.

"Yes. Exactly. But we've no such excuse. If we made a

move in that direction, we'd have a serious competition on our hands, and perhaps a rate-war. Now, Mr. Trumbell, can you suggest any solution to the problem as I have presented it?"

Mr. Trumbell knew that his great joke hung in the balance.

He said calmly

"It's very simple, Mr. Peebles. If I were managing this Com-iny, I would—" He paused. What on earth would he do? pany, I would—" He paused. What on earth would he do? Ah, he had it. "I would buy my way into Cuba. I would buy one of the larger groves—the largest, if possible—and make a feature of Cuban fruit. That would give us our excuse to go in, and the Grant Line wouldn't suspect our real purpose at first. After all, we've a perfect right to carry our own products, and as you say, the fruit is a small item. Then in time we could gradually cut into the sugar trade."

"But the moment we did that, the Grant Line would fight. Then our Central American trade would suffer. How would you

prevent trouble there?

Mr. Trumbell made a gesture. He was sure of himself now. "By the same process, Mr. Peebles. I would buy the source of supply. I would buy all the important fruit farms that now supply us with produce. It would take capital-a great deal of capital; but we must come to it eventually if we want to protect ourselves, and grow."

"You mean- By George, Trumbell! But that would be

monopoly, and monopoly is against the law."
"I should call it legitimate expansion," said Mr. Trumbell. "There's no law to prevent a business from branching out, is there, Mr. Peebles?"

The latter looked at Charles, and his small, sharp eyes grew

brilliant.

"No! I believe you're right. At any rate, your idea is interesting. I'd like to put it up to Mr. Stadtmuller." Mr. Stadt-Mr. Stadtmuller was president of the Company. "I needn't say that you will receive full credit for the plan. In the meantime I want you to stay with us—at double your present salary."

Mr. Trumbell shook his head. There was a touch of nobility

in his manner.

"I have already told you, Mr. Peebles, that money means nothing to me. I will give you a ten-day option on my services -without increase in salary. If at the end of that time you find that you have no use for a man of my ability,-I speak frankly, Mr. Peebles,-I will look for my opportunity elsewhere. Whatever happens, you may be sure that I will never take advantage of you. On the other hand, I claim the right to use my own

ideas however and wherever I will."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Peebles hastily. He rose, and Mr. Trumbell rose with him. The interview was at an end.

Charles bowed and left the room.

He went to his desk in the outer office and sat down by the In the distance, beyond the irregular patchwork of roofs, he could see the pier-sheds of the East River, and the ships lying snug in their berths. The view had always awed him a little, but now he felt a sense of superiority to all he looked on, to the heaped-up buildings below him, to the piers and to the Toys, he thought, playthings-curious chessmen that moved or were still at the command of the masters of the game! Business was only a game, after all. It seemed to him in that moment hardly a serious game.

He smiled, but there was sadness in his smile. He was going to die of heart-failure! But-he would not die in total anonymity. He would make a move or two at the chessboard before his

hand grew cold. .

MR. JACOB STADTMULLER was a big-boned, mountainous man with a crest of gray hair and a face that looked as if it had been carved out of rock. He sat impassive while Mr. Peebles unfolded to him Mr. Trumbell's scheme for legitimate expansion. When the latter had finished, he brought his huge ine man's right, Peebles. He's hit it. I'm going to put his proposition up to the Board." hand down on the desk before him.

"That's all very well," said Mr. Peebles; "but what about Trumbell himself? We can't have a man with such ideas in his head running loose about town."

"You let me talk to him," said old Jacob in his deep bass

voice

"Do," said Mr. Peebles.

Old Jacob laughed unexpectedly. His laugh was like the rumble

of approaching thunder.

"By God, Peebles, it's a queer world. Here we've been struggling for three years with this problem, racking our brains to find a solution. And along comes a fifty-dollar-a-week clerk and solves it offhand." Again he laughed, and ran his hand through his shock of gray hair. "The thing's so damned simple. I guess that's why we overlooked it. What we need in this business, Peebles, is less brains and more sense.

"It has been a revelation to me," said Mr. Peebles, as he left the president's office.

well, young man," he said when the latter appeared, "I hear wise heep doing some thinking on your own account. That's you've been doing some thinking on your own account. That's a clever idea of yours. I'd like to talk to you about it when I've got more leisure.

"I shall be at your service, Mr. Stadtmuller," said Charles,

"for the next ten days."

"Yes, I see. I see. Ten days, eh?" He gave hugh. "I guess we'll hang on to you, young man." Ten days, eh?" He gave his rumbling

"Of course I should prefer to remain with the Company," admitted Charles.

"Oh, you would, eh? That's good. Well! Suppose you come down to Green Cove with me this afternoon. My yacht leaves the Battery at four sharp. The *Privateer*. We'll talk going up the Sound. You can catch a train back to town after dinner."
"Thank you," said Charles. He could not resist adding: "I

have an engagement later this evening, but I suppose I can get

back in time.

Mr. Stadtmuller lifted his eyebrows. He was not accustomed

to having his invitations modified by other engagements.
"Yes, you can get back. The Battery, at four sharp.
be there?"

"I'll be there, Mr. Stadtmuller."

IT was noon when Charles left the office-building. As he stepped out of the elevator, he nodded to the starter.

"Getting warmer, I believe."

"Yes sir," said the starter respectfully. "Getting warmer." Mr. Trumbell heard the new note of deference in the starter's It immeasurably pleased him. He had always been a trifle afraid of the starter. He was no longer afraid of him.

He was no longer afraid of anyone or of anything. He spent the next three hours preparing himself for his sail up the Sound. First he went to his bank and drew out a hundred dollars of his savings. As he emerged from the building, a taxi-

cab, cruising at a slow speed, swept in toward the curb.

Why not? Wasn't he going to die of heart-failure? He lifted his forefinger. It was the most magnificent gesture he had ever made.

"Drive to Shanks' boot-store," directed Mr. Trumbell, getting

into the cab.

He visited several shops, and each time he took a taxi. He took them deliberately, elegantly, not as a man drunk with selfsuccess, but as one conscious of the triviality of all movement, of all machinery of motion. He bought himself a pair of low tan shoes at Shanks'. He drove to a prominent haberdashery, the very name of which would have frightened him a few hours since, and made various purchases-a silk shirt, a fresh collar of fashionable type, a silk tie of delicate pattern, with a touch of orange in it. He proceeded to a hat-shop and discarded his wellworn and frequently renovated straw hat for a Panama of the sort he had noticed on the head of Mr. Stadtmuller himself. He bought a pair of moderately priced jade cuff-links and a jade scarf-pin. He bought a pair of silk socks and some new silk garters. After each purchase he said to the clerk who waited on him: "May I change here? I've an important business engagement at four." Then he would add quite casually: "Nice shop you've got. I shall have to come here regularly after this.

At three-thirty he ordered his fourth or fifth taxi-he really had lost count of them-and drove to the Battery. The Privateer lay against the sea-wall at a point near the Aquarium. He knew the yacht. He had watched her, from his window overlooking the river, passing in all her costly beauty beneath the bridges,

day after summer day.

Trumbell paid his taxi-driver and turned to see Mr. Stadtmuller descending from a sedan car driven by a chauffeur "I shall never live to drive about in a car like that," thought he. For a moment the realization of his positioned him. He felt weak and faint. Good heavens! For a moment the realization of his position sick-Was he going to have another heart attack-here on the sidewalk, with old Jacob looking on?

He straightened up, and by a sheer effort of will transcended his fraility, rose above it and rebuked it. He shook hands with old Jacob, and they strode through the park toward the yacht. They mounted the companionway; Mr. Trumbell saw a spacious after-deck, immaculate, set with luxurious (Continued on page 116)

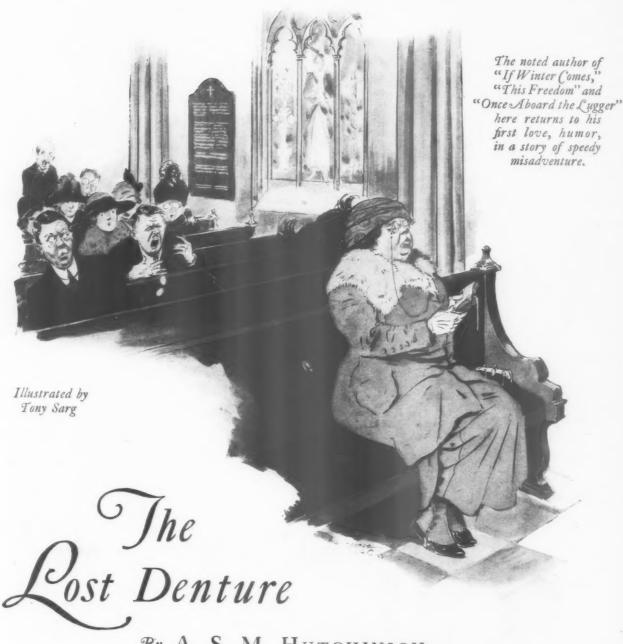
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By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

THE scene opens in a church, the parish church of a moribund English town to which Mr. Ralph Raincoat had been driven on business over a week-end. Business drove him to the town; the gloom of Sunday at the local railway hotel drove him to the parish church.

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Evening service, atmosphere sepulchral and chilly, light dim, congregation meager. Mr. Raincoat, a desperately nervous person, had intended to slink into a back pew. A podgy woman in a black bonnet had hustled him midway up the aisle and shut him firmly in with five fat hassocks and an assorted stock of prayerbooks and hymnals. Few worshipers sat behind him, fewer in front, none beside him. Nearest companions of his devotions were a man in the next pew and a tall, massive lady who sat three pews in front.

It was in the last line of the last verse of the last hymn that the appalling tragedy of this narrative swooped upon Mr. Raincoat. Mr. Raincoat had false teeth—two complete sets. In the

language of the dental profession, an upper and lower denture. In your or my (or his) language, two plates. Complete! No teeth of his own—two complete plates! Ugly red chaps, dashed uncomfortable (he had only had them three months), always slipping about, the top one especially prone to drop with a hollow click at critical moments in public, as when yawning or when the jaws in which they reposed were widely opened to admit a spoonful of food—dashed uncomfortable, but most infernally essential and useful and irreplaceable.

Well, here was Mr. Raincoat shivering in that dim, chilly church, when after the last line of the last verse of the last hymn, with the "Amen" came the appalling tragedy. One, or all, of the seventeen different drafts which had been incommoding him throughout the service concentrated villainously upon the nape of his neck; back jerked his head; he struggled frantically to extract his handkerchief from his cuff, failed to uncuff it—and bang! He let fly one of the most colossal sneezes that have ever

been unroped in any Anglican place of worship: "Washwup! Grrsh!"

That was the sound of it: the "wash" being the wish or swish of the sneeze, the "wup" the prohibitory or closuring effort of the jaws with which (too late and ineffectually) the convulsed Mr. Raincoat sought to close his mouth upon the explosion; and the "grrsh" was the unseemly aftermath of sounds as the remnants of the tornado hissed their way out.

So much for the sneeze as such. The vicar at the altar-rails jumped about two feet into the air; one of the sidesmen dropped his plate; a child burst into terrified sobbing and was hurried out: and now

consider Mr. Raincoat.

The explosion jerked his eyeglasses from his nose; far worse and far more violently than that, it hurled his top plate, his complete upper denture, clean out of his head and in a not ungraceful curve over the two pews before him and onto the cushion beside the massive lady (mentioned above) seated in the pew next beyond.

Consider his position. Consider his feelings. Consider his—consider anything you like. I have got out of touch with writing during the war, and I cannot pile up the horrors of Mr. Raincoat's plight as suggestively as I could before I exchanged the pen for the Mills bomb, so I throw the burden of this part of the story on you and ask you—how the dickens would you like it? How would you like your head suddenly to take on the office of a sling, trench-mortar or catapult, and hurl your complete upper denture (if you have one, or every one of your

(if you have one, or every one of your top teeth, if you haven't) slick over two of the pews in a strange church and plumb down beside a tall, massive lady in the next pew beyond? How would you like it? Put yourself

in his place. What would you do?

So far as doing anything is concerned, Mr. Raincoat's immediate actions were (poor fellow!) on a plane of misfortune with the tragedy itself. He first of all, in the final throes of the convulsion, as nearly as possible swallowed his complete lower denture (or plate) and then, as he spasmodically started forward



He raised his preposterous muffin. The massive lady raised her umbrella with precisely the pose and action of Punch about to deliver a whack. "Go away at once, sir, or I shall strike you."

to jerk it up again, realized that he had knocked his eyeglasses onto the floor under the next pew and smashed them to smithereens. He then found he was the only person standing in the whole congregation, so he sat down heavily on his bowler hat (pulping it) and had a bit of a brood on what to do next.

By Jove, it needed some brooding. Mr. Raincoat had often said he felt absolutely lost without his glasses; without, in addition, his complete upper denture—and the upper denture lying three pews in front of him next to a strange and massive lady—he felt worse

than lost: he felt thrown clean off the world and left gasping.

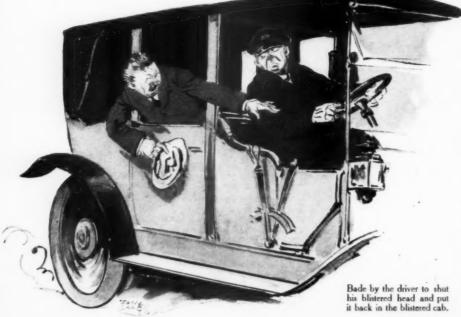
There was also his absolutely crushed hat. In his aching bewilderment and horror, he drew it from under him and feebly attempted to press it out with his fist, and gave a pathetic little moan, and laid it down beside him, and wiped his beady brow and sat stunned—pole-axed.

The congregation now dutifully rose to its feet while the choir and clergy withdrew. Mr. Raincoat mechanically and miserably rose to his. The massive lady beside whom reposed the complete upper denture did not rise. In freezing, in bloodcurdling, in goose-fleshing, in hair-raising agony, Mr. Raincoat

watched her as-

I'm sorry. I really have, as I have said, lost touch with writing during the war; and I find my expression, losing the limpid clearness and beauty of aforetime, gets rather sticky. Sentences get in front of me, so to speak, before I have loaded them up behind. Very kindly come back about a minute and a half, if you please.

Mr. Raincoat, on his feet (the massive lady still seated), squeezed



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into little slits his shortsighted eyes and peered downward toward the lady's pew. Dimly he could perceive about two feet to her right a small, dark blob palely tinged with white: thus his

myopic vision presented to him the white-fringed, red vulcanite of his complete upper denture. Close to it reposed a similar dark blob. Mr. Raincoat conjectured this (rightly)

to be the lady's purse.

Now, while Mr. Raincoat braced his agonized mind into a course of action, namely, to wait till the lady vacated her pew and then slip in and recover his denture, now came upon him the freezing, bloodcurdling, goose-fleshing, hair-raising agony which (as I diverged to explain) got ahead of me in the sentence

Mr. Raincoat, waiting, squeezing his vision upon his plate (or denture) prayed with enormous earnestness that the lady would not observe his teeth nestling beside her. Heaven knew (prayed the poor fellow) what complications might not issue if she did. nervous, she might shriek; if strong-minded (and honest), she might take them to the pew-opener. If—and so on in an ascending scale of horrific possibilities.

Earnestly, therefore, Mr. Raincoat prayed.

His prayer was answered him.

The massive lady did not observe his teeth. Would (in what resulted) that she had! Gazing with devotional absence before her at the retreating choir, she busied her hands in preparation for her departure. Her right hand unclasped the vanity bag upon her lap; her left hand felt out along the cushion for her purse. In freezing, in bloodcurdling, in goose-fleshing, in hair-raising agony, Mr. Raincoat perceived her large, black-gloved fingers go spidering along toward his plate, close upon it, convey it. and drop it-his complete upper denture-into her bag. This she then snapped with a very loud metallic click; and you can bet your life (I never would have needed an expression like that when I was writing regularly), you can bet your life that no slam of a cell door ever burst the heart of a condemned man more than the snap of that bag upon his complete upper denture burst the heart of Mr. Raincoat.

He stood petrified. He clutched the pew for support. A drop of icy perspiration beaded from his brow and came putt on his right hand. Another came putt on his left hand. The horror right hand. Another came putt on his left hand.

of his position caused him almost to swoon. To accost a strange lady would in the best of circumstances have threatened him with heart-failure. Now, virtually blind, toothless (a complete lower denture being about as much use without the upper as one leg of a pair of nutcrackers), virtually speechless (take out all your upper teeth and try to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus")—now, blind, toothless and speechless, he had not only to accost a strange lady (of massive and forbidding mien), but to explain to her the preposterous circumstance that she had his complete upper denture in her bag and would she please give it back to him.

A stronger man than Mr. Raincoat might be pardoned for suicide in face of a considerably less appalling proposition. Mr. Raincoat did not (then) think of suicide; nor could he (there) have committed it if he had. His mind was too occupied because his mouth was so unoccupied. He had to act, and act darn quick. Already the congregation was filing out. The massive lady gathered herself up, put her prayer-book beneath her arm, gave a look round her pew, perceived her purse, gave a slight frown expressive of 'Dear me, I quite thought I had taken it up," opened her bag, dropped in the purse upon Mr. Raincoat's complete upper denture, and came massively down the aisle, directing a stern look at Mr. Raincoat (responsive to the appealing, dying-duck-in-a-thunderstorm look which, wanly leaning toward her, he bent upon her) as she passed him.

Mr. Raincoat's decision was to follow her, overtake her in a quiet street, and somehow articulate the appalling request that she would hand over his teeth. His short sight made it essential that he should follow her closely. his pulped hat, he sweated afresh in a dreadful battle with the hasp of his pew door. First he could not find the hasp; then he could not turn it. On one knee went the unhappy man, and peered at it and fumbled with it. Open it he could not. He thought: "Oh dear, oh dear, she'll have gone! Oh, this wretched, wretched door!"

In desperation Mr. Raincoat did an awful thing. He got on the seat and straddled clumsily over the door into the aisle. Such an exhibition is pardonable in a theater;



but it probably never previously had been seen in an Anglican church. Certainly the podgy pew-opener, happening that way, had never before witnessed it. She said, "Dear me! That's not the way to get out of a pew," and made as if to stop Mr. Raincoat and put him back again.

The unfortunate man hurried past her with his first attempt

at articulation without his complete upper denture.

"Fuffuf," said Mr. Raincoat, and pressed urgently toward the

Few as the worshipers had been, they had managed in that mysterious habit of church congregations to wedge themselves solidly about the door. Dimly Mr. Raincoat could perceive the massive bearer of his complete upper denture covered three deep before him and about to pass through. Frantically he squirmed himself against this intolerable rearguard, striving with feeble but unseemly little jostlings to urge his way through it.

PAINED or annoyed countenances were turned upon him. Shocked or vexed whispers said: "Please!" also "Patience!" likewise "Gently

"Uff fluff," said Mr. Raincoat, and tore himself into the outer

the massive lady was across the road. Night had Mr. Raincoat peered after her, almost missed her, then put on his ridiculous hat ("laid it on," were the better expression, for its shape was that of a muffin), and stepped miser-

ably after her.

To overtake her in a quiet street had been his intention. She very soon sailed massively into such a one, with dull-looking houses on either side and no souls save themselves in view. Alas, the farther she went and the lonelier their surroundings grew, the more rapidly oozed the courage necessary to make his preposterous request. With unhuman, fluffing sounds, he sought to frame aloud the sentences with which he should call upon her to stand and deliver. They sounded preposterous and impossible even when imagined in cold English. Articulated in the absence of his complete upper denture, they had a gibbering menace the effect of which upon a solitary female (however massive) in a dark and lonely street, Mr. Raincoat could not reflect upon without the highest misgiving.

But there were his teeth, sailing along in the lady's bag, and here was he, trudging along for what seemed mile after mile, with a ridiculous muffin on his head (it kept slipping off) and an aching chilly void in his mouth, and the knowledge that he must-positively and imperatively must-get back his plate: was it not as necessary to his health, comfort, appearance and moral

sanity as the very trousers upon his legs?

Spurred by this thought, the unhappy fellow several times quickened his steps till immediately behind the massive ladyonly to drop back again overcome with agitation and paralyzed articulation. It was the lady herself who at last impelled him to speech. Close behind her, once more about to drop back, he was suddenly confronted by her. She turned to face him. He almost collided with her before he could stop himself. It had to be done now. He raised his preposterous muffin and began:

"Exfluff me, madam—"
"How dare you, sir?" said the massive lady.

"An unfuffufate affifent-

The massive lady raised her umbrella, a massive, heavily knobbed weapon, with precisely the pose and action of Punch about to deliver a whack in the Punch and Judy show.

"Go away at once, sir, or I shall strike you.

"I shall give you a hard knock, sir."

The unfortunate fellow raised his eyes-tears in them-beseechingly to hers. It was the first time he had looked straight He had no sooner done so than with a groan, nay a wail, of agony, he threw his absurd muffin on his head and turned about and moved miserably in the direction he had come.

The massive lady was not the massive lady who had taken his teeth. She was a massive lady, but not the massive lady. He had followed the wrong massive lady. This one had a dif-

ferent face. She carried no bag.

MR. RAINCOAT plodded wearily back to the railway hotel, beside himself with misery and hopelessness of outlook. He moaned: "Oh dear, oh dear!" Alternately he wrung his poor hands and adjusted his abominable muffin. There was poor hands and adjusted his abominable muffin. presented him for supper cold steak and cold hard-bake pudding. He went supperless to bed. He had led a placid, padded life. He was no man of action. He was utterly unfitted to face the position of sudden and savage deprivation of his complete upper denture. It is the pathetic and gloomy fact that he cried himself

The morning of the following day took Mr. Raincoat (if the delicate fancy may be permitted) by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his trousers and projected him through life for the next thirty-six hours at a perfectly appalling speed. He whizzed through scenes, and he whizzed through England, precisely as he had frequently seen individuals whizz in one crowded hour of astonishing life through a lifetime of adventures on the cinematograph film. The laborious transcript of the historian (out of practice, as I have said) is an ill method of depicting the rush and frenzy of the poor fellow's headlong career; but I will endeavor to make my style as hectic and breathless as I can en-

Following, then, a digestion-ruining breakfast of bolted ham, Mr. Raincoat, debating his next move toward the recovery of his complete upper denture, and shivering between tackling first the police or the vicar, stood with his nose gloomily pressed against the coffee-room window and peering with shortsighted eyes (tears not far from them) toward the railway station yard opposite. Suddenly he started, and with the start plunged immediately into that violent train of action which was to cease only with the cessation of this story and in point of fact (as shall be imagined by the intelligent and sympathetic reader)

probably hurtled to hideous depths beyond it.

The hotel entrance was immediately against the window to which his nose was pressed. Quite clearly and unmistakably he saw emerge from it and proceed across to the station the massive purloiner of his teeth. Unmistakable! The veritable she! His beloved teeth had passed the night, not indeed beneath the roof of his mouth, but beneath the roof above his unhappy head!

A porter carried a bag behind the lady; she bore before her the casket of his sorrows and his hopes, his griefs and his high

NOW we're off.

Mr. Raincoat swooped across the coffee-room, swooped, hatless, muffinless, across the station yard, swooped into the booking-office, found his massive lady wedged in a jostling crowd before the ticket aperture, dared not there accost her, groaned, hesitated, swooped back to the hotel, grabbed his muffin and his bag, thanked heaven he had settled his bill, swooped back to the station, impelled himself against the booking-office queue, was just in time to hear the massive lady demand in a firm voice conveyance to London, obtained the like for himself, got on the platform, lost the lady, hunted for her in the crowd, earned angry growls for his distracted pushing and coarse laughs for his absurd muffin, found her, struggled after her into an already full compartment, and was standing on her toes (the last thing on earth he would wish to have done), the eleventh passenger in a five-a-side congestion of mutual distrust and hatred as the train moved out of the station.

Mr. Raincoat wiped his streaming face; and the author (also out of training) may perhaps be permitted to wipe his at the conclusion of this spasm and prior to the opening of the next.

The next began two hours later at Liverpool Street station. Mr. Raincoat occupied the long interval, first getting off the massive lady's feet and earning, to his desolation, a glance of much malevolence, in standing solidly, painfully and with in-creasing discomfort against the door. Also in acute vexation of Wherever else in the world he might have unfolded his preposterous story to the lady, the thing was manifestly impossible in a crowded railway carriage. The boldest man on earth could not have done it; and Mr. Raincoat was not the boldest, by quite a considerable number of millions.

Immediate action on arrival at the terminus was now the unhappy man's program. The train drew in, and he took action, creditably immediate and decisive, but not of the nature he had intended. It took, instead, the form of another wild and amazing rush, landing him a pitifully forlorn and unwilling guest in

an enormous hotel adjacent to Euston.

Now, please. The train drew in. Mr. Raincoat was of necessity first out. He was immediately hustled away from the door by porters tcuting for passengers. His absurd muffin came off and was kicked some little distance by hurrying feet before he could recover it. He flung it on his head. Again the Fates were against him. In the persons of a thin, sharp lady who had come to meet the massive lady, and of a large porter who carried her suitcase, the Fates closely escorted her (Continued on page 142) JOI

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By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

JOHNNY MORRIS ran amuck. To be specific, he launched himself upon a career of crime. And yet Johnny was not a criminal. He was an inoffensive mail-carrier, bent slightly to starboard by long years of carrying the heavy bag.

Inspector McBride himself had interrogated Miss Gwendolyn Huff, stenographer, telephone-hopper and general outside office factotum of the

mail-order house of Teller and Norton. The young lady chewed gum, wore a permanent wave and concealed her ears in hairy ambuscades after the prevailing fashion.

ambuscades after the prevailing fashion.
"Yessur." "Nossur." "Um-hum." "Positif—abs'lutely positif." Thus ran her answers.

The point in Johnny's case was that he had Gwendolyn's signature to the registry card for Letter No. 26419, along with thirteen other cards of that delivery to the same house. The point in Gwendolyn's case was that she denied her signature on this particular card.

Returning to the post office, Inspector McBride, a kindly, softspoken man, had another talk with Johnny; but Johnny's pride was wounded.

"Three weeks back? Don't remember," he persisted stubbornly. "There's the cards for the day; there's her signature, isn't it?"

"Is it?" asked Mr. McBride patiently, but with penetrating emphasis. "The others are ink; this one is pencil. It looks like a signature made with our stock indelible."

Johnny Morris flushed.

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"I'm not accusing you," reminded McBride softly. "I'm

Suppose, by implication, you were called a thief when you were not? Would you start living up to the bad name? Johnny did; and Peter Macfarlane, one of the best tale-tellers in America, did not blame him much, as this ingenious story reveals.

showing you what you've got to meet in the way of explanation."

"I wont meet it," said Johnny sulkily. "I didn't steal seven dollars. I never stole anything in my whole life. Seventeen years a carrier and —now!" Johnny choked up with indignation. "Her pen might have gone dry. I might have loaned her my pencil. I don't remember."

"But it isn't even a good resemblance to her signature," said Mr. McBride, still patiently. "She wrote on the other cards of that day in a clear, even hand. This signature is a scrawl."

"She might have been in a hurry to hop the telephone or something, and just scratched it on there. I don't know. I don't remember every separate transaction in seventeen years. I didn't steal seven dollars; I know that."

Mr. McBride regarded Johnny a little less patiently. He was a bit displeased and a bit doubtful. He would not by any means accuse Johnny Morris of forgery and theft upon a single set of circumstances like this. He would merely, in the routine discharge of duty, hold him responsible for a money-loss through carelessness, and recommend that Johnny be compelled to make the loss good. Thereafter he would keep an eye on Johnny for a while.

Johnny was highly insulted—his chestnut eyes blazed; but he paid the seven dollars—protestingly, angrily, face as red as the red card on which the Department is accustomed to issue its receipt for money exacted from employees after this fashion. "It's the proper color!" Johnny muttered wrathfully, and crushing the card in his pocket, went brooding to his home.

"A thief! A forger! They might as well call me that," he

raged to his faithful landlady of many years. All night he tossed upon his pillow in seething discontent over the injustice and insult put upon him. It grew larger and blacker in his mind till his sense of proportion was entirely gone. By morning a grave change of nature had come over Johnny. Hitherto the most peaceful, placid and docile of citizens, he was now in a state of high insurgency against the post office, against the Government, against the world. He rebelled first against his uniform and wouldn't don He rebelled next against his job and would not report for it. Wearing plain clothes, he went out into the sunshine; but even those glorious filtering shafts of morning light seemed to whisper to him that they knew he had been called a thief-a thief!

THERE was a feeling of satisfaction that he had spited his traducers by leaving them flat. Johnny resolved also to gratify himself by leaving the town flat; and so he boarded a ferryboat bound eastward across the bay. It was upon this commonplace craft that there began the series of incidents which, in his present mood, lured him recklessly into crime. The first was when the man sitting beside him drew forth a check and gazed upon it lingeringly with a contented air. Johnny, with a perfectly natural curiosity, contemplated it also. He saw that it was the printed form of the S. R. L. Railroad Company, therefore probably a pay-check; that it read for one hundred and sixty-four dollars and was payable to Handel S. Woods.

Johnny looked Handel S. Woods over casually and critically. A flat face, mostly chin, with a corniced brow, mostly bone—that was Johnny's estimate. He had only to look at the man to resent him. Handel? What for a name, now, was that? What did the man think he was—a symphony? An oratorio? And getting one sixty-four per, while he, Morris, got but \$137.50, with seven dollars deducted for a theft which he had not committed. So Johnny, the wronged, contemplated Handel S. Woods, the self-

complacent, and scorned and envied him.

Woods folded the check twice and thrust it rather carelesslyand projectingly-into his right vest pocket, which, because of the amplitude of the stomach beneath it, lay in a conspicuous position on what might be termed Handel's foreground. How easy it would be to pinch that check! Some little imp of Satan whispered into Johnny's ear that it would be a great satisfaction to him thus to annoy Mr. Woods; it would be a part of his revenge upon the world. The imp even whispered hoarsely: "They have practically accused you of stealing. Steal!" It was unthinkable, even to himself, that Johnny Morris should deliberately steal. But there are things done without thinking.

The passengers drifted forward and massed before the apron as the boat nosed into the slip, Johnny keeping just in front of the unaware Mr. Handel S. Woods, whom he so unreasonably resented. As the boat bumped the side of the slip, the whole crowd jostled

and swayed.

"Keep off me, wont you?" snapped Johnny irritably, and lunged back at Mr. Woods—in fact, leaning upon him momentarily.

Mr. Woods was surprised and injured.
"What you getting sore about?" he grumbled a trifle apologetically. "It was an accident, wasn't it?"

But Johnny was in a truculent mood. "Why don't you look who you're bumping? No big stiff can walk on me," he snapped.
"Looking for trouble, are you?" sneered Woods. "Well, don't go opening your trap at me, or I'll run you in." He displaced the left lapel of his coat sufficiently to reveal a nickeled shield.

A badge? The man was an officer, a detective! Johnny belligerency departed in a shudder, whereat the man of the shield grinned in a self-satisfied sort of way and forgave the little man's shortness of temper, because the strong can always afford to forgive the weak. "Beat it!" he admonished, and Johnny wriggled into the crowd with a relief which increased as the square of the distance between himself and Handel S. Woods. At first he had only resented Woods; now he hated him, as one always hates those one wrongs. "The big slob!" he complained. "Walking all over me!"

But sensations of fear continued to recur in Johnny's breast, and with them came consciousness of guilt and an impulse to flight. He looked over the varied assortment of trains in the station and realized that he was about to take a railroad journey, something quite uncontemplated when he had stepped upon the boat. . . .

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Johnny emerged from the train of his selection. It had been the longest day, the longest journey, of his life. He thought he must have traveled to New York at least. Instead he was only at the near-metro-politan city of Garber. He had chosen Garber because it was large enough and busy enough not to take too much notice of the stranger within its gates, unless he made himself conspicuous; and Johnny avoided doing that. He lunched unostentatiously, and filtered with a crowd into a moving-picture theater.

The screen presentation thrilled him, for it was a story of wild adventure, and Johnny all his life had fed his soul on stories By proxy he had lived many a heroic, wild of wild adventure. career. In fancy he had been the hero of a thousand D'Artagnanlike exploits. Thus he had relieved the humdrum life of the mail-carrier. Such vicarious adventures had kept him unbored, sunny and optimistic; they had helped him to greet the world

each morn with a cheer-until now.

But this picture was thoroughly modern. Instead of intrigues and secret chambers and swordplay, bandits on motorcycles held up automobile stages. Please notice the motorcycles. Johnny Morris, besides exciting fiction, had one other legitimate dissipation -motorcycling. Sundays, his mild eyes concealed by fiercelooking goggles, and his unassertive body linked to a sputtering machine that made him seem like some fire-breathing monster, Johnny Morris scorched the highways for a hundred miles around. In his present mood the moving picture had planted in his mind the dangerous suggestion that, all ties with honest life having been cut, it would be fine to be a motorcycle bandit.

Why not? They had called him a thief already by implication.

Already, too, he had committed an overt act.

Johnny slept that night where the sign read: "Transient. Beds 50 Cents." He registered, but due to those furtive instincts which seemed now to rise up unbidden to his mind, the name he wrote was not the name of John F. Morris. That gave him his next idea. Up to this moment he had not thought of the check of Handel S. Woods as a thing of intrinsic value to himself. He had stolen it, but it was in gratification of a childish impulse to annoy. It was not even lost to Woods, since a duplicate would be issued; but-now! If he could write a name that was not his own, upon a little, cheap hotel register, and get away with it, why couldn't he write the name of Handel S. Woods upon the back of that check and get away with that? Besides, hadn't they by implication called him forger, quite as they had called him thief?

Yet it is doubtful if a man with Johnny's background could have done it if the thing had not been made so ridiculously easy. All Johnny had to do was to pave the way with a lie, in the first cycle-shop he entered, which was a small one on a side-street, and lo, the toboggan-slide into another crime was greased for him. It was only a little lie, at that. He merely introduced himself as a motorman from one of the S. R. L. Company's suburban lines down at the big city, and explained that he thought of hiring a motorcycle to contribute to the enjoyment of his vacation.

"Let me sell you a machine," proposed the dealer, always keen to turn a renter into a buyer. "I've got a bargain in a second-

hand one that's better than new, almost."

Johnny looked the alleged bargain over and had to admit that for one hundred and thirty-five dollars it did resemble one.
"I didn't figure to buy a machine, though," he demurred.

"Same time, I got to-when I get home, for a fellow borrowed mine and piled her up against a tree last week. Wasn't hardly scrap iron left. Yep, this is a bargain, all right; but I haven't got money enough—not unless I give you my pay-check. you don't know me."

"Pay-check? Let's see it," proposed the dealer eagerly. Garber was a railroad town. Pay-checks, at a certain time in the month, were as common as Federal Reserve notes, and circulated almost

as freely.

WITH apparent carelessness, Johnny hauled out the check from his pocket and handed it over, while his eyes pretended to be absorbed in a reinspection of the working parts of the machine. The dealer recognized the check's regularity as to form and signature, as readily as he recognized his opportunity to make a sale of a pile of perambulating scrap at a price about twenty dollars above what he had expected to get for it.
"Certainly, I'll take your check," he said. "Just write the

name on the back of it, exactly like it is on the front, and I'll hand you the change."

The change? Johnny was going to get a motorcycle and some change, just for writing "Handel S. Woods" on the back of this piece of pink paper, and he had not told the man his name was Handel S. Woods, either.

The motorcycle shop was lacking in clerical accommodations, but the dealer himself stretched the somewhat creased and crinkly check upon his littered workbench, amid wrenches and oil-cans, and helped with a grimy thumb to hold it firm while Johnny, with such flourishes as the cramped situation and the



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rusty pen permitted, inscribed the name of the payee upon the back of the check, waved it in the air to dry and then gazed at it critically. He was astonished that under such circumstances he could be subtly humorous, but he was.

"That aint my usual signature," he said with a condemnatory frown, "but I

guess it'll get by all right.

The dealer laughed at this joke as heartily as the signatory to the document—more heartily perhaps.

JOHNNY mounted his cycle and went sputtering forth. It is strange, perhaps, but he felt at the moment no qualms of conscience. Real life, which had rather cheated him hitherto, was about to become varied and interesting, even exciting. He knew that presently he was going to turn bandit—knew this by the fact that he hunted up a pawnshop and there negotiated the purchase of an automatic; yet his anticipations were pleasant rather

than desperate.

Soon he was in the country. It was springtime. He was in a vast and fruitful valley, some hundreds of miles in length, some sixty miles or more in width, with mountain peaks, some of them snowcapped, always in sight on either side. The valley abounded in peaceful, prosperous towns. The country was speckled with farmhouses, some of which bordered on the palatial. People came and went in automobiles. The abundant produce of the farms was also upon the highways, in pounding motortrucks or drawn by sleek and powerful horses whose ap-pearance was an advertisement of the wealth of those that owned them. There was ample opportunity to begin his career as a highwayman the moment darkness fell; but somehow Johnny did not feel any impulse to begin it that first night. For one thing, the night itself was too beautiful—a soft, zephyr-stirred fleece of darkness breathing of field and flower. Above, the stars.

Johnny's mind, in spite of that fever of resentment in his blood, knew a sense of peace, and he felt that it would be a kind of irreverence to the stars and to God to start any rough stuff this first night out. So he sputtered up to a nice little roadside hotel and there sought

lodging.

But there was another reason for not entering immediately upon desperate enterprises. His transportation was behaving badly. The engine had a way of dying on him mysteriously and with provoking suddenness. It would never do to have it fall into one of these spells of locomotor-ataxia just in the moment when he would be wanting to speed away from the scene of a hold-up. By the next afternoon, he seemed to have mastered its idiosyncrasies; but still he did not begin the new career.

A feeling of irresponsible vagrancy that was quite delightful possessed him. He injured to and fro in this huge, intramountain valley, visiting resorts, acquainting himself with the features and individualities of towns that for seventeen years had been only postmarks to him. It was on the fourth day that, in making an enforced detour from the macadam highway, a jagged rock tore a wide hole in his rear tire. This meant a job of

vulcanizing. He walked his machine seven weary miles to a shop with equipment to undertake that kind of work, and he felt himself lucky to find it so near.

The job was done—effectively if not neatly; but next morning Johnny noticed that the vulcanized patch appeared in the molded tread of his tire as a letter T. T stood for thief! But it was not till toward noon, after a lazy, sprawling rest under a towering eucalyptus, that Johnny perceived how this T was haunting him. It took his breath to realize that with each revolution of his wheels he was branding the fact that his was the trail of a thief into every stretch of dust.

And this just when the time had come for the beginning of his more desperate enterprise; for now he was aware that rather unconsciously he had been seeking out these country roads with a view to locating a good spot on which to stage his first real piece of outlawry.

Now, with the T reproaching him from the ground, he headed back toward the hard roads and put seventy-five miles between him and that letter branded in the dust under the eucalyptus tree. The T still peered up at him in memory. He wished he had obliterated it with his foot—felt a strange impulse to go back and do this, but instead he turned in at a crossroads restaurant.

IT was now perhaps three o'clock in the afternoon, and what a world of things were about to begin to happen to Johnny! Munching a sandwich and sipping a glass of rich country milk while idly scanning the pages of a day-old paper, he came upon an item which was headed: "FUGTTIVE FROM JUSTICE." It was significant of a certain change which had taken place in him, that such items had gained a peculiar interest. He felt all at once a pronounced sympathy with fugitives from justice, half believing they were all wronged innocents like himself. He started to read, and suddenly his eye dug into the page. For the paragraph read:

John Frank Morris, a mail-carrier in the employ of the local post office, disappeared suddenly four days ago, after learning that inspectors were on his trail. The particular crime of which he is accused is the theft of a registered letter belonging to the well-known firm of Teller and Norton, and containing seven dollars. He was forced to make good this loss; and his abrupt departure, after vigorous protests of innocence, is taken as conclusive evidence of guilt. A series of thefts large and small which has been worrying the post-office authorities for some time is now laid at his door.

"Well, wouldn't that bust you?" blazed Johnny, for he had still the conscience of an aggressively honest man so far as his late professional duties were concerned. "They haven't got any right to smear me!" he declared hotly. So wroth was he, so on fire with righteous indignation, that he abandoned his sandwich unfinished.

He filled his gas-tank; he gave his tires a kick, his machine a shake and climbed into the old saddle. His face, set and determined, was turned back down the valley, back toward the big city. It was a wild, mad course he had entered upon; for Johnny was going back to reproach and accuse Inspector McBride, to confront the postmaster himself if need be, in order to secure redress for this cruel smirch upon his name.

He started—but sixty miles on the way, he stopped. More recent memories had time to fight through the red mist that enveloped his mind. He was a thief for sure now, a forger in very truth; he could not go back!

So as to think more clearly, Johnny left his machine and sat upon an empty baggage-truck upon an S. R. L. station platform, swinging his heels and meditating gloomily a fit revenge. A train thundered by without stopping—the transcontinental mail. Johnny, with professional interest, could not help standing up to gaze after it. As the train grew smaller in the distance, an idea came thundering back to him, growing larger and larger till with a mighty roar it rushed over and enveloped him completely.

"They made me a thief! They made me a yegg. They accused me of stealing a little old registered letter. I'll steal a thousand registered letters. I'll hold up a mail-train!" That was the mad simoon of illogic that roared in Johnny's mind. With the cunning of an insane man, he set about the planning of the

deed.

He had the necessary knowledge already in mind for such a planning, because last summer he had secured what amounted to extra vacation by exchanging duty upon his carrier route for duty upon a mail-train as postal clerk in this very valley. He knew the schedule, the habit and the practice. For the first time he glanced up at the name on the end of the station-house. It was Oak Mound.

the station-house. It was Oak Mound.
Oak Mound! The very best spot in the valley for such an enterprise. Seven miles down the road toward the big city was Corinto. Two hours and forty-two minutes forward from now, at seventwelve, to be exact, a train called jocularly and familiarly, the Night Bird, carrying heavy mails, would be due at that place. At this season of the year a comfortable darkness prevailed at seventwelve P. M. Johnny Morris concealed his motorcycle and set out to walk to Corinto. He had ample time to do this, and even to make some little arrangements by the way.

THE Night Bird was on time. A mailclerk pushed open a side door of his car and tossed off his sack for the little town quite as usual. Quite as usual, also, the station agent tossed in the outgoing pouch, but on the top of this a suitcase bounded unexpectedly and rather heavily into the car.

"Leave the door open," called a voice out of the darkness, in tones of easy authority. "I've got a little work to finish here, but I'll come back before the train

starts."

Three busy mail-clerks took time off from their duties sufficient to cluster round the suitcase and observe, from the name-tab attached, that, "L. O. Fowkes, Post Office Inspector," was going to ride with them. True, they had never heard of Fowkes, but inspectors were changing

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all the time, and they left the door open as a matter of course. As a matter of course, too, Johnny was keeping out of while passengers were mounting and dismounting, and while express was being loaded and unloaded; but as the train rolled out, he climbed in through the open door.

THE three clerks, once more absorbed by their duties of sorting, tying and throwing the mail, looked up to greet the inspector with a nod. Instead they greeted an automatic held by a man with his hat pulled low and a blue handkerchief tied so as to hide all of his face except the eves.

"Stick 'em up, boys!" ordered a slightly

excited voice.

Now, there is strange wizardry in a pointed pistol. It will seem to every one of three men, or thirty, in front of it to be addressing its gaze directly to him; and if the voice behind the pistol be slightly excited, the wizardry of the weapon will be the greater, for excitement argues a nervous trigger-finger. Neither is it a reflection upon any man's courage that he obeys meekly the person who holds an automatic pistol to his head; rather it is a reflection upon his sanity if he does not. The three clerks behaved like perfectly sane men.

"Here, you! You first man, there! Open up that suitcase and dump the junk," commanded Johnny. "You second man, cut those two fattest registry pouches open and dump the letters in the suitcase. You third man, keep damned

Little Johnny Morris had affected the tones of a bold and bad man in these two speeches, and got away with it perfectly. Each man did as he was told. As the letters went fluttering into the suitcase. Johnny, just to show his fierce lust for the loot, thrust his fingers into the pile, clutched his left hand full and crowded them into his side coat-pocket. simple act proved later to have been a mistake; besides, there was a letter in that handful which constituted a very odd coincidence.

"Fill her full! Pack 'em in! . . . There. Now buckle it up tight.'

In three minutes the job was done. "Head for the closet-all three of you!" commanded Johnny shortly. . The men obeyed docilely as before-there was no alternative, and the man behind the handkerchief locked them in securely. "Don't try making any noise," he warned, as they packed themselves in the boxlike cell, "not until the train makes Oak Mound."

JUST one mile from Oak Mound was the crossing of the S. R. L. with the Honey Creek Line, and this was what made the Corinto-Oak Mound stretch of track the perfect spot for Johnny's venture-because, two hundred yards from that crossing, the most inviolable of rules compelled each train to come to a dead stop, and then move forward slowly, thus avoiding possibilities of collision. This stop, of course, was only momentary, but it was sufficient for the purposes of Johnny. The wheels of the Night Bird had barely begun to revolve again when Johnny was out of the car and flinging till the train rolled by.

His pulse was rapid, his breathing jerky, but he was intoxicated with the excitement of success. All thoughts of the devious processes by which he had justified the act were gone. Conscience was sunk without a trace. He was only resolved that this first bit of brigandage should be his last. By it he had wiped out his grudge against the Department. The account was square. He would seek a new employment and resume once more an honest life.

His strategy was all carefully thought out-to take the road for the eastern mountains, ride all night, by morning's first light rip open the packages, take nothing but currency, destroy by means of fire every telltale scrap or document, and make his instant way down into the valley on the other side. In that were muddy streams into which he could cast his motorcycle with the knowledge that it would disappear forever; there were transcontinental trains leading to the densely populous cities of the East, in one of which he could disappear as completely. That was his plan of action; and to Johnny it looked so thoroughly feasible that it reminded him of a sentence in Hugo's description of Waterloo-something to the general effect that Napoleon's plan of the battle was, all must confess, a masterpiece.

BUT there was the sunken road of Ohain to throw Napoleon's plan all out of kilter; and there was Johnny, suddenly struck cold as, after moving back along the track a hundred yards, he started down the bank to where he had left his motorcycle, only to discover that there among the rushes a light was gleaming. Yes, a light! In the lonely edge of the marsh it spread its ghostly aura, still and Yet, after cowering for an inuncanny. stant, with a shivering chill in all his tissues, Johnny saw that it was only a motorcycle headlight, and reasoned that as his machine settled in the growth, some protesting twig had sprung his headlight on.

Johnny lunged forward, but the next instant was trying to halt once more, for he saw that his theory was plagued by one fundamental error. It did not fit the facts. But now he could not stop. His plunge forward had been hasty; the grass was slippery, the embankment steep, the suitcase heavy. All these things combined to hurl him irresistibly downward. Right there beneath him, was a second motorcycle, the headlight of which furnished that beam of light which so dis-

concerted him.

In the track of this glare was his own wheel, not lying upon its side as he had left it, but standing erect and undergoing critical inspection from a man who bent over it. This man, evidently at the sound of floundering footsteps above, suddenly turned and looked upward. He was, as he stood up, only in the edge of the zone of light; yet Johnny recognized him instantly, with a cold wind of horror blowing on his heart. Instantly!

It was Handel S. Woods! could have screamed. His new life was wrecked before it had begun, for Handel S. Woods had traced him, stood waiting

himself into the shadows where he lay flat for him like a Nemesis. How these things are done the criminal must often wonder, as Johnny wondered now, confronted by the fact. Woods must have struck his trail freshly where the motorcycle was purchased, and had been following him to and fro in the great valley-perhaps, at first, days behind him, then only hours, and this evening not much more than minutes. He would have learned about the patch on the tire, and it was this telltale T upon the soft earth at the side of the road and along the bottom of the storm-ditch which had guided him to the hidden wheel. This was not merely disconcerting; it was nerve-shattering. there was no time to pause and pull oneself together.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Woods in a warning yet startled voice, for he could not see just what it was, bearing down upon him out of the dark.

IT was through the instinctive reasonings of the merest fraction of time that Johnny's tactics were devised to meet this ghastly situation, and it was hardly remarkable, therefore, that they were not perfect. The suitcase had providentially-if Providence might be presumed in such a cause-caught upon a tuft of bunch-grass and hung poised above the ex-mail-carrier like a weight about to fall. Johnny let it drop. By a jerk he even contributed some extra energy to the forces of gravitation, and by a manipulation of the wrist imparted direction also. In consequence it leaped like a bounding boulder straight at the breast of Mr. Handel S. Woods. It knocked him over. If he had been standing on the top of a mountain-peak, it would certainly have bowled him to its bottom: but he was already at the bottom of his localized geography, the trough of a sandy slough. What it did was to crush him into a momentarily helpless tangle with the falling motorcycle.

Johnny leaped for Mr. Woods' own machine, still standing effectively upright. He got it out of the slough onto that road which paralleled the Honey Creek Railway as the State highway paralleled the S. R. L., and had the engine sputtering almost as the tires bounded upon the macadam surface. He could hear Mr. Woods muttering objurgations and struggling to disentangle himself from the suitcase and from the remaining motorcycle, and in his heart Johnny found place for a hysterical chuckle of delight at the

success of his ruse.

But in the next instant he realized that this was a very lame ruse which involved leaving his fortune behind him-the suitcase. His whole future was buckled up there in the ditch. Already he had his machine under way, but now he halted it. Give up his loot, his revenge, without a fight? With an automatic in his pocket? Never! As he had cowed the clerks in the mail-car, so he would cow Mr. Handel S. Woods.

Yet it occurred to him swiftly that Woods might somehow be different, and his brave intent died as it was born. It was no highwayman's heart that he had in his bosom, but more a rabbit's. one impulse that rose up in him like a tide, and submerged all other plans of action, was the impulse to put distance



I F your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety,

But too much oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

PIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Keep up this treatment persistently, and within a week or ten days you will be surprised to see what an improvement it has made in your complexion. This is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1705Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1705 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

between himself and Woods, still struggling there in the ditch, shouting, reviling, threatening.

"Halt!" cried that roaring voice. "Halt,

there!'

Halt? How could he ever have entertained the slightest notion of hesitating there, Johnny wondered. His machine wouldn't pick up fast enough. He was shaking the handle-bars, trying to spur it into leaps instead of mere revolutions, when there issued a new sound behind him—a sharp, terrifying crack! Johnny comprehended the grisly significance of that sound with a fresh wind of terror coating ice upon his heart. The man was shooting at him. Shooting! It gave Johnny an awfully vivid perception of his exact status in society.

The dust leaped up in front of him along the path of his headlight-once and then again. The man was shooting painfully well, considering the darkness. With terrifying force it occurred to Johnny that he was not in the dark, that his blazing headlight cast a beam ahead like the trail of a comet, long and narrow, with, to the man behind, himself huddling in the saddle like a black bull'seye in the center of a target. Any second he might feel a hot streak jet clean through his body. It did not take long to think of this and jerk the headlight out, but as he did so a tire exploded beneath him, bullet-pierced, and with the ring of metal on metal, his machine and he went down in one sprawling heap.

JOHNNY knew that he rolled over and over, that the wind was knocked out of him completely, that the wreck of the motorcycle was rolling over and over also, and that presently the two were flung free of each other. His chest hurt him; the struggle to get air into his lungs was painful, and for a moment he thought of nothing else. Then came again the knowledge that he was a fugitive; the announcement reached him through the sound of hurrying footsteps on the road behind him.

At this Johnny got to his feet and made a dive into the darkness—anywhere so it was off the roadway and out of sight. He tumbled into a ditch; he clambered out of it and became tangled in a barbed-wire fence; this tore at him and held him tight, but he wrenched himself free violently, so violently that when the barbs let go, the wires sang viciously behind him, as if meanly to telephone back along the highway to the oncoming Woods that

his quarry had taken to the fields upon the right-hand side.

Now, it chanced that the last hold of the barbs was upon that left coat-pocket into which Johnny had thrust a handful of the registered mail. He clutched at it in dismal anxiety—all of his loot that remained to him—felt the bulk of letters still there, and dashed madly forward. The ground underfoot was freshly plowed and difficult to make speed over, but he knew from the slope of it and his frequent falls that it was sharply rising. This argued that the foothills which, he had noticed, came close to the town of Oak Mound, were just beyond him. At length he could make out a low mass of denser darkness; presently he was against the wild face of the hill itself.

Here he was among low shrubbery which continually thrust painful, impertinent fingers into his face; it clutched at him, retarded him, flung him back as he struggled upward, but still he urged himself forward. Breathing was still painful; his knees were weak; he felt that his pursuer must be close behind him. He did not reason at all, else he would have known that no human pursuer could track him across that field in darkness. Yet imagining that Woods was at his very heels, he fled—and fled.

As the flight lengthened, his mind began to hit on certain cylinders, at least. He had time to think what a mess he had made of things, what a cruelly unjust position he was in, with this armed man stealing up behind him. Couldn't Woods be made somehow to understand that he was not a felon? He was little Johnny Morris. Why had the world so turned upon him? He had harmed no one—

would harm no one.

Then other cylinders of the mind-machine began to hit and told him he was a felon; he had robbed a mail-train, and this man behind him had a whole suit-case full of evidence. That appalling thought was further weakening; the sense of calamitous clouds overhanging crushed him; he stumbled over something, or over nothing, and fell, rolling and tumbling some two or three times his length, then stopped with a jarring jolt that seemed to loosen and detach every bone in his body from every other bone.

In an instant he was up, panting and eager to be off. Boulders and sand were what his fingers came in contact with. He had tumbled into the dry bed of a hillside watercourse. He rose bravely and struggled up the opposite side. The bank was steep. Crawling over its edge upon the comparatively smoother ground, he found himself on something like dry pine needles, in a space free from irritating brush. He felt upward and discovered low, rafter-like limbs projecting over him, while a resinous fragrance filled his nostrils. He inched forward a few feet, and his hands encountered the bole of a tree some six or eight inches in diameter, and

he was able to picture himself in a sort of natural wallow beneath the screening

arms of a kindly fir.

Tired? He was utterly tired. The bed of fir needles was soft—much softer than the boulders in the brook-bed. He stretched himself, still breathing rapidly, his head upon his arm, meaning to rest here for a time before starting on-for he must keep on. All night long he must keep on. But—sleepy? He was so sleepy! And comfortable. He was so comfortable here, after the harsh, inhospitable open hillside and the snatching, snaring brush. He decided to take just a brief nap. Slumber, like a warm, soft blanket, crept upon him to the accompaniment of deliciously soothing sensations. Star by star the firmament of consciousness was blotted out, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion—a long, dreamless sleep that was like a placid drifting down some broad and almost currentless river. . . . But at length, after an interminable voyage, this river ran into a bore where its current met the ocean's tide. Then Johnny's frail bark was tossed rudely and he stirred into wakefulness.

To Johnny's surprise, it was morning. The sun was up. The pipings of music he had heard upon the shore during the last hundred miles of his slow drifting must have been the twittering of birds in the branches above his head, the cheery whistle of the meadowlark or the song of the mountain quail as, each in his chosen spot, they greeted the dawn. With the sun staring over the top of the ridge perhaps an hour high, Johnny rubbed his eyes and discovered where he was—under the spreading arms of a low-branching, cone-shaped fir, just as in the darkness he had pictured.

Next he took stock of himself. His

Next he took stock of himself. His face felt swollen and was tender to the touch; there were smarting spots on his body; he ached in every part of him.

Sitting upright under the limbs of the tree, he felt his automatic still in his coat-pocket. He felt for the letters in his left-hand pocket, but they were gone—all but one. Gone! Examination revealed that the pluck of the barb at that pocket had torn it down at the corner. The letters had tumbled out. Of all his loot, nothing remained but one letter. Johnny laughed at himself cynically; he condemned himself profanely, which showed how his moral fiber had deteriorated, for Johnny was not a profane person at all.

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"A hell of a train-robber, I am!" he sneered, and sat holding the single letter between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and tapping it meditatively against the thumb of the other. It was thin. It could scarcely have more in it than those seven dollars which he had been accused of stealing but had not stolen, and which— Johnny shook his head in self-condemnation. He would not finish the train of thought. He was tired of saying to himself what that wrongful accusation had done, for he began to distrust his own logic. He analyzed himself rather critically, and somewhat se-

verely.
"Must have always been a yegg," he soliloquized, "but it's just broke out of

He Preyed on Wolves

"Steal, and be jailed," Ainsley reflected bitterly. "But steal enough, and be honored. Kill, and be hanged: but kill sufficiently, and be enthroned."

Life had dealt harshly with Ainsley, and in desperation he turned criminal—became a modern Robin Hood who preyed on other social wolves, on other thieves. One of his most exciting adventures will be described, under the title "Button," in our next issue, by—

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Your smooth fresh face—what are you doing to keep it young?

Many famous and lovely women depend on this method

N your mind you picture yourself always the same. But one, two years from now will your face be as fresh and smooth as it is today? Or will it be a little coarsened? With fine lines growing deeper around the eyes, the nose, your mouth? Will you discover one day, while you are still young, that your skin has grown old?

To save women's skin from this early ageing, to keep it young and soft in spite of modern strain and exposure, two famous formulae were developed.

Two creams, each so wonderful in its results that now literally millions of women depend on them.

Today in 56 different countries these women have decided that no other method gives quite that transparent freshness and velvet smoothness. And that no other has quite that magic efficacy against the drying and coarsening influence of the out-of-doors, or that extraordinary effect of freshening the

The cleansing cream that has doubled its users every two years

So marvelous is the softening, clarifying

effect of Pond's Cold Cream on the skin that the number of women using it has actually doubled every two years.

Its special light consistency agrees with your skin. Its fine light oil gives your skin perfect suppleness and then is wiped off with the loosened dirt, so that your face has the exquisite freshness you want. It is never left heavy with cream.

In the whole world the most used of all vanishing creams

But the miracle of one cream's success is no greater than that of its sister cream. So unfailing is Pond's Vanishing Cream in its protection of the skin, so marvelously does it freshen



Marion Davies, whose complexion is extraordinarily fresh Marion Davies, whose complexion is extraordinarily fresh and young and who is now playing so charmingly in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," says—"My skin is constantly exposed to trying lights and I have to use a great deal of make-up, yet my complexion has kept young and beautifully smooth with Pond's Two Creams. I have used this method for years and know I can depend on it."

the complexion and keep it lovely through the day that last year the women of the United States alone wanted several millions of jars!

This cream contains such a wonderful soothing ingredient that the minute it is put on you feel your face soften and relax. In the mirror you see how fresh and smooth it has made your skinalmost in an instant. You go out in the severest cold or hottest sun and your skin does not chap or burn.

TRY THIS METHODthe difference will convince you today

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute -now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! How new and

charming the reflection in your mirror! The powder is even, not in patches, because it clings evenly to the delicate film of cream. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

When you are tired in the evening use these two creams together before you go out. They soften out the lines and smooth away the worried tightness of your face. And always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and then finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will actually improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying a jar or tube

of each cream.

You will get them in any drug store or department store Neither can possibly clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

MAIL COUPON
WITH 10c.
TODAY
The Pond's Extract Co. 131N Hudson St., New York Ten cents (10c) is en- closed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normalskin needs-enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary to tilet uses.
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City.....State

These are the troubles that mar and age your skin Read how this famous method corrects them

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor, but the process is so gradual you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. Be careful before the harm has taken hold. Keep your skin clean and soft and properly oiled with a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then, always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection against any weather condition and the trying changes in temperature. This method will keep your skin soft and smooth always.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly. Now it cannot scale and peel. It will not develop the little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally. It contains a wonderful daytime softening ingredient and prevents your skin from drying out again.

That Distressing Shine

Shine is often the result of excess oil in the glands. Your careful nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream carries out this excess together with the dirt. This light cream wipes entirely off. Now in the morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it, because it has no oil. This will keep your skin lovely and fresh right to the end of the day.

But sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and to hold the powder.

This smoker says Edgeworth gets better and better

But it doesn't—and no "improvements" are contemplated

To begin with, we had better quote Mr. Whitlock's letter in full. Not in a boastful spirit, but so we can refer back to it farther down in the column.

2844 Accomac Street, St. Louis, Missouri

Larus & Brother Company, Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you what I think of your Edgeworth I'lug Slice Tobacco.

I have been a pipe smoker for about 18 years and during that time have naturally tried many different brands and blends of tobacco. I could not seem to find an ideal blend until about six months ago when, at the suggestion of a friend, I tried a pipe of Edgeworth Plug Slice.

I have been a constant user of Edgeworth since and can truthfully say that "day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."

You have my permission to use this letter in any why you may desire if by so doing it will enable other pipe smokers to find a really cool, enjoyable and perfectly satisfactory man's smoke.

I beg to remain,
Edgeworthfly yours,
Al. F. Whitlock.

We are indeed glad Edgeworth has given Mr. Whitlock such unqualified satisfaction

but we feel obliged to sidestep his suggestion that "day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."

Our constant aim is quite to the contrary.

Just as it is, Edgeworth pleases thousands and thousands of pipe smokers throughout the country.

If we should try to "improve" Edgeworth or change it in the least, we might be doing an injustice to the men

who have smoked Edgeworth for years and years and who expect to find it always the same good smoking tobacco.

PLUC SLICE

To add to our list of friends we are always glad to send free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Co., 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we shall appreciate your courtesy.

To Retail Tohacco Merchants: If your dealer cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

me now. Well—what's the grand prize, anyhow?" He tore open the envelope and drew forth a letter to which was attached a check. He disregarded the letter and unfolded the check. There was something familiar about it. He gasped and rubbed his eyes and stared again. It was the check of Handel S. Woods, which he had stolen. On the back of it was the signature of Handel S. Woods which he had written.

Johnny turned sickly pale. It was the ghost of his first crime, committed five eternities ago, coming now to accuse him. It was legerdemain: it was—it was supernatural! Sweat broke out on Johnny's brow. He twisted and trembled.

"Must be getting dotty," he muttered to himself, and reached for the check again—the check from which his hands had shrunk as from some poisonous magic that must blister and consume whatever it touched. The bit of pink paper with the perforated edges was still tangible. It was the same check, undoubtedly.

He retrieved from the carpet of fir needles the slip of paper to which the order to pay had been attached. It was a letter from a bank in the big city to a bank in the smaller city of Garber, couched in the briefest possible terms. It read:

We return unpaid the inclosed check drawn on us by S.R.L.R.R.Co. Reason for return: payment stopped account check stolen. Endorsement now appearing thereon is a forgery.

JOHNNY recognized this letter as in the regular routine of business. The check had gone from the motorcycle man to his bank, and from his bank to the city bank for collection; and just now in due course it was going back again for the reasons given. That explained its presence there in the mail. But nothing explained to Johnny Morris the coincidence that it, of all the letters in that train, should be one of those he gathered into his pocket—or that, of all the letters in his pocket, it should be the single one to remain with him till now.

He groaned and wrung his hands. And then—his attention was diverted by the sound of a rustling branch.

Instinctively he crouched and peered through his fronded screen. In the midst of the chaparral on the other bank of the gulch was a detached human leg, a rather stocky, clay-smeared trousers-leg, set upright on the ground. While he stared and cowered, the branches swayed, and the rest of a human figure appeared. Others of this man's garments were clay-smeared also, and he had a general disheveled appearance. In his right hand he held a pistol which he kept always before him as he worked along the gulch. In his left hand something white was gleaming. Just in front of him upon the ground was another flash of white, oddly conspicuous on this floor of brown leaves and yellow clays.

The man was Handel S. Woods. He stooped and picked up the white thing at his feet. It was an envelope. He added it to the white in his other hand—a whole sheaf of envelopes; and once more Johnny Morris understood something clearly and with fresh accessions of awe. Fate had intervened to make escape impossible. Fate had flung a trail behind him. From

the moment when he plunged through that wire fence, his pocket had been shedding one by one the stolen letters. They made a track as easy to follow as the minced paper in hare-and-hounds. Woods might have floundered around all night, unable to follow him; but with daylight, the wake of letters across the plowed field had pointed the way. Now he stood a second, gazing about him warily; then his eye followed the signs of scuffed-up clay upon the creek-bank to a spot in the bottom of it at which they stared intently.

tom of it at which they stared intently. "Another!" His lips framed the exclamation, as Johnny could plainly see, but they did not utter it, as listening ears made sure, indicating that Handel was conducting his reconnaissance with the painful circumspection of a night patrol in No Man's Land. Cautiously Woods worked his way downward. At the bottom he stooped and rose with a letter in his hand. He scanned it for a second, the top of his hat not more than twelve feet from where Johnny Morris lay concealed, then added it to his collection. But this was the moment when one final puff of spirit got up in the breast of the hunted man.

"Hands up!" Johnny said, startling the still morning air and startling Handel S. Woods also, for that party gave vent to a low exclamation in words profane and tones of utter chagrin, the while his eyes searched the screen of forestry before him. His hands—one holding the pistol, the other letters—had gone up only halfway till the bent arms suggested absurdly the wings of some large, awkward bird about to betake itself to flight. "Up!" commanded Johnny sternly,

sighting along the barrel of his automatic. Woods, however, was not terror-stricken; he was only sane. His arms went straight and stiff in the air, but his voice was steady, relieved almost. "I make you!" he said, as his keen glance picked out the peering eye and pointed pistol between the green plumes of the fir.

fir.
"Yep! Here I am!" chirped Johnny.
"Put your pistol on the rock there, where I can see it. Letters too. And come up here. You'll have to crawl."

WOODS hesitated an instant and then obeyed, for the black eye of the automatic had a hypnotic power in its hollow stare.

"Crawl is r-r-right!" he growled, as confessing how abjectly humiliating it was to have to park his pistol upon a boulder and move away from it quite unarmed into the power of the fugitive he had been pursuing. As Woods crawled upward, Johnny, at the same time that he kept his eye and his weapon upon his prisoner, cautiously extricated himself from the embarrassing branches of his shelter by moving sidewise, bringing along in his left hand the letter and the check.

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When Mr. Woods had gained the top of the bank and the morning sun fell clearly on Johnny's bruised and discolored face, he scanned it closely.

"Yes!" he assured himself. "Same feller! Pinched my check on the ferry-boat. Robbed mail-train last night. You take 'em big or little, don't you. Slick!"

take 'em big or little, don't you. Slick!"
"So far," said Johnny, still maintaining
his air of bravado. "But what do you



E. E. Amick, Vice-President of the powerful First National Bank

N his own mind a banker divides men into three large groups.

- 1. Those who save nothing for investment-the wasters.
- 2. Those who put every penny into insurance and a home—the plodders.
- 3. Those who invest some part of their savings in themselves - the men of vision, the doers.

Out of this third group come the leaders of any industry, including the leading bankers themselves. E. E. Amick, whose letter is quoted on this page, being typical of many.

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Mr. Amick's career might easily have terminated in Bunceton, Missouri. Entering the bank of that prosperous little community at the age of fourteen, he became its chief executive officer at twenty-three, with an income of \$5,000.

Or his career might have terminated in Boonville, where he was made President of the Boonville National Bank.

In either situation many men

"I have made a good many investments during the past ten years but none which returned, on the amount involved, such large dividends or benefits as the investment in the Modern Business Course. E. E. AMICK

would have said: "I am content. I will put all of my surplus into a home and insurance and safe bonds. I will settle down."

But while he was still cashier in Bunceton, Mr. Amick read the little volume "Forging Ahead in Business" which is offered at the bottom of this page. The Modern Business Course and Service for which he subsequently enrolled was a revela-It carried him out into a wider world. It gave him a working knowledge of each department of a modern business - the sales, accounting, factory and office management, advertising and corporation finance. It brought him into personal relationships with the methods which business leaders, in many lines, had tested and found successful.

His other investments were profitable, but this investment-only a few dollars a month, and less than two hundred altogether-paid for itself dozens of times over and is still paying tremendously.

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Even the most conservative banker will tell you that saving money is the best thing you can possibly do, with one exception. That exception is to put a little money into something your competitors do not haveknowledge and vision of the future.

"Forging Ahead in Business" has given 200,000 men that sort of vision, and it is sent without obligation or cost.

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Perfect results, each and every timethat's what you want, and that's just what a Lorain-equipped Gas Range gives you.

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Wherever gas is available are dealers who'll gladly demonstrate to you the remarkable advantages of Gas Ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Send for free copy of booklet, "An Easier Day's Work".

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

make of this?" He thrust the check at Woods, with a smile that was near a

"By Christopher!" exclaimed Handel, with starting eyes. "It's my check."
"Yes. What do you make of it?

I've got left of looting the mail-train is your check that I stole and forged the endorsement on. Looks like God was against me, don't it? Looks like He

wants me to quit—don't you think?"
Handel S. Woods gazed at his captor curiously. His expression, his tone, were as strange as his words; but Handel's wits were about him. If this was a sudden insanity he would make the most of it.

"Yes," he said, as gravely, as awe-somely, as Johnny himself had spoken. 'It sure does.

"Well, all right," assented Johnny, "I quit. But—say! I could have plugged you down there in the gulch, couldn't I?" "You sure could!" declared Mr. Woods in a voice fervent with the recognition of his jeopardy, both past and present.

"Been about a year before anybody'd ever found your remains up here, wouldn't it?

"They might never have found 'em," agreed Mr. Woods solemnly.

"I could plug you right now, couldn't

This was emphasizing the unpleasant situation. Mr. Woods twisted uneasily. "But I don't guess you will," he managed to remark, and there was a natural wistfulness in his tone.

"You're dead right, I wont," announced Johnny, and offered the pistol, butt-first. Take me in!"

Take you in?" Woods was so exceedingly surprised that he did not reach for the weapon.
"Yes," affirmed Johnny. "God's against

I quit." He tossed the automatic carelessly upon the carpet of fir needles at the side of the detective.

HERE was something in the tone with which Johnny pronounced the name of God, as of a third person actually present with them though invisible, that struck a kind of superstitious awe into the soul of Handel S. Woods. He had a creepy, uncanny, not-quite-himself feeling. "You're not one of these hard-boiled crooks, are you?" he asked, as con-

fessing his amazement and wonder.
"Hard-boiled!" scorned Johnny. "I'm not a crook at all. I never stole anything in my life till I pinched your check. Then I did it just to annoy you—and not you particularly. I was peeved at the world, and you was rather rubbing the check in on me, it seemed. It wasn't a crime to me to take it then, for it wasn't a thing of value. It was afterward that I decided to forge the endorsement."

To this Woods listened incredulously,

the awe wearing off.
"Say," he broke in dryly, "aren't you that little mail-carrier, Morris, that's been stealing so many registered packagesthe one that lit out?"

"There you go," said Johnny, in a kind agony of exasperation. "That's the of agony of exasperation. "That's the hell of it," he complained, wringing his hands, with a low, crying note in his voice, "the very hell of it! That's how I came to rob the mail-train."

"How you come to?" inquired Mr.

But at this stage Johnny would not have the breath taken out of him by a sneer. Crouching there upon the carpet of leaves, he told the whole story to Handel S. Woods, as he lay prostrate on the edge of the bank, impatient at first, but with a gradual change of expression upon his face that revealed him at the last as rapt and sympathetic. By way of final illustration Johnny produced the fugitive-from-justice clipping from his pocket, and wound up with exclaiming disconsolately: "But it didn't get me anything. It was all-crazy! And soyou can take me in."

IT was a strange confession in a strange confessional to a strange confessor. Woods felt his responsibility and deliberated gravely. He was well acquainted with criminal psychology-with the "bull" the old-timers throw, with the whining pleas for mercy of the novices; but this was different, entirely different. This man bared his soul, and it was a funny little soul at that, a likable, forgivable, injured, confiding soul; and Woods was rather proud of himself for the sincere response his own nature made.

"Of course you never stole the seven dollars," he blurted. "It's a shame. It's a damn' shame, brother. I wont take you in. Beat it!" Handel S. Woods motioned

over Johnny's shoulder.

Johnny's eyes turned in the direction of the gesturing hand, and gazed straight into the mouth of a redwood canon with tall, spicy trees growing in it, with cool, inviting shadows lurking beneath them, and he knew that a path to liberty ran that way-knew that Handel S. Woods was offering him liberty. But he made no move to go.

"You're broke," interpreted Handel. "Here! Here's twenty. It's all I can spare from my expense-money. You beat it. You saved my life twice this morning-by not plugging me when you could, you know. You can pay me back after you pay the motorcycle man."

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"I'll pay him, all right," agreed Johnny. "But he can wait. The motorcycle was

a pile of junk."
"I noticed that," conceded Woods. Well, better be getting along, 'bo. The railroad hasn't lost nothing. The Government hasn't lost nothing. I got back the suitcase full of registered stuff, and I got every letter that fell out of your pocket. Now I've got my check back, even. All I got to do is to write my name on it myself, under your imitation, which I'll tell you is darned poor, and get the money." The detective motioned again toward the redwood cañon.

"Nobody knows I did it but you?" Johnny inquired, while he gazed specula-

tively into the cañon.

"Nobody. I was working solo. They don't even know I know the mail-train was robbed, my folks don't-and neither did I till I looked in that suitcase. But I'll turn in the swag and report the trail where it aint, and that's all there is to it -except some congratulations for being Handel-on-the-job to get the stuff, and some joshes over losing the tool that turned the trick."

Johnny gave Woods a grateful look.

A Twin Complexion Treatment |

IT is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an unmixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

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Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oilless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.



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Protection by Day, with Pompeian Day Cream

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; it actually leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the

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Restoration by Night, with Pompeian Night Cream

complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grime of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.

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The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the two essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

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The Little Bit That is, Oh, So Much By Mme. Jeannette

Jane is an old friend, or I'd never have dared to say what I did, the day she came to me bewailing her lack of popularity.

"What was the matter?" she asked wistfully. "I'll never go to one of those dances again."

I knew what was the trouble, but I hesitated to tell her. Then, realizing how much I could help, I said:

"Jane, dear, you didn't look well groomed."

"Why, I took hours and hours to dress and arrange my hair. What more could I have done?"

"Ah, but the elusive charm of the really well-groomed woman does not come with a few hours of primping," I answered. "It's your skin that needs attention.

"A good pure cream used for a few minutes every night is what you need. Bathe your face and neck with warm, not hot water, and then, with the tips of the fingers, gently stroke in the cream. After you have stroked it in thoroughly, remove it with a cloth or piece of absorbent cotton. With the cream will come away all the dust collected during the day. You will be surprised at the difference in the color of your skin. I always use Pompeian Night Cream, it is so pure, and will nourish as well as cleanse. If you will use an upward and outward motion about your eyes, those pathetic lines will become so light they will scarcely be noticed."

The next time I saw her, a week or so later, she rushed up to me and pushed back her hat. "Look," was all she said.

I looked down into a happy, smiling face, and needed no explanation. All the dark patches and rough spots had disappeared. Her skin was wholesome, fresh and smooth. There was about her that indescribable atmosphere of daintiness only achieved by intelligent care.

"How about the next dance?" I asked.
"Oh," she answered demurely, "I think
I'll go. Two people have asked to take
me. I haven't decided which I'll choose."

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Cato Was Sorry for Three Things

BEHOLD the first Censor! A crabbed, grouchy, old, common scold, Marcus Cato, who killed his horses when they had served their usefulness, and sold his faithful slaves as soon as they needed the doctor. Yethe was selected Censor to pass upon the moral and social qualifications of his neighbors.

EVERY two years of would rise up and attempt to smite VERY two years or so Rome him. After squashing the first revolt, Cato's friends wanted to celebrate with a statue. "Let there be no statue," he said, "for I would much rather be asked why there is not one than why there is!" The three great regrets of this remarkable man's life were-

"That I have trusted a secret to a woman-"That I went by water when I might have gone by land, and

"That I remained once a whole day with-out doing any business of moment."

HE one bright spot in Cato's life was his love for his family. The arrival of his first son brought him scurrying from the Circus, and for a year afterward his regular morning's exercise was washing the child. A trust fund was provided to take care of this boy after his father's death. But Cato flew into a rage when the son suggested he could, in the meantime, use a couple of drachmas in pleasure. "It is not like a man but rather like a widow woman to permit an estate to be lessened,' remonstrated Cato.

AYBE there is a modern life insurance thought in this old Roman Text. Widows without business experience enough to manage a large estate are really not half so well off as those who have been secured through life insurance that guarantees a regular monthly income.

"You're sure giving me a square deal after the way I've treated you," he said, "and don't think I don't appreciate it. But" -and Johnny sighed desperately-"I've got to go back with you." He lifted the fugitive-from-justice clipping. "Up to this time I was honest. I never took those seven dollars, and I'm going to the newspapers and to the P. O. and tell 'em so to their teeth.'

Handel S. Woods looked bewildered. "What's that matter now? You robbed a mail-train!" His face, his voice, his mail-train!" whole manner expressed the gravity with which he regarded such a crime. "They'll

give you twenty-five years."

Johnny swallowed hard. He was impressed but undeterred. To keep bright and shining that silvery stretch of life which ended five days ago—no, six seemed the important thing now. admit that I stole the check and forged the endorsement and robbed the train, they'll have to admit that I didn't steal the seven dollars, wont they?" he reasoned.

"You're not going to tell 'em that?"

Woods was appalled.

"I've got to convince 'em somehow," said Johnny, playing with the torn envelope by which he felt that divine power had delivered a message to his soul. 'Somehow!"

"But not that way!" urged Woods excitedly. "They'd have to send you up: They'd have to; and by golly, they wouldn't want to." Handel's hand smote the leafy mold emphatically. This, he saw, was not a case for the cold, mechanical operation of man's law. It called for the dispensation of a larger justice, and he was daring enough to be willing to become the instrument of that. "Don't do it, I'm telling you," he warned. "Beat

BUT Johnny did not beat it. "Tell you, Mr. Woods," he proposed hopefully, and as not wishing to appear unappreciative: "I'll go back and tell 'em once more that I didn't take the seven dollars, tell them that they did me dirt to publish it. If they admit that, if they'll apologize, I wont say anything about robbing the

"You will mercifully refrain from shocking 'em, by telling 'em you're the mail-train robber!" Woods exclaimed.

"I'll leave that between me and God," affirmed Johnny, in entire respectfulness. "And He-He's going to make me do time for what I've done in these six days, for all the rest of my life. I feel that in my bones. And I'm willing to. I'm His man now.

"Well, I be damned! I do be damned!" breathed Handel S. Woods fervently and solemnly, as in the presence of something he could not understand. Resignedly he threw up his hands. "All right," he conceded. "I'm done. I pass the buck to God. But down at the P. O. you'll have to be sure you leave me out of the story. It's the only reservation I'll ask for-else you'll get me booked for aiding and abetting. Let's go scout some breakfast. Pick up your gun."

"I'm kind of 'fraid of it, now every-thing's over," confessed Johnny, eying it from a distance. "I'm never going to

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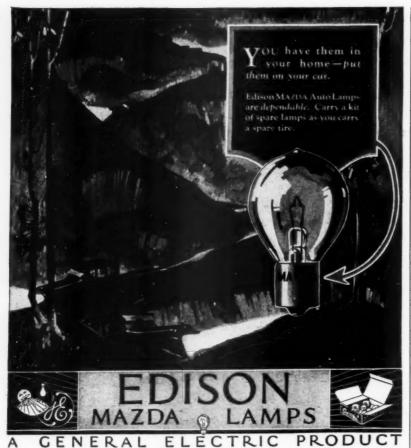
If Every Wife Knew What Every Widow Knows-Every Husband Would Be Insured need it again.'



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Woods took it up. "Here," he said, "I'll unload it, and you can keep it for a souvenir." He had grasped it respectfully, as became a man who knew the dangers in the weapon; he manipulated it expertly, then gasped and held a portion of its inward parts to view with a glance of sharp accusation at Johnny Morris, who gazed wonderingly.

"Empty!" snorted Woods in disgust.
"Empty!" echoed Johnny faintly. "I thought they sold it to me loaded. The man told me I had only to press the trigger, and I took mighty good care not

to."
"Empty!" ruminated Woods in deeper disgust. "You held up a mail-train with an empty gun. I stuck my hands up to an empty iron and crawled to it."

"I apologize," said Johnny contritely.
"I wish I had known it was empty, though. I wouldn't have been half so scared when I was holding up the mail-car."

"I was right," said Woods grumpily, "dead right. You're not a yegg; you're just a plain nut. But that," he added, "ought to get you by with the inspector. Nuts get by when sane men flivver."

Woods meant to be encouraging; and he was only out of humor with himself. He liked Johnny Morris, which again is good psychology, for the more we do for people, the more we like them, and Woods had done a great deal for Johnny. He had given him the kind of chance that few men get, and he wished him luck as, there upon the hillside, the two shook hands and parted. This parting, exactly

where they had met, was because Woods, on second thought, had decided it was the better strategy.

IT was not until the second morning afterward that Johnny Morris, freshly tanned and with traces of slight bruises upon his face, gratified Inspector McBride by calling upon him. Outwardly, Johnny was very dignified; inwardly he was softly contrite, with but one hard spot, and that was where centered this stubborn determination that his carrier-record should be vindicated.

"Hullo!" said the Inspector, and there was a slightly changed note in his demeanor. "Where you been?" The question was kindly.

"Taking a little vacation," confessed Johnny, conservatively.

"Without leave," reproached the Inspector. "Well, we've been looking for

"That's why I've come back," said Johnny, with significant emphasis and an indignant flush. "This—" He held out the clipping. "That's not fair, Mr. Mc-Bride. You ought not to have done that." The rebuke in Johnny's tones was very fine.

The Inspector glanced at the clipping and frowned as he identified the item.

"We didn't do it," said the Inspector.
"The Department never does that sort of thing. What you told your landlady, and what she in her anxiety told the police and a newspaper reporter, are responsible for this particular assault upon your reputation." The Inspector smiled and

waited, as if he had more to say but would not utter it until this had had time to soak in. Johnny was slightly chagrined.

"Anyway, I didn't take the seven dollars," he maintained stubbornly.

"I always doubted that you did," said Mr. McBride. "Now I know you didn't." "Ha! You know it?" Johnny Morris gulped excitedly and leaned toward the

Inspector.

"Yes; that's why we were looking for you. The girl over there found the letter where it had slipped into the opening in her typewriter-cabinet at the back of the machine."

"And you know I was not a thief?"
Johnny Morris' voice was husky; he was holding onto himself tightly.

"Absolutely know it," assured Inspector McBride. "You come clean as a whistle." The Inspector smiled as if this gratified him very much.

BREATHING a vast sigh of relief, Johnny sank into a chair beside the Inspector's desk. For a moment his head went into his hands. Then through his brain there wheeled a succession of nightmare memories, and at them his body shuddered. Once more he was thinking of the awful irretrievableness of what had so unnecessarily transpired.

The Inspector, of course, did not under-

The Inspector, of course, did not understand, but he eyed Johnny with sympathy as well as curiosity. "All along you have made too much of this thing, Morris," he said. "You're too sensitive, too imaginative, too high-strung. You better get back on your route and forget it."

His route? On his route? Was there mercy in the skies like this? Oh, no; the man simply didn't understand. Johnny straightened up and stared at the Inspector. He had not even dared to think of his route again. That this one wild reel of his life could be cut out and the film patched so that no one would ever know, was a miracle he had not even dared to contemplate.

"Yes," smiled McBride, as interpreting that wondering gaze, "you have been suspended for absence from duty without leave, but I shall ask the P. M. to reinstate you. You will get your seven dollars back, of course. Good day, Morris. I congratulate you on the way the thing has turned out."

thing has turned out."

Dazed but with his bosom full of bubbling joy, Johnny Morris somehow got out and down the gray granite steps.

In the street he was astounded to encounter Handel S. Woods. "Been sort of shadowing you since you came to town," the latter explained. "Kind of anxious, I guess. How'd you come out?"

Leaning upon Handel, for he was still

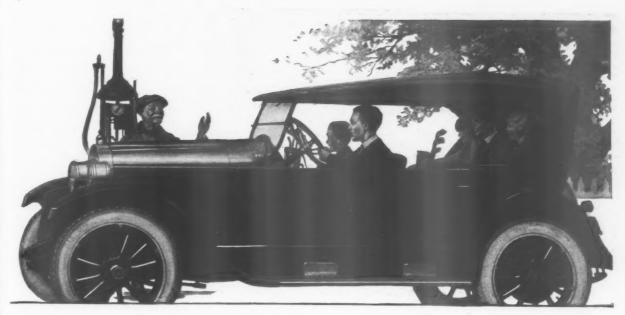
weak, Johnny told him.
"Back on your route?" inquired Handel
in amazement. "What did I tell you?"
And he held up witnessing hands. "If
God didn't take care of the nuts, who
would?"

Then he bought Johnny a tall soft drink.

"You know, Johnny," he said at parting, with a mischievous smile, "I'm kind of glad I met up with you."

Johnny gazed at him with grateful but chastened eyes. "I'm glad you caught up with me," he replied.

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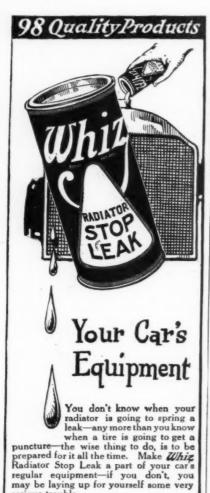
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Serve and Save

CAGE MATES

(Continued from page 78)

Caught him just when he was gettin' ready to pull down a cow over there on that higher ground. Roared, like he'd been hit, an' jumped away into the woods when I shot the last time. Maybe we'd better circle around toward the train again-it's pretty rotten swamp beyond the next rise.

The hyena lay quiet and watchful while the men met, consulted once more, then sloshing through the slimy pools, turned in the direction of the train. Their voices faded, the splattering sound of their steps mingled with the racking cries of the night-birds. After a long time the hyena stirred.

He moved slowly at first, then more swiftly with the hope of firmer ground beyond, his head down, his ugly jaws half open. No sound came from him now; the proximity first of the lion and then of humans dictated more of caution. A half-mile farther on, where the ground was higher and more solid, Sneak began to scent about with the promptings of hunger. Suddenly he halted. He sniffed excitedly, raised one stiltlike foreleg and paw, then sniffed again.

HE turned away, and circled in excited fashion, passing again and again the spot which had aroused his curiosity, pausing, then pacing on again. Instinct was working-instinct which was bringing to him the knowledge possessed by his forebears, instinct which was struggling to catalogue a thing which had brought strange cravings to the skulking beast, a queer madness to his warped brain. Slowly the bristles began to rise along his backbone. His sharp ears slanted forward. A low growl traveled over the heavy teeth; and the beast, his ungainly form writhing with excitement, started forward, sniffing as he went. Instinct had accomplished its purpose. Sneak knew now. It was the blood of a wounded enemy! As for that enemy himself-

Three miles ahead, dragging along through the hot, sticky marsh, a wounded lion fought his slow way onward, pausing now and then at the higher spots to lick slowly at a torn, ragged thing which once had been a paw, but which now was only a swamp-caked mass of severed muscles smashed by a soft-nosed bullet. The land which Sultan had traversed was fetid and foul, teeming with a thousand forms of germ life-and one of these was all-important. Swift-working in the strength given it by the hot countries in which it thrived, already beginning to give forth its toxins, the bacillus of tetanus lay deep in macerated flesh, and there multiplied. And death therefrom in the hot countries can be a matter of hours!

Sultan only reacted to the instinct which bade him halt and lick his wounds, then, harassed, dull-brained with pain, limped on again. Far in the depths of the swamp behind him, pausing where he had paused, taking note of every evidence of his trail, a bristly thing fol-lowed, neither lessening his distance nor until either wounds or weakness might bring his enemy within his power at last. The hyena does not will. He waits—and

Morning-and slow miles onward. The lion, when he rose now from his short periods of rest staggered for a moment before he could regain his frail balance again. A sharp pain had begun to make itself felt at the base of his brain; his body experienced vague, inward contractions which as yet meant nothing, but which broke his gait and caused him to turn and twist at intervals as if to sever himself from invisible bonds.

Noon. The beast roared thickly, frantically, as he twisted to reach the aching, mud-caked injury. In vain. The jaws had set-tooth was meshed against tooth; muscles had become rigid. In unison, slowly but certainly, the rest of his body had begun its stiffening process; his gait was a slow, stiff-legged progress, in which the muscles of the abdomen stood forth like carvings, and in which the joints worked with less and less elasticity. At length the lion sank to the ground in a small grassy space which lifted itself above the slimy morass steaming all about him. And a bristly thing, still following, slowly began to cut down the distance between himself and his victim.

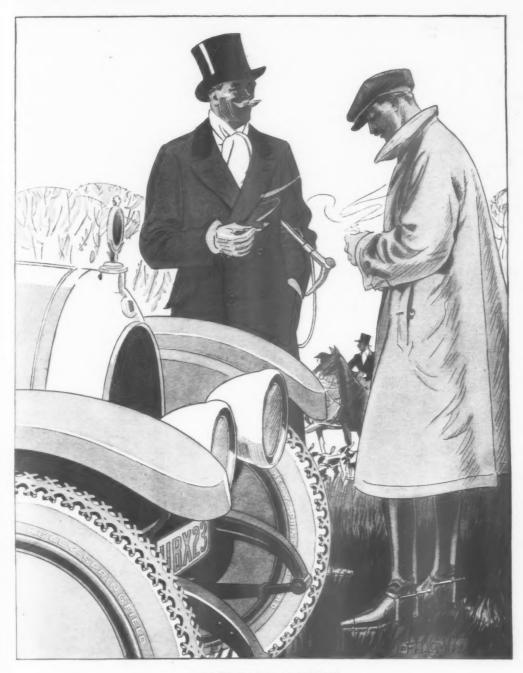
In the half-light of evening, his once tawny coat black with muck, his lips eyes stared frantically with that clearness of vision, and of brain behind them, which forms the sardonic gift of lockjaw. It is as if the victim may know his suffering to the end. Again and again as he stared about him, Sultan, the lion, looked into other eyes-green, vicious eyes, which peered at him through the fronds of ferns, or from behind water-soaked foliage. Presently Sneak would no longer be afraid.

I N the moonlight a monarch lay stiff, barely moving. His eyes, however, continued to stare, for the brain was still alive. And there, still in the protection of the giant ferns, a bristly-backed hyena realized that his enemy was no longer a thing of power and movement. He circled swiftly; his head weaved with sudden, triumphant excitement. He started forward and halted, waiting-then moved again. Closer-still closer-until at last he was within reach of those great paws.

The heavy neck was drawn between the massive shoulders. Nearer-nearer the beast approached, then bent to sniff at an extended stump where once a paw had been. His jaws opened slightly, then closed lightly-only to open!

The pressure had brought contraction, almost to the point of a blow. That rigid foreleg had pulled backward as though by a giant leverage; two otherwise useless claws had scratched deep furrows in the black skin which covered scissorslike teeth. The bristly beast shrieked. Then again to the fern-fronds he retreated. increasing it, content to hold his position to wait, padding, restless, excited-too

* Dray



AT PYTCHLEY HUNT*

"Well, Archie, I see you've been buying some new tyres."
"New tyres?" Not at all. I've driven those Kelly Cords steadily for nearly a year now."

THAT Kelly Kant-Slip Cord tires retain the appearance of newness for an astonishingly long time is, of course, a source of pride to the owner. But this is as nothing when compared to the satisfaction derived from the long, economical mileage they deliver and the sense of safety given him by "the tread that removes the dread of skidding." It costs no more to buy a Kelly.

excited even to know that the blood continued to flow from those claw-furrows on his black, hairless lip.

'HE moon waned and died. The bats ceased their fluttering. Out in the grass-plot the form of a great, black-But still the maned beast was quiet. hyena waited, twisting his head now and then as though to free it from some heavy weight that rested just at the neck-juncture, or yawning, while tired jaws rebelled at the effort. Often, too, he would start, and pace nervously-while his bristly sides wriggled with the action of outraged nerves beneath. Then at last he halted as with dawn a circling black thing paused in the sky and began to make its slow way downward, to swoop once, to flutter as though to alight, then, flopping, to sweep upward as a snarling creature came forth from the fern-fronds. Again instinct had given its message—a buzzard had swooped!

The eyes of the lion were glassy now;

they did not follow Sneak. Slowly the hyena raised a paw-for some reason heavy and resisting-and scratched at the dead monarch. There was no response. Black skin furled from saber-teeth. The jaws stretched wide. The head raised. Then through the swamp-lands swept a jagged, shrieking laugh, rising high and shrill, then dropping in jerky steps to a guttural rumble which—ended! Ended as teeth suddenly set, catching a writhing tongue between them. Ended as a beast fought suddenly, savagely, with swiftworking paws to free itself from in-visible but unbreakable fetters. Ended, while far away, tired circus men caught the faint echo of that cry and started forward again upon a new search.

It was mid-afternoon when the search ended, evening when, back at the railroadtracks where a big circus slowly was rehabilitating itself into a semblance of its former brilliancy, Cap Houston listened attentively for a moment, then in softhearted fashion stood staring glumly at the ground. The menagerie superinten-dent waited while the circus owner went to a property wagon, found a plain pine board, then seating himself, printed upon it with a heavy pencil.

"Guess there isn't any use of bringing 'em in here," he announced as he approached the superintendent. "Might as well bury 'em where they're at. But I don't think it'd be quite right not to put something up over 'em-whether anybody ever sees it or not. I just figured this out—how do you like it?"

The menagerie superintendent squinted at the lettering on the plain pine board:

> CAGE MATES SULTAN AND SNEAK TOGETHER IN LIFE AND DEATH.

The superintendent bobbed his head. and took the board carefully under one

arm.
"That's swell," he said. "An' it's the

WHAT CHANCE HAS A MAN?

(Continued from page 36)

"Yes, and he was going to be firm about it, and about the gun-room too, in case there should be any difference of opinion.

"Oh, he was?"

"He said so. The only kind of dogs he likes are big, muddy dogs—you know how he detests lapdogs and toy dogs and he's sure he's going to have his setters in the house."

Mr. Mears shook his head wonderingly, and then appeared to muse, his eyes twinkling soberly in the firelight. "A remarkable girl, Muriel. Very unusual."

"Oh, I don't know," said his wife.
"About the dining-room?"

"Oh, yes; she was usual about that!" he assented. "But if she gives up to him in such things as guest-rooms for guns, and two Irish setters in an old-rose drawing-room-

"Hush!" Mrs. Mears warned him softly, for she had caught the sound of the front door opening and closing; there was a lively step in the hall; and then Renfrew came swinging into the room, rosy with happiness and with driving

briskly in the breeze.
"Hello!" he said, as he heartily kissed "Dinner ready? I'll be his mother.

down in a jiffy!"

"Wait," Mrs. Mears said, detaining him with a touch upon his sleeve as he would have returned to the hall. "How was everything going on out at the new house?"

Everything was ke glory! We're "Just splendidly! just bustling along like glory! crazy about it!"

"The dining-room too?" his father

asked with some dryness.

"It's going to be blue," the smiling Renfrew informed him.

"What!" Mrs Mears cried. "Why. what do you mean?"

"Muriel was bound to have it my way and not hers," he said. "That's the kind of girl she is!"

"You don't mean to say—"
"Yes, I do," the happy young man in-

"That's just what she's done. sisted. It's going to be a blue dining-room."

"Blue walls?"

"No, of course not!" he laughed. "Who ever heard of blue walls? The wall will be ivory-white and the curtains black and white, but the keynote of the

room is blue."
"Oh!" And Mrs. Mears, after exchanging a glance with her husband, inquired: "Where's the keynote going to

"Why, there'll be little dark-blue floral figures on the furniture, and a pair of blue glass candlesticks, and a blue embroidered strip for the table, and I don't know what all!"

"Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Mears. you settle about your gun-room?"

"Did we!" he echoed enthusiastically "She's arranged for me to take absolutely the whole third floor, if I need it.

"You mean the att-

"The whole third floor, Mother! own all the downstairs together, but above that she wants it to be all mine!

Mrs. Mears looked at him thoughtfully without speaking; whereupon Mr. Mears coughed rather briskly and addressed his "What I'm anxious to hear about, Renfrew, is the dogs. I understand you expect to keep-

But his son cut the question off short, not evasively; Renfrew was unable to restrain longer a risible enthusiasm; and he laughed with delight as he interrupted: "Expect to keep a dog! I should say we do! You ought to see that dog!

"But I understood there were two," Mr. Mears said mildly. "I thought those

two hunting dogs of yours-

"No, no!" Renfrew interrupted again. "Dogs like that belong on a farm. dog I'm talking about is the kind that keeps you laughing. We went down-town and picked it out of a dozen. That's where I've just come from. You ought to see her with it!" And chuckling loudly, he turned to the door, but was

once more detained, this time for only a moment.

"Renfrew?" his mother said, in a voice that to an acute ear might have indicated a suppression of emotion.
"Yes, Mother?" He paused at the door.

"What kind of a dog is it?"
"A Pekinese," he said. "A perfectly magnificent Pekinese!" And he went chuckling down the hall, to be heard singing a moment later as he ascended the stairs in a short series of bounds.

"And only this morning, I warned him," Mrs. Mears said then, as she sat with her husband in the firelight.

"You warned him against what? Pekinese spaniels?"

"No. I warned him that marriage was not a bed of roses, but a field of battle."
"Ah, yes," Mr. Mears said reflectively. "You certainly could tell him that, It's funny, though."

Mamma! "What is?"

"That it should be the conquerors who are always warning people," he explained.

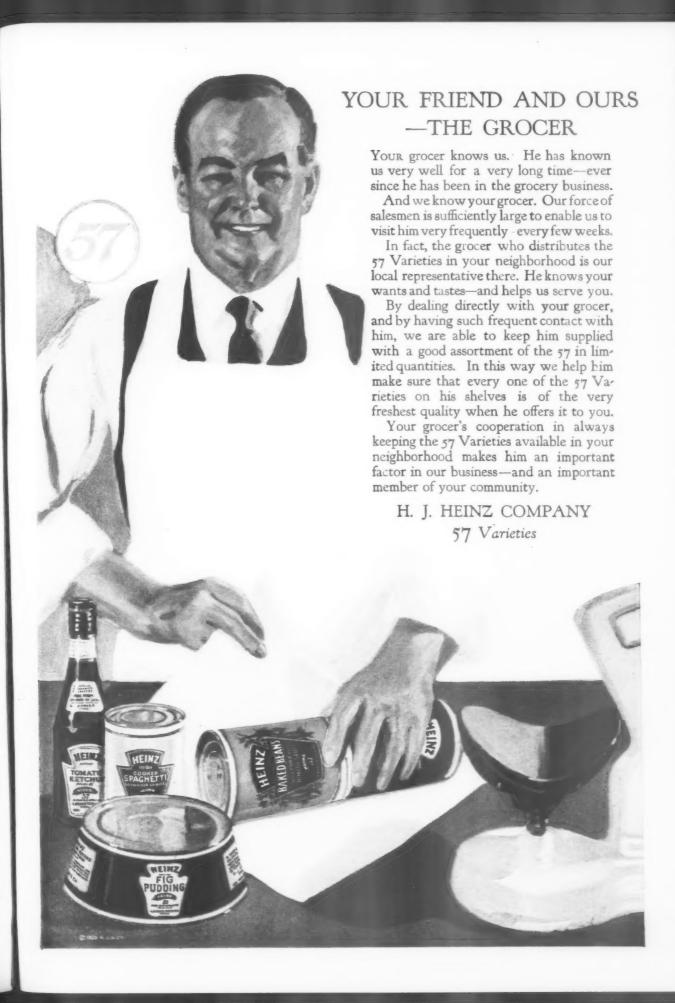
"Nonsense!" she returned, and gave him a look of scorn for his wit. Then after a silence, she sighed a little, smiled and said: "Well, I suppose the true art of battle and the true art of marriage is the same thing: it's to make the vanquished so happy that they think they're the conquerors

Her husband turned his graying head to stare at her. "And may I inquire which party to the conflict you would define as the vanquished?"

"'Which party?'" she cried incredulously, but did not look at him. "Why, we are!"

"Good heavens!" he said, and returned his eyes to gaze despairingly at the fire. "When the ladies claim to be the vanquished, what chance has a man? Poor old Renfrew!'

Another of Booth Tarkington's delightful stories about Muriel and Renfrew will appear in an early issue. Watch for it.



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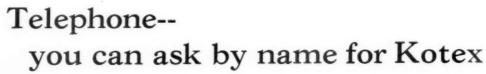
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THE WAY OUT

(Continued from page 46)

yellow dust from the wet blanket at the close of the day, he would find himself marveling over the mental slant which would lead human beings to drudge so patiently for such a small reward.

In the evening when they were resting, after a third onslaught on flapjacks, he now and then overheard them talking. Always the subject was the same. He listened to their tales of great strikes, of men made rich by a lucky stumble, of hidden ledges waiting for discovery in these hills. He knew that such things had happened, and that they would again; but to his mind there was something wildly vague in the whole idea; and their serene faith that such could ever come to one of them struck him as pathetic.

A week went by; his horse was beginning to put on a bit of fat; the feet were well.

"Reckon I'll pull out tomorrow," he told them. And that day he climbed the flank of Baxter Mountain until he came among the scented pines. There he was resting, sprawled out in the shade, when he happened to notice the outcropping. The ever-recurrent talk of minerals had made its impression on him, for he worked for a good half-hour with the butt of his six-shooter until he had chipped two heavy fragments from the ledge.

"Here," he told them when he was back at the cabin that evening, "is some speci-mens." And in spite of his detached and somewhat superior attitude, he felt something like a glow of pride in his discovery when they seized the gleaming chunks, exclaiming with one voice that his was the real thing.

The next morning when he was saddling up, they came forth from their cabin and tried to stop him. But his mind was set on pressing on, and the utmost delay that he would grant them was a brief two hours during which he took them part way up the mountain and pointed out the spot above. When they begged him to stay over for his own sake and stake out a claim, he merely shook his head. So he left them climbing the steep slope, with their picks over their sweating shoulders and the hot New Mexican sun glaring down upon them. He went on down to his waiting pony and struck off for the distant road that led farther into the West.

A SOLITARY buzzard was wheeling slowly on that August afternoon above San Simon Wash. It saw the buckboard with its load of mail-sacks and its two passengers rattling westward down the road; the Apaches riding eastward two miles farther down the gulch, a dozen warriors, all but naked, with dirty turbans binding their frowsy hair; and far behind them old Bill Savage, the Indian-fighter, with six hard-eyed companions, hanging to their trail. As if the buzzard were Fate and had arranged the drama's final scene to be played out here for its delectation, it watched them all.

The buckboard lurched among the boulders in the arid bed. Thorn-studded ocatillas thrust their leafless branches between the whirling spokes, playing a brisk tattoo upon the wheels. Dust spurted up between the sun-baked stones, shrouding the weird shapes of the cacti beside the road, settling down upon the vehicle and its two occupants.

"So you aint the reg'lar driver?" Kansas was saying. The other plied the whip and swore briskly at the mules.

"Driver pulled into Lordsburg with a busted laig." He spat copiously across the dashboard—an unpleasant man, with rheumy eyes and hair plastered over his forehead. "Nobody was lookin' for the job. Too much talk of Indians. But I was on my way to Tombstone, and I'd done gone broke. So when the agent waved a twenty-dollar bill in my face, I said I'd fetch her through to the San

Pedro." He glanced sharply at Kansas.
"Come fur?" he asked abruptly.
"Silver City," the cowboy answered easily. "My hoss done played out. So I sold him. Which way you from?"

"Me," the other chuckled. "Oh, most anywheres, I reckon. What I was going to say-you got the look of a man I heard tell of over White Oaks way." He shot another sidelong glance at Kansas, who still gazed straight ahead.
"White Oaks?" he asked softly. "Seems

to me I heard the name.

"It's a new camp." The driver interrupted himself to curse the mules again. "Less'n a month old. And boomin'! Biggest strike sence the Comstock. The mountain's lousy with gold. What I was goin' to say-this here young fellerseems he come from Texas. Seems like he was gettin' out of the country becuz he'd shot a man or two. Well, he was camping with two prospectors and 'twas him that made the strike; but he was in sech a rush to be shovin' on, that he never stopped to stake a claim. And now them two ol' terrapins is plumb rich and lookin' all over fer him, so's they can declare him in on the deal." He paused to jerk his thumb over his shoulder. The's a couple of rifles back there beside the mail-sacks. I reckon we might's well get organized. Them there Apaches might be out yet-and this is a likely place.

"What's wrong with those mules?" Kansas asked as he handed the driver one of the weapons. And then a spattering of dry reports came from both sides of the gully less than one hundred yards ahead. The buckboard careened with the sharpness of the turn as the driver swung the team out of the road. He pointed to a round knoll of boulders which rose

from the gully's bed.

"If we can make that hill!" he cried. A dirty turban bobbed up behind a rock and vanished before Kansas could bring his rifle to his shoulder. Two or three tenuous puffs of smoke rose from the summit of the nearer bank. A mule squealed shrilly; and in the next moment both men were scrambling to their feet among a litter of mail-sacks and blanketrolls beside the overturned vehicle.

Bullets snarled past them, ricocheting from the boulders as they climbed. They heard the screams of the wounded mule,

the rattle of the rifles; and then suddenly, when they had flung themselves prone at the summit, the whole place became as quiet as if there were not a savage within miles.

"Aimin' to sneak up where they can kill us off easier," the driver growled.

"Well," Kansas said, "I'm glad that mule's dead, anyhow."

They settled down to wait. A lizard scurried over the hot stones. The buzzard wheeled in wide circles overhead. Otherwise they saw no sign of life. A halfhour passed.

"Reckon the mules smelled them Apaches?" the cowboy asked. But before the other could answer him, the rocks upon the crest of the nearer bank fifty yards away blossomed with white smokepuffs, and the two of them set to work with their rifles. At times they got a brief glimpse of a turbaned head or a lean brown body squirming among the boulders; then, barely waiting to line their sights, they fired.

"That," Kansas called after the passage of another hour, "makes two that I can swear to, anyhow." The driver wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of his hand and profanely apostrophized the hidden enemy. A moment or two later he glanced over and saw his neighbor lying on his back, staring at the blazing heavens with unseeing eyes.

B ILL SAVAGE and his Indian-fighters were spurring hard when they heard a volley more furious than those which had gone before. There followed a stillness broken only by the rattle of their ponies' hoofs. They swept around the nose of a low bluff just as the naked renegades were darting from rock to rock toward the knoll's summit. Flinging themselves from their saddles, they opened

They were old hands at this sort of thing, and they went about it with unhurried precision, like good mechanics Occasionally starting the day's work.

one would speak:

"Wind's a-drawin' straight acrost the wash up there;" or "Leetle under five hundred yards, the way I make it;" and again: "I see that last shot of your'n kickin' dust from that there big black rock. Pull down a notch."

And that hillside became, from the Apache viewpoint, a most undesirable spot within the next ten minutes.

W. L. George

No modern author has won a greater audience of intelligent women than Mr. George. In the next issue will begin a new series of "After Midnight" stories by him, in which he reveals himself at his best. Read "A Shot in the Night" in the June issue.



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"Two of 'em and both daid," the first to reach the summit of the knoll announced. He pointed down the wash. "What's Bill up to, anyhow?"

"Gettin' his skelps," another told him.
"Le's scoop out the graves right here. It's way above flood-water level.'

Bill Savage was a good half-hour prowling around among the rocks. There were one or two fine points of proprietorship to be decided, and he owned rigid scruples against taking trophies where there was any doubt of his having bagged the game. So by the time he had finished with this and with the examination of the mailbuggy, the grave-digging was completed.

There was, however, only one mound of rocks upon the summit of the knoll when he reached it.

"The other feiler's just creased along the top of his haid," one of his com-panions informed him. "The boys have got him behind the rocks in the shade. He's comin' to already."

They took the wounded man, that night, to the San Pedro, where he told his story. And as the weeks went by, the news traveled back along the trails. It reached White Oaks before snow flew; it drifted to John Chilson's ranch, and on to Horsehead. So the men who would have liked to kill him, and the men who would have liked to use him as a killer, ceased to think of Kansas, and those who would have enriched him ceased their search for him. But the story lived, of the outlawed cowboy fleeing from Texas, to stumble on great riches beyond the Pecos, and to meet his death before the fruits of his discovery could come to him.

OLD John Wilcox told it to me

We were sitting in his office in the bank of which he was the president, and when he had finished his version, I noticed for the first time the long scar half hidden by his snowy hair.

"That is the straight of it," he said.
"I can't help thinking," I ventured, "how much of a temptation that money must have been to you."

He smiled. "I've heard the share in the claims was worth one hundred thousand dollars,' he said. "In those days I acted quicker than I do now. When I realized how things stood, after I'd come to, that afternoon-the other fellow dead, nobody knowing who he was, the money waiting back in White Oaks. Go and take the cash! Or give it up, and get shut of the whole blamed thing that had been following me all the way from Lampasas County! Why, right then I saw that here was my way out. So I told them that the dead man was Kansas.

SHADOWED

(Continued from page 64)

man Wilk stirred uneasily in his chair. Latlin's mobile mouth twisted.

"What's the "Go on," said Stroude.

charge.

"Carmichael says," Manning stated, 'that there's an old story back in your own State, Stroude, that might explode. We've all known you a good many years, all of us but Laflin, and we've never heard a whisper of it. I have told him that I do not believe it. So has Senator Wilk.

"What's the story?" Stroude's fingers, lighting a match, did not tremble.

"Well, if you insist-

"I do.

"Carmichael says that you stole an-

other man's wife.'

"There was no theft about it. came with me. Later she went back to her husband. I left the place, started to practice law, and married. My wife never heard the story until tonight." He looked down at Dell Martin's letter, not yet read by him, topping the documents on the table in front of him. an old story," he said, "and one not likely to explode unless-

"Unless what?" Laflin demanded from

"Unless I choose to revive it by an overt act," Stroude retorted. "It all happened more than twenty-five years ago in a tiny community in the moutains. I know the people there. They're my kind, my stock. They wont talk to strangers coming in. There's only one way the newspapers could get the story. I'd have to lead them to it."
"That's true," old man Wilk grunted.

"I know the mountains."

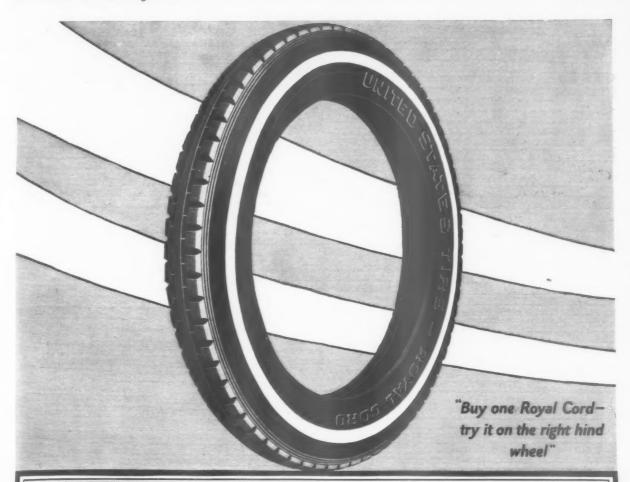
"Then it's settled," Manning said with evident relief. "I fancy a story as old as that, cut off altogether by the time between, could not be a very appalling Banquo's ghost." He arose a little wearily. "You'll be at the conference tomorrow?" He named the time and "It's necessary that you should place. Without you, Covinger may switch. be. You may have to combat Carmichael directly. You'll be ready?"

"If I'm-if it's necessary," Stroude

THE other two men stood up, Wilk unwieldily, Laflin with quick ease, smiling at Stroude as he held out his hand. 'This was a real star-chamber session,' he said, "according to the best rules of old Peter Armond. Wouldn't the old pirate have loved to sit in a ten-minute game of four men who decided the next President?

"What do you mean?" Rhoda's voice rang out in challenge, and Manning and Wilk rushed to speech to head off Laflin. but he went on in almost bovish unconcern: "Old Peter trained me, you know, and I've always had a soft spot for him in my heart, although I've known what a wolf in sheep's clothing he was. We have to hand it to him, though, that with all his grafting and his materialism, he was a great party builder. He was the first of the Warwicks in American national life. We're just rattling around in his shoes, but we'll do our best to put you over.

He moved off, almost pushed by Manning's eagerness to depart, but his voice seemed to linger in the room after the



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three of them had gone. Stroude sat toying with a paper-knife. Rhoda, deep in the shadows, did not stir. A clock in the hall boomed twelve. Stroude, sighing, put his hand over Dell Martin's letter. Then Rhoda spoke. "Is Mr. Laflin telling the truth about my father, she asked Stroude, "or what he thinks is the truth?

The truth."

"That he wasn't an idealist-a patriot?"

"Well, if he was-

"I understand. And you've known it always?

"Since before I knew you."

"Then do you mean"—she came back to the chair beside the table—"that through all these years my standards have meant nothing to you? That you have meant nothing to you? known them to be false?"

"They aren't false," he said. "The

standards are true enough."

"But the man who gave them to me "Well, he didn't live up to the code."

"Your own code?"

"I've tried to hold to it."

"The one Judge McLaurin taught you?"

"The very one. The one Judge Foxwell taught him. He got it, I believe, from John Marshall. Don't think about it, Rhoda. Those old boys lived in different days. Sometimes I think that I'm an anachronism." He sought to smile at her, but the smile faded before her intensity. "Don't let a chance word of Laflin's bother you," he counseled. "He "Don't let a chance word of didn't know you, of course, as your father's daughter, or he'd have cut out his tongue before saying what he did."

T doesn't matter who said it," she declared. "It's not that alone that hurts; it's the knowledge that I've meant so little to you that cuts deep-now. I used to think, Burt, even when I knew that you didn't love me, that I was giving you something fine and splendid. I let myself believe that the Armond tradition was the beacon which was lighting your way. I thought that if I couldn't give you anything else, I was at least giving you that torch. And now I find out that the light I was holding for you was only marsh fire. You've never needed me! Her voice rose to accusation.

"Oh, yes," he countered, but he could

not put verity into his tone.
"No," she said. "You don't owe me anything for the playing of the game. I've loved that for itself."
"But you thought you were giving me

the other-

"And I wasn't. It's really a joke, isn't A buccaneer teaching his family the Golden Rule, and the family passing it

"It isn't a joke, Rhoda. I've always taken it in the measure of your intention.'

"And been sorry for me?" "Yes."

"I've never sought pity."

"None of us do.

"It's funny, isn't it," she mused, "that one woman who loved you set you free, so that another woman whom you didn't love might take away that freedom?"

"I've had as much freedom as most men," he said, but his eyes went back to Rhoda's glance, nificance. "Read the crumpled missive. following his, saw its significance.

it," she challenged him. He hesitated an instant, as if doubting his desire to read it before her watchfulness, then drew the letter from its envelope.

PALE tracing on common paper met his gaze. "Burt," he read, "you're a great man now, and maybe you've forgotten I've never forgotten you. Every morning and every night I've prayed for you. Boyce has been good to me, better than I deserved; but oh, Burt, all that my life has been since I left you is just a hope that eternity will bring us together again. I used to believe it would, but I'm getting afraid, now that it's coming near. Wont you come to me for just one hour before I go? You told me once that hell wouldn't keep you if I-"

Before the pathos of the call something in Stroude's soul tremblea. didn't love Dell now, he told himself as he came to the end of the page. hadn't loved her in twenty years. There was no thrill of remembered passion rising from the white page to stir his heart, but there was something deeper, more poignant than romance in the plea which this woman in the mountains had sent him across time and distance. Through those long years she had never wavered in her belief in him and in the promise he had made to her. Out of the depths of his spirit he had told her that he would come to her if she should ever need him. It was a promise given not only to the woman who had heard and heeded it, but to the God of his faith and his fathers. If he failed to keep it, no matter what the cost, he would be violating more than an old love. He would be tearing down his own code. Through whatever glory might come to him he would know himself as a man who had failed in the one virtue on which he had always prided himself, the keeping of his word. It was an oath he had taken to Dell Martin, just as he would take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States ifif he climbed the mountain of Rhoda's

Realization of the immediacy of his problem came to him with the sight of his wife's fan, broken, lying beyond the letter in his hand. He looked up to find Rhoda's eyes studying him. But he must not fail her, he told himself, snatching at the straw of conventionality in the current of emotion. The very fact that he had not given her love put him under obligation to her. Because of her, because of the expectations she had harbored for him, because of the time and thought and labor she had spent for the advancement she had thought he sought, because of her very disillusionment now, he could not fail her. He must go to the conference, even if it meant the breaking of a vow he had made before the altar of his one great love. It was part of the price, he reasoned, that all men pay for power; but he felt that something within him was dying as he turned the page of Dell Martin's letter.

"-if I called for you," he picked up the thread. "That was why I didn't call when I needed you before, when our boy was born. I couldn't let you know about You'd never have let me go if you'd known. But it doesn't matter now, does it? And oh, Burt, I need you so!



The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

ROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseledhair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again used leave New Year's and the second of the second

until last New Year's eve.
A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wo derful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my sur-prise she smiled and started toward me.

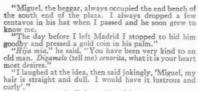
About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own strag-

gly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly?"

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted los pelos rizos (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of perot to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the droguero. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

Years ago I did him a great service. Exere you will and him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawknosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, be bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down whair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you.

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

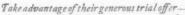
The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century

ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply mists are prepared to supply wonderful Spanish Curling



I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. Insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful minutes. One appropriate for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

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We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid. The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.
You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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Lovely Curls



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If you'll only hold my hand again, I wont fear the crossing. And perhaps when you come to die, you'll find the going easier if you have the memory of this hour you'll give me. Wont you come?" It was signed waveringly, "Dell."

HE folded it back into the envelope, and put it in his pocket. "You aren't going?" Rhoda asked him, her voice strangely strained.
"Yes," he said, "I'm going."

"But tomorrow-

"It's the long years afterward I'm thinking of," he told her.

"And the nomination-

"Sometimes the things we put out of our lives," he said, "are the only things we really keep."

"That's ridiculous," she said. "I can't understand you at all tonight, Burton. Why should a man give up the highest honor a nation can give him-

"There are other kinds of honor, Rhoda.'

"To go to a woman he hasn't seen for

twenty-five years?"
"She is the—" he began, then halted quickly in the fear of the hurt his word might give her.

"I understand," she said.

She picked up her broken fan, and moved toward the door, but before she reached it, turned back. Her face was stonily calm. "Snall I telephone Senator Manning in the morning that you will not be there?" she asked him.

"If you will," he said.

A S his car bore him past the shadowy white pile on the other side of the Square, Stroude sighed. A man does not live with a dream-even the dream of another-through season after season without catching some gleam of its radiance; but in Boyce Martin's straight look as he met him at the train gate, Stroude began to drink of his justification.

You Stroudes always kept your word,"

the other man said.

"We aim to," said Stroude, uncon-sciously slipping back into the vernacular of his youth. "It was her letter," he explained. "I never knew about the boy."

"I know," said Martin. "I-I've loved him as if he'd been the child I've never had. That's why I came for you." He held out his hand, and Stroude grasped "You're one of us, after all."

As the train slid past the Potomac and threaded the low pines of the Virginia river-lands, Stroude pondered the mountaineer's tribute. In the light of it he saw the path to Dell Martin's cabin leading higher than the way across the Square. For the first time in many years he felt the surge of freedom rising in his soul. A thousand shackles fell away as the last lights of Washington slid down on the

HONESTY, INDUSTRY, PERSPICACITY

(Continued from page 84)

wicker chairs grouped about a wicker teatable. Mr. Stadtmuller waved Charles toward these chairs.

A man in a white uniform appeared, evidently one of the yacht's officers.

"Shall we get under way, sir? Or will

you wait for Miss Cynthia?" "Cynthia?" said old Jacob. in town?"

"Yes sir. She must have come in this morning, sir. She sent word by messenger that she'd go back with us."

Mr. Stadtmuller looked at his watch and frowned. At least he pretended to frown.

"My daughter knows I never wait for anybody. It's four now. We'll wait ten minutes, Mr. Anson."
"Yes sir." The offi

The officer turned-stopped and nodded toward the shore. "She's coming, sir. There's Miss Cynthia now.'

MR. TRUMBELL looked over the rail and saw coming toward them, across a patch of green park, a young girl in a blue dress that caught the glint of the sun. She was almost running, and waved her hand toward the yacht with the airiest of gestures. Mr. Trumbell rose. The girl arrived breathless at the companionway, swept across the deck with the effect of an innocent whirlwind, and swooping down on old Jacob, kissed

"Oh, I thought I should be late. I was so rushed! And the traffic was dreadful. I hope you aren't cross, darling. The Really, I never extaxi was so slow. pected to get here. Such a hot day, too. I'm simply baked."

She dropped into a chair that Mr. Trumbell had vacated, snatched off her charming hat and patted her hair with one small brown hand. Her hair was yellow, straw-colored. Her eyes were blue. She had a pert little nose, and a Her eyes were blue childish, smiling mouth.

"Cynthia!" said old Jacob helplessly; then: "This is Mr. Trumbell, from the office."

"Oh! How do you do?" lifted her head and gave him a quick, bright glance that seemed to include every detail of his person. Mr. Trumbell was definitely conscious of his col-lar, of his tie, of his silk shirt, of his tan shoes-even of his new silk garters. But he was quite as definitely conscious of his defective heart.

"How do you do, Miss Stadtmuller?" he said with polite indifference, and seated himself in another chair.

"Do let's have tea," implored Cynthia.
"I'm simply famished." She beckoned to the steward, who was already approaching. "Oh, Peters, do give us something with ice in it. I'm positively dying of thirst." She turned to her father and said with hardly a pause: "I've had the most awful day. I came in early this morning to see about Endymion's costume. It was all wrong, you know. It wasn't Greek at all-"

"Hold on," said old Jacob. "Who and what is Endymion?"

"Why, Father! Don't you know I'm giving a play in the Workshop tonight? She turned to Mr. Trumbell. "My own play, you know. I write."

"Really," said Mr. Trumbell. (Really

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was another word like rather. It had the virtue of elegance without the curse of definiteness. It was at once appropriate and noncommittal.)

Miss Stadtmuller bubbled on: course 'Endymion' is only an experiment, —it's poetic drama, you know,—but I do feel there's a place for such things. The modern theater needs the poetic mood to offset its stark realism-don't you think

so, Mr. Trumbell?"

"I have often thought it needed the poetic mood," said Charles reflectively. "Yes, I quite agree with you that it needs the poetic mood."

"Are you a student of the theater, Trumbell?" boomed old Jacob suspiciously.

MR. TRUMBELL perceived an oppor-tunity to create for himself a cosmopolitan figure.

"I try to keep up with the times in everything, Mr. Stadtmuller."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I dare say you're right."

"I've built a little theater of my own," explained Cynthia, "—on our place at Green Cove, you know. I call it the Workshop, because, you see, it's largely experimental. I think there's a place for the experimental theater in America-don't you, Mr. Trumbell?"

"Cynthia!" begged old Jacob. "Stop talking. Mr. Trumbell and I have some business matters to discuss.

"Very well, Father-though I'm sure Mr. Trumbell would rather talk the New Movement in the Theater—wouldn't you?" she demanded, smiling in a way that might have dazzled a man in good health.

'Quite," said Charles. Mentally he added the word to his list of polite ab-Rather, really and quite! stractions. With such a vocabulary one could move in the best society and feel oneself entirely safe.

"Oh! Here's our tea." The steward had arrived with a trayful of tall glasses in which ice tinkled pleasantly. "Perhaps Mr. Trumbell would prefer a highball. Would you prefer a highball, Mr. Trumhell?

"No, thank you," said Mr. Trumbell. "I never take stimulants."
"Good!" grunted old Jacob.

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"A business man must keep his brain clear, you know, Miss Stadtmuller,' added Charles with equanimity.

"So he must," agreed his host. "Now, in my day-

"Yes, dear," interrupted mly, "Have you ever heard how frit company, Mr. interrupted Cynthia firmly. Father started his fruit-company, Mr. Trumbell? It's so romantic. banana, and immediately the idea came to him; I do hope my play will go well. I've worked so hard over it. I should simply die if anything went wrong.

The president of the National Fruit Company subsided, with a faint sigh, into his chair. It was impossible to talk business in Cynthia's presence. She had a bewildering habit of snatching up one's thought and converting it to her own uses. She completely dominated the conversation, which, though she directed most of her remarks to Charles, was practically a monologue.

The yacht steamed smoothly up the

Sound, skirting the Long Island shore. There was a certain majesty in her assured and effortless progress. The sun shone. The water sparkled in the strong light. The breeze was cool and refreshing. To a man normally constituted, it would have been an experience altogether delightful. To Charles Trumbell it was only a part of the joke, a well-acted and well-set scene in the farce that he was playing, a farce that went on in the secret places of his mind, with Death for an audience.

They reached Green Cove about halfpast five, and went ashore in a motorlaunch. As they climbed the stone stairway leading up from the landing-pier, Charles had his first view of Grovemere, the Stadtmuller home. It was an enormous house, built somewhat on the Spanish style, with an open courtyard separating its two wings. It was covered with white stucco that gleamed out vividly from a cluster of pine trees.

They crossed the lawn and entered the house, Cynthia still talking volubly. "That's the Workshop—that little building beyond the garden there. I do hope you'll let me show it to you."

Old Jacob ponderously lifted his arm. "Cynthia! Go away. I want to talk to Mr. Trumbell myself."

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"Yes, Father. I do hope the electrician has fixed the lights. We're to have a violet spot, you know, striking down on the mountain-side. I must go see—"

She smiled radiantly at Mr. Trumbell and her father, to whom, since the death of her mother some years before, she had presented a wholly inexplicable problem in vivaciousness. The next instant she was gone.

"I guess we can talk now," said old Jacob with a twinkle in his eye.

He led the way through a succession of vast rooms to his private library. There he seated himself in a large leather chair that received his bulk with a protesting groan. Charles sat opposite him.

"Now, young man! What about that

scheme of yours?"
Charles had been preparing himself, ever since morning, for this question.

"It's a plain proposition, Mr. Stadtmuller. The Company must either expand or lose ground. It can't stand still." Old Jacob nodded.

"On the other hand there's no use going after new business till we've secured our present business from danger of competition."

"The Cuban trade would be new business," said Mr. Stadtmuller.

"Yes sir. But the value of going after the Cuban trade is that it will throw the Grant Line off the scent. My suggestion is that we buy the largest grove in Cuba and advertise Cuban grapefruit as a specialty. We ought to make a good deal of fuss about it. The Grant people will be suspicious, but they wont start a war, because citrus fruit is a small item in their trade. They'll be worried about sugar, and for the next year or so they'll watch us like hawks—in Cuba."

"You're right, Trumbell. They will!"
"But they wont watch us anywhere else. Now! Suppose we go ahead and buy up, very quietly, all our present sources of supply—enough, at least, to



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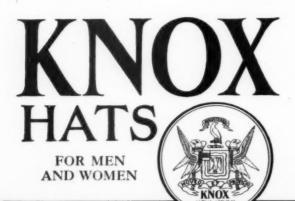
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give us command of our normal business. By that time we'll be established in Havana, and it'll be safe to make a bid for the sugar trade. That will mean competition, but our shipping facilities will be in better shape than theirs-we can organize as we go along, pretending that we see a great future in grapefruit—so that when we do make our bid for sugar, we'll have more to offer than the Grant Line. It ought to be a walk-over."

Mr. Stadtmuller sat motionless for a

moment. Then he leaned forward in his chair, and a broad smile overspread his

"By gad, young man, it's a great idea! I'm going to take it up with the Board. If we decide to adopt it, there'll be something big in it for you. Something big!"

M. R. TRUMBELL was surprised at his own lack of enthusiasm. How small his triumph seemed! Something big in-deed! Nothing that Mr. Stadtmuller could do for him would be big enough to stop that tiny leakage in his heart. He was a man beyond the reach of reward.

"Thank you, Mr. Stadtmuller. Of course I shall be glad to have my services appreciated, but my real interest is in the

Company, and not in myself."
"That's the kind of talk I like to hear,"
rumbled old Jacob. "But you're too valuable a man to be overlooked, Trumbell. I'm glad you spoke to Peebles. It shows that you've got the right stuff in you.'

"I'm happy-" began Mr. Trumbell, but at that moment the door of the library burst open, and the irrepressible Cynthia plunged into the room.
"Oh, Father! What am I going to do?

I shall die.'

What is it, Cynthia?"

"It's Endymion. He's sprained his ankle playing tennis. . . . Oh, Mr. Trumbell, couldn't you be Endymion?"

"Yes," said Charles, quite without reflection.

"Cynthia!", protested her father in despair. "No. You mustn't. Mr. Trumbell has an engagement in town this evening.

"Oh, but he can break it. -You will break it, wont you, Mr. Trumbell?"
"Yes," said Charles recklessly, "-

is, if I can be of any service."
"You can be!" exclaimed Cynthia. "It's impossible to get men in this stupid place. They simply wont do poetic drama. Oh, Mr. Trumbell, you've saved my life."

"Your blood be on your own head, Trumbell," said old Jacob, chuckling.

"Have I your permission, sir?" asked

Charles, somewhat belatedly.
"Permission!" The older man burst into his roaring laugh. "Don't ask me. Ask Cynthia. She gets what she wants in this house. I'm just a piece of the furniture.

"Father! How can you say such a thing! You know I adore you. Come along, Mr. Trumbell. We'll have to start rehearsals at once.'

Charles looked at old Jacob, who waved his hand.

THEY left him sitting in his chair, a sardonic gleam in his gray eye.
"Sometimes I think Father doesn't take me seriously," said Cynthia. delicately mottled pink walls.
"Is there much to learn?" asked

Charles as they entered the dimly lighted

theater.

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"Not for you. Endymion's part is mostly pantomime." She climbed up to the stage, Charles assisting her. As he took her hand, his heart fluttered and then beat madly in his bosom. If he could only forget that he was going to

But he couldn't forget. The thought was fixed in his mind. It was the background against which he moved.

"You're lying here on the mountainside, asleep. Do you see? And in comes The Moon—I'm The Moon—and bends over you. I have a long speech there, in blank verse. Then you wake up—but not till the end of my speech-and fall in love with me."

"How do I do that?" asked Charles

with perfect seriousness.

"Oh, you just look enchanted, you know, and-in love.' "I'm afraid I don't know how!"

"Haven't you ever been in love?" 'Never.

She regarded him in surprise—and with certain ulterior interest. They were sitting on the mountain, side by side. How delightful it was to sit there with a pretty young girl, who was also an heiress, and toss the word love backward and forward like a gleaming ball!

"I've been in love many times," said Cynthia, her chin in her hand, "—not

seriously, you know, but—"
"If I ever fell in love, it would be seriously," announced Charles.

"Would it really?" She glanced up—and away. "Yes, I suppose it would. Your character is sincere, isn't it? I'm awfully good at reading character. I can see that it would be very serious with you, if you ever loved."

M. TRUMBELL was filled with a new daring. A fair vista opened suddenly before him, vague, yet bright with promise. He said calmly:

"It would be serious for the girl—for the trump."

the woman I happened to fall in love with."

"Oh! Really! What would you do?"
"I'd win her, in spite of everything—

against her own will if necessary."
"Oh, Mr. Trumbell! How wonderful!
I should like—I mean—" Miss Stadtmuller became slightly confused. "All the men I know are such children!" she confided impetuously. "They all worship me from a distance—that is, when they do worship me."
"Pah!" said Mr. Trumbell contemptu-

ously. He rose with dignity from the mountain. "Don't you think we'd better go on with the play, Miss Stadtmuller?"

Cynthia gave a little gasp. Then she too sprang up.

"Yes! Let's go on. You wake, you know, and—and look up at me. I—I'm supposed to kiss you," added the poetess almost timidly, "—on the forehead."

"The forehead. Very well. What

else?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes. I vanish be-hind a cloud. That cheesecloth thing is

They walked through the garden to the Workshop, a pretty little building with delicately mottled pink walls. "Is there much to learn?" asked



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the cloud. And you say: 'Alas! Was Woods Underwear Co., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada



it but a dream of love's delight? Or did The Moon lean down from her dark heaven and press her lips upon my rap-tured brow?' That's easy. You can That's easy. learn that in no time. I'll give you a copy of the script. Then Sylvia, a shepherd's daughter, comes in. You're engaged to her, but you've forgotten all about it. The Moon's kiss has made you forget. It's symbolic, you understand. I'm so interested in the symbolic. I think it's fascinating."

"Do I have much to say to Sylvia? "No. I play that part too. And I do most of the talking. All you say is: 'I know you not. As for the troth you speak of, 'tis foreign to my mind. have not seen your face before, nor ever known that hair which you have loosed to bind my heart withal.'

"Then Sylvia goes out, and I come in again as The Moon. You ask me to kiss you once more. I tell you that the second kiss will mean death, and you say: 'Then give me death. Let me go down from sleep into the deeper spell, whose night shall be touched with the silver dower of my dream. For I would rather love The Moon and die, than live forever in a mortal bondage."

"After that, I have another long speech. Then I kiss you, and you die.

And that's the end."

"Yes, that's the end," repeated Charles, with so genuine a melancholy that Cynthia exclaimed: "You feel it! You really feel it, don't you? I'm so

glad! But you mustn't take it too seriously," she added, puzzled by his long face. "It's only a play."

"Quite true. It's only a play," said Charles gayly. "Shall we try it?" They tried it, not once, but several

They tried it, not once, but several times. Was he actually dreaming? He lay on the fabricated mountain-side, with his eyes closed, while a beautiful heiress stole in and kissed his forehead. rose, and addressed to the beautiful heiress such words as he had never spoken to any living creature, much less to a woman. And he had known this woman only two hours-three at the most. Yes, he felt it! He knew what it was to desire the joyous-impossible!

For I would rather love The Moon and die Than live forever in a mortal bondage-

THE audience that gathered to hear Cynthia's poetic drama consisted chiefly of old Jacob and a scattering of personal friends. "There are so few who really understand," said Cynthia. Mr. Trumbell was just as glad. So far as he was concerned, the audience consisted entirely of old Jacob. To him, sitting mountainous in a seat midway the house, Charles spoke his lines. He spoke them seriously and distinctly, and was rewarded by a generous amount of applause. It may be that there was an element of relief in this applause. Cynthia's speeches were, as she had said, long

However, she considered the evening

a complete success, and at the final curtain put out her hands to Charles with exuberant gratitude. "You were splenexuberant gratitude. "You were splen-did, Mr. Trumbell. I can never thank you enough." Old Jacob, not so ex-uberant, nevertheless complimented him. "Fine, fine! Damned if it didn't almost make sense!"

THE next day Charles accompanied Mr. Stadtmuller back to town. The former had given the Company a tenday option on his services, but within a week the Board had met to consider his great idea. It met at ten o'clock Friday morning. At twelve Mr. Stadtmuller sent for him.

"Young man," said old Jacob bluntly, "the Board has voted to adopt your scheme.

"I am pleased, Mr. Stadtmuller," said harles calmly, "—though I can't say Charles calmly, I'm surprised.

"More than that, you have been appointed second vice-president in recognition of your services. The salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year.

Charles smiled his melancholy smile. He had played his joke. He had succeeded beyond his wildest hope. Butit was curious-the farther he carried it, the more petty and inconsequential it seemed. His magnificent pretense was beginning to weigh upon him. He had half a mind to tell old Jacob the whole story, denounce himself as a fraud and walk out of the office forever. That would have been honest, but also it would have been foolish. In this case, perspicacity got the better of honesty.

He replied that he would strive to be worthy of the honor thus unexpectedly

conferred upon him.
"That's all right," said the president.
"You deserve it. Now suppose you come down to Grovemere with me this afternoon and stay the week-end. I want to go over some of the details of the plan with you."

Charles thought of the vivacious Cynthia. He had a vision of her standing on the shore waving her hand to him. How could he have dreamed of telling old Jacob the truth!

"I shall be delighted to go," said Charles. "But I must run uptown and pack a bag."

Mr. Stadtmuller nodded: "Take my car if you like."

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"No, thanks. I'll just jump into a

H^E did not precisely jump into a taxi. That would have been bad for his heart. But he rode uptown in one which he engaged by the hour. Once more that afternoon he went the round of the shops. This time, he bought a suitcase, two pairs of white flannel trousers and a tweed jacket. He also bought a din-ner suit, a black silk tie, black patent leather boots and two soft linen shirts. At four o'clock he was back at the Battery. The taxi-driver carried his suitcase to the yacht, where it was taken in charge by the steward. Charles nodded to the latter.

"Good afternoon. Pleasant day for a

"Yes sir," said the steward, touching his cap.

It seemed to Charles, as he sat at his ease on the Privateer's after-deck, chatting familiarly with Mr. Stadtmuller, that he had always done this sort of thing. The second vice-president thought of the confidential clerk's furtive holidays, of his petty excursions and dissipations. They came to him now as memories from another world. He sup-pressed a sigh. Alas, that all this grandeur was not real! But it could grandeur was not real! But it could not be, in the nature of things, real. Only the knowledge that he was going to die of heart-failure had given to his adventure in presumption the semblance of reality.

Cynthia was unreservedly glad to see him. "How do you do, Mr. Trumbell? How nice of you to come! I'm working on a new play. You must let me tell

you about it.

"Is it poetic, Miss Stadtmuller?" "No. It's realism—stark realism," she replied. "Father! You're not going to take Mr. Trumbell off into that dreadful room of yours and talk business to him, are you?"

"I was," said old Jacob. He looked at the two young people standing before him, and for some obscure reason, smiled grimly. "Tomorrow morning will do, Trumbell. Go ahead and enjoy yourself—if Cynthia will let you."

"Father!" protested the girl. - "You do want to hear about my play, don't you, Mr. Trumbell?"

"Very much indeed," said Charles. "Let's go down to my studio. It's in the Workshop. We wont be disturbed there. I always feel so much more in the mood, somehow, when I'm sitting at my desk.

HEY went down to the studio, which adjoined the theater proper. It was a single large room done in dark paneled oak, with heliotrope curtains at the windows. Cynthia seated herself at her desk. Charles sat on a couch facing her.

"I took you for my theme," she began at once. "I hope you don't mind."
"You took me?" said Charles in

alarm.

"I mean I took your nature—your character. The chief person in my play is a man-a successful man of some sort. Probably a stockbroker-or an engineer! No, I think I'll have him a wholesale plumber. It's more realistic. The point is that he falls desperately in love with a girl whom he meets at a house-party. He has never loved before, and it's very serious with him. threatens to kill the girl if she doesn't marry him at once. She agrees to marry him-through fear, you understand. Afterward—this is my climax—she finds that what she thought was fear was really love. It's psychological, you see, as well as realistic.

"I see," said Mr. Trumbell. "Yes.

"It's an interesting idea, don't you think?"

"Rather!" said Charles.

"The only thing that troubles me is the-the suddenness of it. It all happens in one act, you know, and the difficulty is to make it convincing. Do you think it possible for a man to fall desperately in love at once?



She lacked poise

TWO women at luncheon were en-gaged in conversation. Although they were apparently of the same age, one was more vigorous and well-pre-served. In her every manner were dis-played poise and animation that were noticeably absent in her companion.

The other woman showed that in her mind was constant fear or uneasiness. You might have said, "She was self-conscious". Really she lacked poise.

The two women had been friends in early girlhood. The first woman was the president of a large club; was prominent n many activities; and, in addition, had three children and many household du-ties. She was keen enough to observe her friend's sub-conscious anxiety and worry.

"Why worry over your health?"

"IT SEEMS too bad," she said, ."that you should permit yourself worry over your health, because to my mind it is entirely unnecessary. There is no reason why you There is should not be as vigorous and strong as I am."

The second woman told her that she had observed the many women of her own age who had been obliged to drop their work and who had become semi-invalids.

Said the club president further: "You should by all means take a reasonable amount of exercise. Of course you cannot do any of the strenuous things that as a girl you might have done; but there is no question about the value of dancing, swimming and walking.

"Many women are careless about their diet and the matter of regular sleep. be careful about these things is only common sense.

Feminine hygiene

"But then there is one thing to which many women fail to take heed. I refer to the vital matter of personal cleanliness or feminine hygiene.

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The spirit of daring that had been born in him at their first meeting re-turned now to inspire him. He looked at Miss Stadtmuller and sighed.

"I know it's possible!"

"Oh. Are you sure?"
"Quite."

There was a silence, during which Cynthia sat gazing out of the window, where lifted a wave of green velvet lawn. "How are you sure?" she asked

finally.

Mr. Trumbell reflected.
say it? Why not? Wasn't Should he Why not? Wasn't he going to die of heart-failure? Why should let slip any chance to grasp at life's bright transient glories?

"I'm sure because I-because I have

felt it myself."

"Really, Mr. Trumbell? Are you-But you said, when you were here the other day, that you had never-"That was the other day."

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"Oh! You-you've met some one since then-some one you-

"Yes. Some one I-"You-you're in love!"

Charles raised his head and looked at

"I am! I admit it."

"How perfectly thrilling!" said Cynthia, but her voice had lost its buoyant, chirping note. "Do tell me about her."

"No, said Charles decisively. "Not I'm not ready to tell you about

her-just yet!"

silence.

Cynthia's hands were clasped in her lap. Her head was bent. He could see the long lashes lying on her cheek, the curve of her pert little nose, the slight droop-ing of her mouth, the sweet line of her throat and bosom. Yes, she was adorable. He felt an excitement taking hold of him, but he repressed it. He was not a living man to surrender to his emotions; he was an actor who must control

"Tell me more about your play," he commanded.

She glanced up at him and said rather faintly: "That's really all there is to it. Shall we go back to the house?'

"I think we'd better," said Charles, with just the proper shade of significance. They walked back to the house in

THAT night at dinner Cynthia was more vivacious than ever. The dinner itself was an experience; its elaborate simplicity, the smoothness with which it progressed, the unobtrusive magic by which its various courses appeared, the quiet grandeur of the butler who moved like a well-oiled machine about the table, all served to convert its primitive function into something at once casual and cere-monious. But Charles hardly noticed these details. His mind was occupied with Cynthia and wit's the necessity for controlling his emotions.

After dinner they went into the drawing-room, and Cynthia played the piano. sketchily, but with effect. The talk turned to music and to dancing. "I simply adore the new dances," said Cynthia, smiling up at Charles, who stood leaning gracefully against the piano. "Don't you?

"I've never been able to find time to learn them," said Charles with an inconsequential but tolerant air.

"I'll teach you!" cried Cynthia; and jumping up, she put into immediate operation the electrically equipped machine. "Come on. It's very simple. You just walk to music-

For the next hour Mr. Trumbell strode rhythmically about the room with Miss Stadtmuller in his arms, while old Jacob sat dozing in a chair by the window. It was bad for his heart, Charles knew. He was fearful, at first, that he would drop dead at Cynthia's feet. But he kept on, sustained by ineffable forces, by music and by perfume, by the fragrant contact of that light body pressing against his own. How slender she was, and how sweet to

That night he did not go to bed at once, but sat looking out at the waters of the Sound. There was a white moon, and the world was beautiful. He was strangely affected. He could hardly keep back the tears. How tragic it was to think of leaving this bright stage, of vanishing into the darkness beyond that silver veil!

What would he have known of brightness or of beauty if death had not issued to him its harsh summons? He hardly

knew whether to be sorrowful or glad. He thought of Cynthia. Had he the right to involve her in his great joke? He put the question out of his mind. After all, it was presumptuous to suppose— No. Nothing was presumptuous. He could win her if he put his will to it. There was nothing he couldn't do in the little time left him, if he put his will to it.

He went to bed at last, feeling exhausted. His conscience would have reproached him, but something deeper than conscience, something fundamental in his nature, sustained and encouraged him. "Go ahead! You're right. You deserve whatever you can get," said this deeper something.

He settled himself into the cool sheets of his grand bed and slept, soundly.

The next morning he had a long talk with old Jacob. In the afternoon Cynthia drove him over to Piping Rock to watch a polo-match. He wore his flannel trousers, a pair of white buckskin shoes and his new tweed jacket. His appearance was eminently satisfactory. He had always had a taste for dress, and superficially was not out of place in the fashionable clowd. Cynthia, covertly regarding him, thought him distinguished-looking. He was tall and thin; he carried himself with an air. His face in repose had a certain melancholy that gave interest to his otherwise commonplace features.

As they left the grandstand, she said: "It's all so futile! Don't you think so, Mr. Trumbell?"

What?" asked Charles.

"All this. These people. They have nothing in their lives that's really worth while. Nothing serious."

"I suppose not. But I'm a poor judge, Miss Stadtmuller. You see, I've had to work my way up from the ranks.'

He said this with a show of frankness that was appealing. Cynthia turned to him her brown, triangular little face.

Well, I think it's perfectly splendid of you."

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Thank you."



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"So does Father. He says the nicest things about you—wonderful things." "I'm glad to hear it," said Charles

"I'm glad to hear it," said Charles serenely. "I may want to ask a favor of him of one of these days."

Cynthia did not reply.

That night there was a dance at the yacht-club. Charles went with Cynthia and old Jacob. During the course of the evening the latter introduced him to many people whose names had the sound of names printed in the society columns of a newspaper. He danced several times with Cynthia, but he spent most of the evening on the veranda with old Jacob, talking discreetly of business affairs.

THE following morning, Sunday, he accompanied Mr. Stadtmuller to the church of which old Jacob was sustaining pillar. Cynthia did not appear till noon, and then seemed radiant, but with a new pensiveness in her manner. After a prodigious dinner, the three went out on the Sound in Cynthia's motorboat, which she operated herself. Charles sat beside her on the driving-seat. The day was fine. The breeze blew on their faces and unloosed little strands of Cynthia's strawcolored hair. They talked of matters that seemed profound, though he could not remember afterward what he had said to her or she to him. He could only remember the sense of smooth motion, the prettiness of Cynthia, the light on the water, the wind on his face.

At supper Charles sat facing the broad windows of the dining-room through which drifted the spent fires of sunset. Against one of these windows was cast Cynthia's alert head. The light was on her and about her. She came out of it

continually toward him.

Cynthia, Cynthia! Her name

made a repetition in his ears.

Afterward, when the moon had come up over the tree-crests, he walked out with her to a point of rocks overhanging the Sound. There was a small summerhouse there. They sat down on one of the benches.

"I simply adore this view," confided Cynthia, "especially at night, with the lights going along the shore. But the moon simply dominates them all, doesn't it? It reminds me of Gordon Craig's drawing, "The Lights of London.'"

"Cynthia—" said Mr. Trumbell.
"Doesn't it remind you of Gordon

Craig's-

"Cynthia, listen to me. I love you."
"Oh!" she exclaimed; then, after a long pause, delicious in its uncertainty: "How could you?"

"How couldn't I! You are perfect—you are beautiful—"

"Mr. Trumbell!"

"Don't call me that. I'm not Mr. Trumbell to you. I am—" He hesitated, then said with tender pride: "I am Charlemagne."

"I thought your name was Charles!"

"No. It's Charlemagne."

"Are you descended from him?"
"I believe so," said Mr. Trumbell,

whose notion of Charlemagne was as vague as it was exalted.

"Yes," murmured the girl, "you have the soul of Charlemagne. He—he took what he wanted, didn't he?"

"He did."

Cynthia sighed.

"And I shall do the same."

"But you've only known me a week. You've only seen me twice."

"Tve seen you a thousand times," said Charles with more eloquence than he knew he possessed. "But once was enough. I knew I loved you from the first moment. I knew that you were the one woman on earth for me."

The words sounded familiar. Had he got them out of a magazine? No matter. They were said, and well said, too.

Her hand was lying beside him on the bench. He covered it with his own. Then, somehow, with an ease and suddenness that quite startled him, she was in his arms, and he was kissing her!

Nothing was impossible if he put his

will to it.

"It was me you meant the other afternoon," said Cynthia, looking dimly up at him.

at him.
"Yes," answered Charlemagne. "It was you. You only, Cynthia!"

Sometime later she spoke again.

"No. Not yet. Your father is in the midst of important business matters. I sha'n't speak to him for a while—not till the proper time. You'll leave that to me,

wont you dear?"
"I'll leave everything to you. I think you're simply wonderful," softly cried the

enraptured Cynthia.

NEXT morning Charles was installed with some ceremony as the second vice-president of the National Fruit Company. Late that afternoon he went to consult a heart-specialist.

The heart-specialist was a well-known physician, the most famous in his line. Charles had taken some pains to discover him. He wanted to find out from the best authority just how long he had to live. He wanted to define his sentence, so far as possible, in terms of months and weeks and days. It would make a difference in the length of his engagement to Cynthia.

"How soon am I going to die?" he asked calmly, as the famous physician applied the stethoscope to his breast.

"Die! Who said you were going to die?"

"Who? But I am. I know it. A doctor examined me two weeks ago." Was it only that long? It seemed an age. "He said that my heart was seriously affected—that it might stop beating at any moment."

The specialist looked puzzled. He ap-

plied the stethoscope a second time. He put Charlemagne through a series of tests, "I can't find anything wrong with you,"

he said finally.

"But I'm sure!" cried Mr. Trumbell.
"I had an attack. I was seriously ill!"
"Had you, by chance, eaten anything that didn't agree with you?"

"I ate a piece of mince pie," said Mr.

Trumbell, staring rather wildly. The famous man laughed.

"You had indigestion, like as not. There's absolutely nothing wrong with your heart."

Mr. Trumbell almost collapsed. But there was no reason to collapse. There was no excuse to collapse! He paid the specialist his fee and walked out of the office in a daze. There was a park near by. He wandered into it and sank down

upon a bench.

He wasn't going to die, after all. Then all his acting-his fine gestures-his great joke-good Lord! What had he done? How had he done it? The vice-presidency-Cynthia! It was all false, a lie. He was only a confidential clerk, a nobody. The towering structure of his pretense tottered silently, horribly above him. It would fall and crush him. He couldn't go on with it. He must run away, escape, hide himself. How could he live a whole lifetime-with Cynthia! -knowing that he was a fraud and a sham, knowing that his phenomenal success was due primarily to a piece of mince pie?

Then gradually another thought crept into his mind, a sustaining, glorious thought—the thought that has served through the ages to redeem man's faltering opinion of himself. It came upon him finally like a burst of light.

"It's true, after all! I've really done it. Could I have accomplished those miracles without some inner greatness, without some inner talent for accomplishing them? No! There's only one explanation. I am a genius and didn't know it. I am a great man who has been kept down by circumstances. I am—a child of Destiny!"

He rose from the bench, walked out of the park and magnificently hailed a taxi-

cab.

THAT was ten years ago. Today Charlemagne Trumbell is president of the National Fruit Company, whose monopoly of Central American trade is as complete as it is legitimate, and whose Cuban imports produce a large and ever-increasing revenue. He is one of the important figures of the business world, and of the fashionable world as well, for Cynthia has given up poetic drama for the more generally appreciated drama of social manifestation.

Charlemagne Trumbell, as we have said. is a personality. His friendship is eagerly sought; his opinions are quoted in the newspapers. From time to time respectful reporters come to him for light and information regarding the essentials of a successful business career. His reply is always the same. Pointing to a framed wall-motto that hangs over his desk, he

"Success in business, my dear sir, is contained in three words. Those three words are honesty, industry and perspicacity."

"THE KING OF THE FLOES"

That is the title of Charles G. D. Roberts' animal story in our next, the June, issue. It is such a story as you have never read before. It takes you into the Arctic, and reveals to you the mastery of sea and land held by a monster walrus.



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WITHIN THESE WALLS-

(Continued from page 75)

But the Battle Hymn seemed to harrow the soul of her boy Junior. There were clark secrets back of his eyes. She would fling her arms about him to shut out the Lorelei-call of the bugles that rang through the streets incessantly, to close his eyes to the uniforms that shamed his rivilian clothes. And she would plead:

"Don't leave me, Junior boy; don't leave your poor old mother. I've got a right to keep one son, haven't I? Prom-

me you wont go.

He would pet her and kiss her but never quite give the pledge she implored.

Then one day while Patty was standing at the window and her husband was reading in a newspaper the story of the heroisms and tragedies of his neighbors' sons. Patty cried out:

"Mist' RoBards, look! Come quick!" He ran to her side and peered through

the window.

Below was a youth in uniform cling-

ing to the iron fence, waveringly.
"It's Junior," she cried. "He's in uniform! He's afraid to come in and break

my heart!"

Though RoBards' own heart seemed to feel the grip of a terrible hand, wringing the blood out of it, he caught Patty to him and held her fast as if to hold her heart back to its treadmill duty. He mumbled:

'You're not going to make it too hard

for him?"

 $S^{\,\mathrm{HE}}$ shook her head, but tears were flung about, glittering. Her frowning brows seemed to squeeze her very brain, to compel it to bravery. Then she ran to the washbasin and bathed her eyes. slapped them with cold water, and rouged and powdered her cheeks, straightened herself like a soldier at the command, and said:

Now!"

Then she ran down the stairs, opened the front door and called:

"Come in here, you big beautiful sol-

When Junior shambled up the steps, she clapped her hands and admired:

"My, my, my! How handsome we are! I'll bet the Johnny Rebs will climb over one another to get out of your way."

Junior was fooled by her bravado. He breathed deeply with relief at escaping both her protest and the shame of not going for a soldier. He was young and innocent, but RoBards was old enough to know what abysmal woe filled Patty's soul

On his last night in town, Junior was away for two hours. When he came home, he said he had been at the armory, but he was so labored in his carelessness that Patty laughed:

"Did she cry very hard?"

Junior did not even smile at that.

The next morning Patty rejoined the multitudes that crowded the curbs and waved wet handkerchiefs at the striding soldiery while the high walls of Broad-way shops flung back and forth the squealing fifes and trilling drums and the

ululant horns. Another regiment marched out of Broadway into the gambling-hell where "Courage drew the lot.

Chapter Forty

THERE was cruel humiliation for Ro-Bards in his inability to take a soldier's part in the field. He did what he could on the countless boards, but he longed to be young again and to ride a snorting charger along a line of bayonets. or to shoulder a rifle and jog along the dusty roads to glory in the flaming red breeches and short jacket of a Zouave. The very children were little Zouaves now, in tiny uniforms with tiny weapons.

Yet Harry Chalender, who was no younger than he, and led the most irregular of lives, managed to do the handsome thing-as always. Since California, with no railroads to link it to the East. seemed unlikely to send troops to the war, Chalender left the Golden State, sped around the Horn and appeared in New York.

The first that RoBards knew of this was the flourish in the newspapers:
"With characteristic gallantry and public spirit, Captain Harry Chalender has abandoned his interests in California and come all the way to his native heath to lay his untarnished sword on the altar of his country.

RoBards hated himself for hating Chalender for being so honorable a man: but he could not oust from his heart the bitter thought that Chalender was ren-

dering him one more insult.

Chalender had saved his life, won his wife, married his daughter, surpassed him in every way as a captor of the hearts of women and men, as a breaker of the laws of God and man, and as a public servant and a patriot. And RoBards was bound and gagged and could not protest or denounce except in his own dark heart.

There was scant salve for his hurts in the low groan of wrath from Patty as she flung the paper to the floor:

'If he dares come to our house!" But Chalender, with almost infallible intuition, sent merely a gay little note.

The next day's paper told of his departure as the lieutenant-colonel of a new regiment. Before the regiment reached the front, he was its colonel, owing to the sudden demise of his superior. People died to get out of his way!

The next they knew, he was shot in the throat as he led a magnificent and successful charge. He drew a dirty handkerchief through the red tunnel, remounted and galloped to the head of his line and hurdled the Confederate breastworks as if he were fox-hunting again in Westchester. As soon as possible, he was a brevet brigadier and with uncanny speed a major general of Volunteers. His men adored him, and while other generals rose and fell in a sickening reiteration of disasters, his own command always shone in victory or plucked a laurel from defeat.



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Who was to blame?

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who did know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame?

People don't like to talk Pharmac about halitosis (unpleasant U.S.A.

breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

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So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U.S. A.

For HALITOSIS



use LISTERINE His nickname was "Our Harry" or "Harry of Navarre;" but patriot as Ro-Bards was, he could find no comfort in these triumphs.

To escape from this harrowing irony, Patty and David went up to Tulip-tree, though it kept them longer from the newspapers, and the cata'ogues of killed, wounded and missing which made almost their only reading.

WAR or no war, RoBards found cases to try. There was a mysterious prosperity hard to account for in many businesses. Cases poured in on RoBards. Fees were high. However the tide of battle rolled in the South, the trades of life went on somehow, and petty quarrels over lands and wills and patent rights were fought out as earnestly as ever.

One evening as he set out for the Kensico train, he bought a paper, and found the name he had been looking for every day in the list.

He was benumbed by the blow, and all the way home sat with his elbows on his knees and sagged like a bankrupt in the courts. He could hardly understand what it would mean if his namesake boy should no more be visible upon the earth. He hardly dared to grieve as a father must mourn for a lost son; for he thought of Patty and the necessity for carrying to her the news.

In his heart there was always a great wish that he might never come to her without bringing some gift of flowers, jewels, or at least good cheer. And he was always bringing her sorrow!

But that was marriage, and it could not be escaped. He must try to be a little glad that evil tidings should be carried to her by one who loved her and would share her grief.

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She was scraping lint for the wounded soldiers when he came in as usual with the paper that he always brought home from his office. But there was a look about him, about the way he held the paper, that shook her as if the house were a tocsin smitten with a sledge. Their colloquy was brief:

"Patty!"
"Has it come?"

"Yes, honey!"
"Keith?"
"No."

"Junior!"
"Yes, sweet."
"Wounded?"

"Worse."
"Oh. not dead:

"Oh, not dead?"
"Missing."

This was the bitterest word to hear, for it carried suspense and dreadful possibilities. Was he a captive to suffer the horrors of Southern prison-camps where the jailers starved with the prisoners? Was he lying wounded and perishing slowly under some bush in the enemy's lines? Was he shivering with mortal cold, and no mother to draw a blanket over him? Was he among the unidentified slain?

Days and days dragged by before the papers at last answered their questions. It helped a little then to learn that their boy had died quickly, and had brought honor to the family in the manner of his taking-off.

In a series of bloody charges upon the enemy's breastworks on a hilltop, three successive standard bearers had been killed. The dead were piled up with the writhing wounded, abandoned when the Union troops fell back and gave up the costly effort.

Under a flag of truce they pleaded for the privilege of burying their dead. Deep in the wall of Northern bodies, they found a boy with his blouse buttoned tight about him. A glimpse of bright color caught the eye of the burial party, and his story told itself. Evidently Junior had been shot down with the flag he had tried to plant on the insurmountable barrier. As he writhed and smoth-ered, he had wrenched his bayonet free and sawed the colors from the staff, wrapped them around his body and buttoned his blouse over them to save them from falling into the hands of the

The boy's last hour was somehow made beautiful by the thought of him swathed in the star-dotted blue and the red-and-white stripes twined about him. He had been thinking solemnly, frat .ically, all his last moments, of a flag.

PATTY was not jealous of this mystic rival as she might have been if he had been found with some girl's picture in his hand. For the first time, indeed, the flag became holy to her. In her heart, her son's blood sanctified it, rather than it him.

Her sorrow was hushed in awe for a long while, and her eyes were uplifted in exaltation that was almost exultant. Then suddenly a wall of tears blinded them, and she saw the glory no more, only the pity of her boy.

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And always there was the terror that the next list would carry the name of the other son she had lent to the nation with no security for his return. She had Keith's wife for companion, and they multiplied each other's fears. Patty had the excuse of knowing what havoc there was in war. Frances had the excuse of her condition. She was mothering a child for some future war to take away from her.

When Keith's baby was born, Keith was in the travail of a battle, and the baby was several weeks old before the news reached him that the wife he had not seen for many months had given him a son that he might never see.

Patty made the usual grandmother. fighting vainly for ideas that her daughter-in-law waived as old-fashioned, just as she had driven her mother frantic with her modern and newfangled notions. RoBards understood her mood, for he felt once more the young husband as he leaned over the cradle and bandied foolish baby-words with an infant that retorted in yowls and kicks or with gurglings as inarticulate as a brook's, and as irresistible.

ONE day at his office where he sat behind a breastwork of lawbooks he was ransacking, and glanced up to smile at a photograph of his grandchild, he caught the troubled look of a young man who was reading law in his office. "Well?" he said.

"Begging your pardon, sir, there's a



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young woman outside wants to see you. Says her name is—her name is—is—" Robards snapped at him:

"Well, speak up, man. What's the

terrible name?"
"Mrs. David RoBards, Junior."

This word "Junior" wrenched an old wound open, and RoBards whipped off his glasses shot with instant tears. He snarled less in anger than in anguish:

"What are you saying? My poor boy had no wife."

"So I told her, sir. But she insists he did, and—and—well, hadn't you better see her? I can't seem to get rid of her."

ROBARDS rose with difficulty and Leaning against the rail in the outer office was a vague Madonna with a babe at her frugal breast. RoBards spread his elbows wide to brace himself in the door while he fumbled for his distance glasses.

They brought to his eyes with abrupt sharpness the wistful face of Aletta Lasher as he had seen her perched on the rock in the Tarn of Mystery that day, years gone, when she bemoaned her helpless love for his son.

She came to him now, slowly, sidlingly, with the babe held backward a little as if to keep it from any attack he might make. To verify his wild guesses, he said:

"My clerk must have misunderstood your name. May I ask it?"

"I am Junior's wife. This is his little girl."

"But Junior—my boy Junior—is—"
"I am his widow, sir."
"My dear child, you—he—"

"We were married secretly the day before he marched with his regiment. He was afraid to tell you. I was afraid to come to you, even when I heard of his beautiful death. You had sorrow enough, and so had I. I shouldn't be troubling you now, but I don't seem to get strong enough to go back to work, and the baby—the baby—she doesn't belong to me only. You might not forgive me if I let her die."

The baby laughed at such a word, and flung up two pink fists and two doll's feet in knit socks. It said something in a language that has never been written but has never been misunderstood. The purport of its meaning brought RoBards rushing to its presence. He looked down past the sad eyes of Aletta into the sparkling little eyes of all mischief. The finger he touched the tiny hand with was moistly, warmly clasped by fingers hardly more than grape tendrils.

"Come in," said RoBards. "Let me carry the baby."

He motioned Aletta to the chair where never so strange a client had sat, and questioned her across the squirming armload that pulled his neck-scarf away and beat him about the face as with flowers.

Aletta had brought along her certificate of marriage to prove her honesty, and she told a story of hardships that added the final confirmation, and filled RoBards with respect for her. His daughter had been as brave as his son.

THE upshot of it was that he dared not commit himself, but left his office with the half-starved girl and took her in the carriage—he kept a carriage

now-to St. John's Park to consult his partner in this grandchild.

He left Aletta in the parlor and went up the stairs with the baby. Sometimes when he had a woman for a client, he found it best to put her on the witness stand and let her plead her own case to the jury. So he took the baby along now.

When he entered Patty's room, she was sitting rocking by the window gazing into Nowhere. Her hands held a picture of Junior, and as RoBards paused, he could almost hear the few slow tears of weary

grief drip and strike.

He could find no word, and it was the baby's sudden chortle that startled Patty. She turned, stared, rose, came to him, smiling helplessly at the wriggling giggler. Up went two handlets to buffet her cheeks as she bent to stare. She took the creature from her husband's arms, lifting it till its cheek was soft against her own. For several moments she basked in contentment unvexed by curiosity, before she asked idly:
"And whose baby is this?"

"Yours," said RoBards.

"My baby? What do you mean? Who was it came in with you?

"Your daughter and mine-a new one we didn't know we had. Honey, this is the little daughter of our biessed boy

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While RoBards was resolving her daze into an understanding of the situation, the child was pleading away her resent-ment, her suspicion. Before she knew the truth, she was eager to have it true. She needed just that sort of toy to play with to save her from going mad with age and uselessness.

SHE felt too weak to trust herself to the stairway, and asked RoBards to bring Aletta up. She waited in that great terror with which a mother meets a strange daughter-in-law. But when the girl came into the room, so meek, so pale, so expectant of one more flogging from life as she knew it, Patty, who would have met defiance with defiance. set forth a hand of welcome and drawing the girl close, kissed her.

There were many embarrassing things to say on either side, but before the parley could begin, the baby intervened with the primeval cry for milk. There was no talking in such uproars; and Aletta, noting that RoBards was too stupid to retreat, turned her back on him, and laying the child across her left arm, soon had its anger changed to the first primeval sound of approval.

After a while of pride at the vigorous notes of smacking and gulping, Patty

murmured:

"What's its name?"

"She has no name but Baby," Aletta sighed. "I have been so alone with nobody to advise me that I-I didn't know what to call her.

Patty hardly hesitated before she said with a hypocritical modesty

"I don't think much of 'Patty' for a name, but Mist' RoBards used to like it.' Aletta gasped: "Oh, would you want

my baby to wear your name?

"Your baby is too beautiful for a name I've worn out. But how would you like to call her by the name that was my last name when I was a girl like



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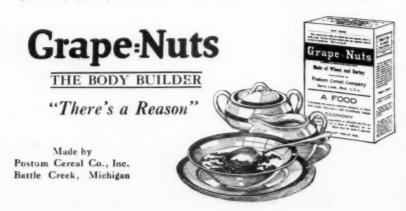
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you? 'Jessamine' is right pretty, don't you think?"

"Jessamine RoBards!" Aletta sighed in a luxury, and added with a quaint bookishness: "It's another term for Jasmine. I had a little jasmine plant at home, and oh, but it was sweet, so fragrant! My poor mother always said it was her favorite perfume. She used almost to smile when it was in bloom."

This mention of her mother, their neighbor once so despised, since so dreaded, gave Patty and David a moment's shudder. But only a moment's, for the little pink link that united the Lasher with the RoBards stock, as if accepting the name she had waited for so long, began to crow and wave her arms in all the satisfaction of being replete with the warm white wine of a young mother's breast.

And the grandparents embraced each other and their new daughter as they meditated the supine quadruped that filled their lonely house with unsyllabled laughter.

When later Mrs. Keith RoBards came round to call with her son, Patty had such important news to teil her, that Keith Junior's nose would have been put out of joint if it had been long enough to have a joint.

In gratifying contrast with Frances' autocratic motherhood, Aletta was so ignorant, or tactfully pretended to be, and so used to being bullied, so glad of any kindness, that Patty took entire command of the fresh jasmine-flower and was less a grandmother than a miraculously youthful mother—for a while, for a respite-while before the world renewed the assaults it never ceases long to make upon the happiness of every one of its prisoners.

Chapter Forty-one

TOWARD the last of the war, RoBards noted that Patty was forever holding one hand to her heart. He assumed that it was because a canker of terror was always gnawing there for Keith, always wandering somewhere through the shell-torn fields where bullets whistled, or braving the devils of disease.

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But once when she was reading to her husband about the unending siege of Petersburg, where the last heroes of the South were being slowly brayed to dust, a little shriek broke from her.

"What's that?" cried RoBards.

"Nothing! Nothing much!" she gasped, but when he knelt by her side, she dropped across his shoulder, broken with the terrible power of sympathy, and sobbed:

"Mist' RoBards, I'm afraid!"

RoBards compelled her to go with him to consult an eminent surgeon. She endured his professional scrutiny, his rude caresses. At last he spoke with a dreadful kindliness and did not rebuke her as of old, for indiscretions or neglects. He told her that there was trouble within that needed attention as soon as she was a little stronger. She smiled wanly, and went out to the waiting carriage.

To RoBards, who lingered for a last word, Dr. Magnin whispered: "Don't tell her. It's cancer!"

If death could have come to him from fright, RoBards would have died then. He toppled as if he had been smitten

with the back of a broadsword.

He fought his panic down lest Patty
be alarmed. He wrestled with the mouthmuscles that wanted to scream protests and howl, and he made them smile when he went out and sank in the carriage beside her and told the driver "Home! as one might say "To the Inquisition!

AFTER a dreadful delay, there was a more dreadful operation, and once more RoBards blessed the names of Morton, Jackson and Walls for the sleep of anesthesia they gave his beloved during the nightmare. But only for a while, since the pain, after a brief frustration, flowed back like a dammed river when the dam

When he demanded more of the drug, the physician protested: "We must not be careless. It is a habit-forming drug.

you know.

But pain was a habit-forming poison, The operation was too late to do more than prolong the day of execution. The doctor, weary of the spectacle of Patty's woe, gave the drug recklessly. It had passed the point of mattering whether it were habit-forming or not.

From Patty's blanched, writhen lips, between gnashing teeth, slipped the words: "Honey, it's a punishment on me for

wickedness."

"No, no, no! What wickedness have

you ever done?"

"Oh, you know well enough. You cried hard enough once. And there have been so many cruel things I have done, so many mean. evil thoughts, so many little goodnesses I put off. God is remembering those things against me.

He can never forgive me, I suppose. But you do-don't you, honey?

forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive you for. You have been my angel always. adore you."

She clenched his hand with gratitude and then she wrung it as a throe wrung her.

Patty suffered most perhaps because of the flight of her beauty before the ravages of her enemy. But underneath the mask of her pain. RoBards could always see the pretty thing she was when she was a bride asleep against his shoulder on the long drive up to Tulip-tree Farm. And when at last they let her go back there to escape the noise of the city, he rode beside her, again behind slow-trotting horses. But now they were in an ambulance lent them by one of the military hospitals.

They were far longer now in getting out of the city into the green, for the city had flowed outward and outward in a tide that never ebbed, never surrendered

what fields it claimed.

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But as the last of the city grew back

into the distance, she sighed wearily: "Good-by, New York. I always loved you. I'll never see you again.'

Chapter Forty-two

THE old house gathered her in and comforted her for a while. But chiefly it comforted her because it let



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her cry out without fear of notice from the passers-by in the street or the neighbors in St. John's Park.

And there she abode until the war was over, and the troops came home, saddened in their triumph by the final sacrifice of Lincoln.

When the regiment whose colonel was Keith flowed up Broadway, Patty was not there to run out and kiss his hand as she would have done if she could have seen him on his horse with his epaulets twinkling on his shoulders, and his sword clinking against his thigh.

His father watched him from a window, and then hurried up side-streets to meet and embrace him when he was free of his soldiers. RoBards had to wait, of course, until he had hugged his wife and tossed aloft the child he saw now for the first time. Then the author of all this grandeur came meekly forward and felt small and old and foolish in the great arms of this famous officer.

"Where's Mother?" Keith cried.
"Up at the farm," answered his father. "Why couldn't she have come down to meet me?'

"She's-not so very well recently."

Keith's pique turned to alarm. knew his mother, and he knew that nothing light could have kept her from this hour. But Frances turned his thoughts aside with hasty chatter, and dragged him home.

The next day he obtained leave from the formalities of the muster-out, and was ready for a journey to Kensico. His father, who had to be in town for his business' sake and to gain new strength for Patty's needs, went with him to the station.

Quietly, since it was an old, old story to him, RoBards told him the truth, and Keith wrung his hands to keep from startling the passengers in the crowded car with the mad gestures of protest he would else have flung out. He wanted to charge the clouds and battle in his mother's behalf.

But when he entered her room, he was as brave and calm as at a dress parade. He smiled and caressed and spoke flatteries that cut his throat and burned his lips. He would not return to Frances and his son, but sent for them to come to him and established himself in the nearest room to his mother's.

PATTY'S famous hair was her only remaining pride, the heirloom from the brushed and coiled it and wrapped it in strange designs about her little head. She would fondle it as if it were a fairy turban, a scarf of strange silk. Even in her bitterest paroxysms, she would not tear at her hair. The nurse would braid it and draw two long cables down her shoulders and praise it, and Patty would nod and brag a little, saying:
"It's nice, isn't it?"

The fate that took away every other comfort and beauty and every last luxury spared her tresses. They had not even turned white except for certain little streaks-a fine line of silver here and there that glistened like the threads of the dome-spider's gossamer shining in the morning dew when the sunbeams just rake the ground.

you get it



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She would lay her hair against her cheeks and against her lips, and she would hold it up to RoBards to kiss, and laugh a wild little laugh. Then she would forget it in another call to martyrdom.

Her bravery astounded him and her brave son. Sometimes she would seem to be whispering something to herself, and RoBards would bend down to catch the words. Usually she was crooning that song:

"We-e-eave no mo-ore silks, ye Ly-yons loo-ooms

To deck our girls for ga-ay delights-"

One night when he had fallen asleep from sheer fag, drained like an emptied reservoir, RoBards was awakened by her seizure upon his arm. The lamp had gone out; the dawn was stealing in. Patty was babbling:

"I can't stand it any more. Not another day! O God, not another day! Don't ask me that, dear God!"

He tried to soothe her, but in vain. Her eyes stared through him and past him for a while. Then their blurred gaze slowly focused upon him. She nodded in recognition and talked to him, not to God.

"I'd ask you to give me a knife or a pistol or something to kill myself with, but I'm afraid. But oh, if only somebody would love me enough to kill me! No, I don't mean that. You would, if I asked you. You'd go to hell for me forever. I know you, Mist' RoBards—Davie. You would, wouldn't you?"
"Yes."

THEN she forgot her thoughts, her theology, her hopes, in the utter absorption of her soul in her body's desperation. She was intensely busy with being crucified.

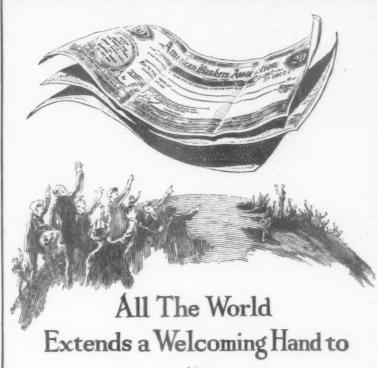
RoBards suddenly realized that an opportunity was offered him to cure this empitied sufferer. A choice that had long been before him was only now disclosed to his clouded soul. He wondered at his long delay in recognizing how simple a remedy there was for the disease called life.

He did not know that his son Keith had risen from his bed, and stolen from his room to pace the hall outside his mother's door. He did not know that Keith had been eavesdropping upon this sacred communion of theirs.

Keith was a soldier. He had been killing his fellow-Americans in great numbers for their own sakes and their country's. He had been leading his own beloved men into traps of death and had acquired a godlike calm in the presence of multitudinous agonies.

He too, when he heard Patty's appeal for release, wondered why he had been so dull and so slow, so unmerciful through brutish stupidity. He could save both his mother and his father by one brief gesture. Yet he shrank from it, fought within himself a war of loves and duties. Then he heard his mother's wailing again, and he set his teeth together hercely, laid his hand upon the knob, turned it softly, and softly thrust the door ajar.

The conclusion of this, the most impressive and unusual novel printed in years, will appear in the forthcoming June issue.





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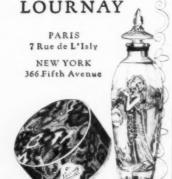
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appearance of the contraction of

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THE SPRING MOUSE

(Continued from page 51)

of the player's injured hand. Most of the players were at morning batting practice, but a few, headed by Peewee Patterson, were hiking along the railroad Parallel with the railroad ran a deep gulch, and on the other side was the State highway leading up from the city.

The morning motor-stage, loaded with baggage and passengers, whipped around a curve at forty miles an hour. The yellow-coated monster of the road was behind schedule and trying to make up time.

The little group of ball-players watched intently.

"Good night!" said Peewee. guy aint waiting for anything! I wouldn't come down that grade like that on a bet. Lucky thing he's got the road to himself."

Ferguson spoke up sharply.

"Well, he hasn't. There's a hay-wagon comin' upgrade around that next turn. Dollar The road's all wet there too! says he don't make it! Who wants it?

But the bet was never taken. The thing happened too quickly. Even as they watched breathless, the heavy stage flashed around the curve and the driver beheld his danger too late. There was a shriek of brakes. Tires spun futilely in the soft mud. The stage described two drunken circles, and careened toward the edge of the cliff. There it clung a moment, with the rear wheels eating into crumbling rock. Then with a crash, heard clear back at the hotel, the yellow monster began its forty-foot tail-dive to the bottom of the gully.

Peewee Patterson, field leader of the Wolves, was the first to shake off paralysis. He singled out Rube Ferguson, fastest runner in the league.

Beat it!" he yelled. "Back to the ho-Men and machines-quick. for doctors! We'll get 'em up the best we can!"

LED by Peewee, the rescue-party scram-bled toward the scene of disaster. Ferguson disappeared up the road, his flying feet sounding the pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, of the trained sprinter. White of face and breathless, the outfielder reached the hotel grounds. The first person he saw was Miss Mouse, who was cutting flowers for the dining-room.

"Fire bell!" he panted. "Ring the fire bell! Call everybody! Phone for doctors! Where's Blinker? Hell of a wreck in the cañon, sister! Now, don't faint! We need a doctor, and we want one

quick!"

He leaped up the stairs, grabbed at a rope, and sounded the fire-alarm. That brought everybody, including a stream of uniformed ball-players, hurrying from the field. Rube gasped out his explanations, and while both hotel busses were being rushed from the garage. Dick Layton, hotel manager, glued himself to the telephone in a persistent appeal for doctors. The first bus made its appearance. The excited Ferguson shouted directions.

Miss Morris appeared at the side of

the van. Her face was white, but she was

by far the coolest and most collected of them all.

"Mr. Burke's medicine-chest is locked." said she, addressing Rube. "I'll probably need his instruments. You'd better break it open.

Rube didn't understand.

"You'll need his instruments? the devil do you want with them?"
"Don't waste time," she answered.

'Just open that medicine-chest. Quick.'

Her tone compelled obedience. plunged into Blinker's cottage and came back staggering under the weight of a heavy wooden cabinet. He heaved it into the bus.

"Break it open later," he blurted ome on, everybody! Hurry it up "Come on, everybody! Climb on the seat, sister! Get aboard. gang! Let's go!"

TRULY, the services of everyone were needed. Patterson and his comrades had hauled most of the injured out of the gully, and they were stretched under a clump of willows. The midget hurried toward Ferguson.

"Y'get a doctor? Three men pinned under the front seats. The bunch of you get down there quick! Hell of a time for Blinker to be away! There's a little girl badly hurt. Couldn't you get no doctor?

Rube indicated Rosalie with a jerk of his thumb. Miss Morris was rolling up her sleeves. She motioned quietly to Ferguson.

"Now, if you'll open the chest, please. Thank you. Take the cushions right out, and lay them on the ground. That's it! Now, Mr. Patterson, if you'll just lead the way, please-

Peewee blinked faster than Doc' had ever done, but he was a smart ball-player He led Blinker's substitute toward the clump of willows where the moans of men and the hysterical screams of women testified to the immediate need of medical attention.

"Kid over there with both arms busted," he told Miss Morris. "Three women knocked cold, and everybody else yellin'. Blinker will hang himself for vellin'. missing this!

Miss Morris bent swiftly over the nearest sufferer, passed quickly on to the second, and stopped to kneel by the side of a third. With swift surety she fashioned the first tourniquet. Peewee Patterson gasped.

Brick McGovern's men knew a star when they saw one, even if it was shining in a game different from that to which they were accustomed. Without hesitation they obeyed her every command, and never did doctor have such earnest if amazed assistants. nimbleness with which white fingers applied crude splints and emergency bandages, in the calmness with which she directed the removal of one after another to the waiting busses, ball-players recognized the trained physician.

"I'll say this girl knows her eggs and coffee," whispered Rube Ferguson. "Blinker would have gummed it all up."

"Right," said Peewee. "Well, we learn somethin' new every day. Give me a hand on that fat guy, and we'll boost him in."

GRADUALLY hysteria and confusion abated as makeshift ambulances conveyed the injured to the hotel. Miss Morris rode in on the last trip. Her white dress looked like a butcher's apron; her small hands were hideously scarlet; her body drooped with exhaustion. A meadow lark whistled from a near-by orchard. Miss Morris smiled bitterly.

No physicians had yet arrived-only an undertaker, who was astonished to find that his services were not needed. Motor accidents are sometimes miraculous affairs. But if Death had been cheated, there was none the less suffering. Blinker's quarters Miss Morris again assumed full charge. Work was done there that could not have been performed in the field. On the rubbing-table, stained with the sweat of baseball flesh, two bankers and three lawyers found surcease from pain, and expressed their thanks to a white-lipped girl. Just as the last vic-tim had been conveyed to a comfortable room, and Miss Morris had disappeared, an automobile flashed into the hotel road at fifty miles an hour. It carried the missing Blinker and four doctors. Doc' had understood that the whole team was killed. When he saw them all, safe and sound, staring at him from the hotel porch, he broke down and blubbered like a child. Then his professional instincts came to his aid, and he followed fast on the heels of the medical brigade. Whereupon he got his second shock, for everybody was talking about Miss Morris. He thought they were kidding him at first, but an apoplectic banker convinced him otherwise.

"Hell's fire!" exploded the financier.
"If she's a waitress, I'm a ball-player!
She's a miracle, that's what she is! Best
damn surgeon in nineteen counties!
What's her name?"

Peewee Patterson tried to think of it, but he was still dazed. So were all the

"She's 'Miss Mouse,'" said Rube Ferguson. "That's all I know. "She had a bum shoulder, and Blinker fixed it."

Here, however, Manager Layton came to their rescue.

"She was here as a guest for a while, but I guess she ran out of funds. Offered to work as a waitress, and I needed extra help because the boys were comin' up. Her name is Morris—Rosalie Morris."

Dr. Stacey Haviland, head of St. Mary's Hospital, heard this explanation and threw up his hands.

"Rosalie Morris? Good Lord! Has she been waiting on table up here? I told the poor child to go to the country, and listen to the vobins singing, and watch the flowers bloom. That's what she needed. Most promising surgeon I ever knew, but too many charity cases—far too many! Heart too big, and hands too small. Bad work for a woman. Where is she?"

Ah, that was the question! Where was "Miss Mouse?" The whole ball-club joined in the search, but in vain. They became alarmed. Rosalie was not in her

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room, nor with any ot the patients whom she had helped.

Peewee Patterson appealed to Doc' linker. The trainer was alone in his Blinker. cottage, sitting on the rubbing-table, head down, eyes fixed vacantly on the floor.

"Miss Mouse has beat it again," said e midget. "Maybe she's out of her the midget. head! You know how dames are after everything's over. You brought her back once, Doc'! You cured her before! If it hadn't been for you, she wouldn't have been here.

Peewee Patterson was certainly a smart ball-player! Doc' Blinker came out of his dejection with a jump.

"Divide the club into four squads," he directed. "Send one up each side of the creek, and the others toward the hills. I'll scout along the railroad track. Lotta life now, everybody! Lotta pep!" He jumped for the door and dis-

appeared.

NOON came, and for the first time in training-camp history, not a ballplayer showed up. The afternoon shad-ows descended the hills, and still the search continued.

Put it down in the record book that no one ever found Doctor Rosalie Morris. But late in the afternoon, down in an abandoned apple orchard, Brick McGovern's trainer came across just a girl. She was lying prone upon the ground, her face buried in a clump of neglected clover. He thought for an instant she was dead, and the blood drained from his face. But a moment later he saw the convulsive twitching of small shoulders, and knew that she was sobbing. At his approach, she sat up, and—fluffed her hair.

"Go way!" she called. Blinker grinned in relief. Those were almost the words she had used when he followed her the first time. He tried the original tactics:

Come on back to camp. Forget it! I'm the one that ought to be jumping the club, not you! The gang will be laughing at me all season. You showed me up something awful, but I guess it was coming to me. Come on back now, and let the boys see what a real doc' looks like!

The girl continued to sit there, her body crumpled like a wilted flower.

"I-I wont go back," she sobbed. "I-I don't want to be a doctor. Be one yourself! It's spring, and everything's

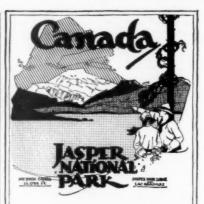
spoiled. Please go way!"
"H'm!" said Blinker. "Don't chase
me away. I need adjusting worse than you do: no home, no real friends, nobody that understands or cares. You see, it's like this-

No use talking, Doc' was a pretty good trainer, after all! No sooner had he told his story, than Miss Morris softly related hers. Blinker waited patiently until the recital was concluded.

"The boys were so human," explained Miss Morris, "and I was almost one of them. You don't know what it meant.

"You know," said Blinker, "when Tom Baker and I were in town today, I wasn't thinking much about his bum hand. I ducked him once and sneaked into a candy store. Not much, of course, but I didn't know what else to bring you.

He withdrew from a coat-pocket a



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box of chocolates, and handed them over. "For me!" whispered Miss Morris.

"Did you really get them for me?"
"Well," said Doc', "I hope you don't think I'd buy candy for Rube Ferguson!"

Miss Morris recognized the logic in that answer. She dried her eyes, and began to unfasten the package. Blinker stared thoughtfully at the hills now turning from

green to lavender.

"Swell place for one of those highclass health-farms," he commented.
"Make money, too! I got a little saved up. I could put business men into fine shape. If you didn't want to doctor up, why-you could do the cookin'. We'd come down into this old orchard once in a while-

Miss Morris turned scarlet.

"I don't know what you're talking

about!" she protested.
"Well," he answered, "you just come on back to camp and I'll explain. Don't argue!" he grinned. "You're not going to jump this club while I'm training it. Hurry it up, or we'll be late for supper!"

He turned his back, and once more Miss Mouse beheld Destiny, in the form of a base-ball trainer, striding off-this time with something more precious than her suitcase. Hesitating only a moment, she followed on the trail of Doc' Blinker.

IT was evening at Laureldale, and Brick McGovern's training-camp had been restored to normalcy. Lefty Williams, wild with excitement, bounced into the club-

house and interrupted a poker-game. "Say," he hissed. "Doc's got a new adjustment!"

"Can't be done," said Truck Darrow. "Go on with the game. Who's bettin'?" Lefty Williams banged the table with his fist.

"I tell you Doc's got a new adjust-ment," he insisted. "This is the best yet. It's on the heart. Him and Miss Morris are sittin' in a hammock on the side porch, and you can see 'em through Dick Layton's window. Now, don't make too much noise."

There was a sudden overturning of chairs and a general rush for the door. Peewee Patterson flung himself in their path, and barred the exit. The little infielder, grinned sheepishly but stood his ground.

"No, you don't," he told them. good sports, and let 'em alone!"

They debated the matter earnestly, and finally concluded that Peewee was right. "Well," sighed Rube Ferguson, "any

objection if we sing?"
"Go to it!" said Peewee. "I'll help."

So they sang, loudly and with all the discord for which McGovern's club was notorious. Their voices welled up in a familiar chorus:

> Oh, a trainer in spring Is a wonderful thing! Tra-la-la-la Tra-la-la-la!

They sang so loudly and with such persistence that Brick McGovern came over from the hotel and chased them all to bed. But even Brick couldn't hush the triumphant frog chorus in the creek, nor muzzle the joyous coyotes in the hills, nor restrain the spring moon from beaming as it looked down on Laureldale.



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THE LOST

on her right hand and on her left, up the platform and, as Mr. Raincoat first despairingly watched and then frantically followed, up to and into a cab. The cab started. Mr. Raincoat flung himself into the next behind. In the exact words, but with faultier articulation, of every properly brought up detective of fiction, "Follow fuff that cab fuff," cried Mr. Raincoat. "Don't luff it—don't loof it. Fluff it. Follow it!"

He fell into the cab. It swooped away in pursuit. He stretched his head from the window and directed the driver with agonized calls of "There!" "Now!" "Quick!" "Stop!" "Left!" "Right!" and thus continued until bade by the overwrought driver to shut his blistered head and put it back in the blistered cab. The unhappy man did so, and put his ridiculous muffin on it and bowed it between his hands in woe. Turnings, twistings stoppings startings.

twistings, stoppings, startings.
At last a definite stop! The courtyard of a hotel; the massive lady and the thin, sharp lady disappearing within the revolving screen door. Mr. Rain-coat swooped after them. In his agitation he trotted two complete circles within the revolving glass wings-at the third round being forcibly plucked out by the hall porter! He reeled giddily to where he discerned the massive lady at the reception-office. She booked a room. He booked a room. She turned. He turned. He was upon her very heels. The fatuous muffin off again. A moment lost in recovering it. The massive lady snatched before his very eyes and whirled as it were in a fiery chariot to heavenactually in a brilliantly illuminated lift, to the upper regions! The gates slammed ironically in his face. Exhausted, he leaned against a pillar for support; and exhausted, the author may also be permitted to pause while gathering up himself and Mr. Raincoat for the next and final upheaval.

THIS final headlong rush which transports the afflicted and now starving gentleman into paths criminal and fugitive was enacted within the brief compass of fourteen minutes on the following morning, the starting gate being raised at nine A. M. precisely.

The residue of the previous morning, the entire afternoon and the whole of the evening Mr. Raincoat occupied in wandering miserably about the hotel corridors or hanging forlornly around the entrance in search of the massive lady. Fruitlessly! Driven at last to bed by the suspicious eyes which his strange conduct caused to be directed on him by every member of the hotel staff, his distorted mind,—enervated by the repulsive paps on which the absence of his complete upper denture caused him to endeavor to keep body and soul together.—his distorted mind almost convinced him that the lift had snatched the massive lady, if not to heaven, at least clean through the roof, and heaven alone knew where beyond.

The distressing reflection-tortured by

DENTURE

(Continued from page 88)

sleepless night almost to a convictionwas present in his mind as in the morning he dressed, sucked down a pap breakfast and, forewarned by previous experience, paid his bill and placed his muffin on his bag near the entrance in readiness lest sudden and wild pursuit should again be his portion.

Nine o'clock precisely removed the agonizing apprehension. At the very tick of that hour, he saw her, and immediately entered upon the fourteen crowded minutes foreshadowed above.

Glooming along a corridor in his perpetual search, he suddenly observed the massive lady emerge from a bedroom, and while he stood overcome, pass away out of sight toward the lift. She wore no hat. She carried no bag. Mr. Raincoat sped to the door she had left. sciousness of guilt-of felonious intention -caused him to go on tiptoe. its brass number-label attached, was in the lock, but not turned. The door opened at his pressure.

He stepped within. A small table was immediately beside him. One glance, and there shot through him a tumultuous surge of joy almost painful in its ecstasy.

THERE on the table lay the massive lady's bag. There beside the bag, like a red and white butterfly fluttered out of prison, lay his teeth, his idols, his complete upper denture, his darling!

With the broken little cry of a mother restored to her child, he clasped the plate in his hand and to his bosom.

Simultaneously there was a step on the threshold, an opening of the door.

Time, nine-two.

Like a flash Mr. Raincoat slipped his teeth, his idols, his complete upper denture, his darling, into his trouser pocket. Like another flash he stepped behind the

The massive lady sailed in. Mr. Raincoat sailed out. She screamed. pulled to the door-locked it! Swooped for the stairs, swooped for his muffin, swooped for his bag! Swooped two com-plete circuits of the infernal revolving door, swooped out! Swooped across to Euston station, swooped in.

Time, nine-five.

A notice-board before a booking-office informed him that the Scotch Express departed from No. 12 platform at nineten. Mr. Raincoat swooped to the tickethole. A passenger before him said Oban." Mr. Raincoat said "Fofan, "Oban." Mr. Raincoat said "Fotan, Foban." and plunged down the money. Swooped to No. 12 platform! Swooped into the train! Some one shouted, "First stop, Carlisle," and slammed the door behind him. The train moved off.

Time: nine-ten and one-half.

Mr. Raincoat, falling onto a seat, had one momentary thought of his home and his business, already unduly neglected, in far-away Bristol. "First stop, Carlisle!" He gave a delirious laugh. He did not care tuppence if the first stop were Jerusalem. Had he not in his pocketoh, glorious emotion!-his teeth, his idols, his complete upper denture, his darling?



Treasures You Never Can Replace

A cherished silver heirloom - would you scour it with grit? Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning-and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now-one that does not scratch or scour—and avoid years of regret later on.

Colgate's Cleans Teeth The Right Way "Washes" and Polishes-Doesn't Scratch or Scour

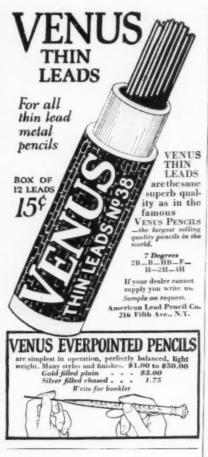
Impartial investigation recently made shows Colgate's is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture









Wintergreenthat appealing enticing flavor—a taste that lingers on and on—its use is

"a sensible habit"

Quiets the nerves



Intoxicated with the reaction, he sprang to his feet and strode down the corridor to the restaurant car. He ordered breakfast—a steak, two steaks. Back in a minute.

Time, nine-fourteen. The psychological moment.

Mr. Raincoat stepped back to the corridor. It was deserted. There was given to him—as there is given to too few of us—the time and the place and the loved one altogether.

He slipped a trembling hand into his pocket and drew his loved one, his complete upper denture, from it.

An ineffable smile beatified his face.

He opened his mouth.

He slipped his complete upper denture to its resting-place.

The ineffable look changed to a horrible look.

The complete upper denture did not fit, by miles.

They were not his teeth. They were the massive lady's teeth. It was not his complete upper denture. It was her complete upper denture.

With a loud and exceeding bitter cry, Mr. Raincoat snatched it from his mouth and hurled it through the open window.

On, on to far Carlisle sped the train! Come away. . . . Leave him.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

(Continued from page 69)

thoughtfully shake that grizzled old head of his.

"He was an idealist—that young Ballinger—with a sentimental turn you wouldn't look for in a scientist. Just a reckless, ambitious youth—very much in love. Marippu was the last place in the world he should have ventured into. As it was, he almost left his bones there, along with Parker and Judson. As for all those astronomical contraptions which had to be abandoned when we took to flight!" Cootes shrugged his shoulders with grim expressiveness. "I suppose that somewhere back in the heart of the island all that stuff has been made mincemeat of, enshrined to tribal gods, or is being worn as charms against demon spirits."

"But that girl!" Cootes paused and fell into revery. Presently he spoke up

again.

"I could see that she had the worst sort of crush on Ballinger. She thoroughly understood the peril of the situation which he was inclined to take so lightly. Her one thought, of course, was to save him—at any cost to herself. She was off that day for hours, scouting and reconnoitering—spying upon her own people, in plain words: and when she came back to camp with her news, there was but one thing to do—retreat to the coast at once.

"BUT Ballinger wouldn't hear of it. Not while that black dot clung to the sun, which it was going to do for a couple of hours yet. He took me into that shack—it was like a furnace, in which the very air seemed to have been boiled away—and let me see for myself. There it was—a mere insignificant speck against that dazzling ball of light—and all that distance across it yet to crawl. No, they wouldn't budge from their job, let the risk be what it might.

"I must say, I liked their grit. They held to it—two mortal hours that seemed like all eternity. Then back into that bake-oven of a place, with clocks ticking and other queer things clacking, around that big brass tube pointed at the sky. I was of no use there. I went out and loaded all four rifles, and waited—waited and wondered when the attack would come.

"Mercifully, it didn't come for a while.

The Rajah, crafty old rascal, almost overreached himself in the timing of his onslaught. It gave us the narrowest sort of margin. At last that confounded transit was over, and I instantly took command. 'Abandon everything,' I said to Ballinger. 'We've got to make a dash for it at once —you know it's twelve good long miles to the coast.'

"'But we can't start yet,' he objected. 'We've got to wait until the last of Parker's films are developed and dried. Otherwise they'll be ruined.'

"I was fairly stumped at that. But, of course, those delicate films, once out of their hermetically sealed cans and exposed in that damp warm atmosphere, had to be developed at once. And so, hanged if we didn't wait—more precious and very likely fatal moments—while those flimsy negatives flapped from a bush.

MEANWHILE Ayanna was a study. She knew better than any of us just how thin a thread our lives hung on. And those cutthroat cousins of hers wouldn't bother to spare her in the general clean-She crouched there on her heels watching Ballinger as if he were a young god, as if nothing mattered but his obscure and incomprehensible wishes. believe she would have stuck there without a murmur until she got a spear-thrust through the back, so long as Ballinger chose to wait. She never looked at me, nervously fiddling with those rifles, giving last-minute instructions to Parker and Judson-scared enough by this time-and coaching them as to that precipitate plunge into the forest we were about to make, with all Marippu after our heads. No, she watched Ballinger with a fixed and doglike devotion-and he intent upon nothing but those strips of film drying upon the bush.

"And there were still other things to do. Ballinger, with true British stubbornness, insisted on saving the big lens of the telescope and his precious sidereal clocks. He'd be hanged if he'd stand for that savage crew making a clean sweep of everything. And so we unscrewed and packed that heavy glass in cotton batting, handling it like a newborn babe. But most important, of course, were those films. Long months of labor were represented by them, and all the scientific

world was waiting. They were ready at last, packed in a carrying-case.

"No matter what we have to throw away in a pinch, this at any cost must come through safe,' said Ballinger. He was deadly serious now, confronting this last responsibility. 'I'll take it,' volunteered Judson, and Parker promptly spoke up: 'No, let me.' Ballinger, gravely debating, turned to me. 'You understand, Cootes, the success of our whole expedition hangs on getting this back to civilization!' And he clutched that tribute to the great Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse as if it were dearer than his life.

"'Very well,' I answered. 'In that case,' give it to Ayanna.' All three of them looked at me a little bewildered. 'I mean it,' I said shortly. 'If we get out of this mess with whole skins, it will be due to Ayanna's strategy in finding a new trail for us to the coast. If only one of us comes out alive, it will be she. Give it to her.'

"Ballinger handed it over, while I spoke to her in her own tongue. It was priceless, I told her, dearer to the white man than his own life. It must reach the coast at any cost. And kneeling there, I could see her eyes flash as she reached up and took the case from Ballinger. It was as if he had given his heart and soul into her keeping.

"'And now, Ayanna, we're ready,' I said. At once she was on her feet, and gliding ahead into the bush. We plunged in after her, as stealthily as we could—plunged into a veritable mesh of choked and chaotic vegetation. It closed over us, swallowed us up; and we floundered on, all sense of distance and direction gone, with only Ayanna's primitive instinct to lead the way. A blind and desperate business, you can imagine. Dusk fell, and our fears of ambush increased. For all we knew, at the very next step we might walk into a volley of spearheads. Our trust was solely in that girl, gliding ahead of us, graceful and sinuous as a snake in that tortuous, infernal labyrinth, while the four of us stumblingly followed.

"IT was rough going, in the stark darkness. Twisted vines and contorted low-hanging branches of trees would be suddenly in our very faces, looming weirdly out of that black fog we floundered in. Things caught at our feet, clutched at our elbows, scratched our cheeks. Holding in close formation, we wormed our way on, for what seemed interminable miles.

"All at once Ayanna halted and lifted a warning hand. Instantly we were rigid in our tracks, clutching that confounded astronomical junk and our four rifles. I'll admit my heart was thumping then. Ayanna was poised with her head half turned, like a startled faun, her ear strained to some sound wholly inaudible to us. Or perhaps she sniffed the air, on which was borne some hostile emanation. We stood there in a strained, quivering silence. And suddenly she beckoned, again with cautioning hand, and we began a slow and almost noiseless detour.

"Presently she stopped again, and my heart went up into my throat. She seemed now like an animal brought to bay, for her head turned from left to right in a baffled perplexity. Clutched to her



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scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

half-naked breast was Ballinger's case of negatives. I moved up to her from my place in the rear. She whispered—they were ahead of us, and apparently spread out: our one chance was to work toward the river. I interpreted to Ballinger, and as I did so, I felt a tugging at my belt. It was Ayanna, possessing herself of my hunting-knife. We crawled slowly forward again.'

COOTES sighed, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and proceeded to recharge it. "Well, of course, eventually we walked into them-or rather Ayanna did. leading the way. Only one of them, but that was enough. Suddenly there came a yell, at our very feet-stifled in a flash by Ayanna's swift plunge with my huntingknife. And then there was nothing to it but to make an open dash-for the river. No longer any need to preserve silence. We crashed ahead for dear life, and at the same time new sounds came from all directions. It was as if the forest were suddenly alive.

"'Drop everything!' I shouted, but it was needless. We tore through that remaining hundred yards or so of jungle and plunged into the river! It swept us sullenly out and downstream on its muddy tide. We were fairly safe then, I knew. But we were not yet out of reach of attack from the bank. water, all of you!' I commanded, and ducked my head before the flight of arrows came. Ayanna's arm, lifted above the surface with Ballinger's precious case of negatives, alone offered a target to that shower of death.

"They got her in three places," went on Cootes after a silence, puffing his pipe to a fresh glow. "But in the dark, and in the turmoil of the remainder of our flight, I wasn't aware that she had been hit. It was only when we had reached the coast, and the lights of the settlement were blinking faintly ahead, that I noticed that her step had slackened. Then she faltered, went down to her knees, still clutching Ballinger's case. I realized then what had happened. I rushed forward to support her, and as my hand went round her shoulders I felt it slippery with blood.

"The four of us lifted her up. Ballinger's face was turned to me for an instant—as much as to say, was there a doctor at the settlement? There was: but I had little faith in doctors in that situation. We got her swiftly to the

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nearest house.'

Cootes rose to his feet and paced to the edge of the veranda, where he stood watching Venus, now hanging low and incredibly brilliant in the west. The smoke curled at measured intervals from his pipe, and drifted off into the night. Presently he came back and resumed his chair.

"As I suspected, it wasn't any use. I let them do what they could for her—the doctor, Ballinger and-most of allthat English girl, Miss Moorehouse. She's Ballinger's wife now. . . . I can still see her coming into that little candlelighted bedroom where we had carried Ayanna. She was the first to arrive-a tall, reedlike girl, with a pale, arresting beauty-all the fine aristocracy of her forebears instinct in every line and movement. Deft, swift and competent—and aflame to save that ebbing life that had been given for Ballinger's films. He had managed to explain to her briefly, as she worked over the girl with the doctor.

"However, as I say, it was all but over with Ayanna. The doctor understood, and so did I—the venom of those arrows. But we let Ballinger and Miss Moorehouse do what they could, without telling them that it was futile. Under a stimulant, Ayanna rallied from her half-stupor to find herself in Miss Moorehouse's arms, with Ballinger kneeling over her from the other side of the bed. Her half-glazed eyes rested in awed contemplation of the English girl and then turned to Ballinger, stroking her hands. I think at that moment she was supremely happy. In some mysterious way which she would never understand, she had served their unfathomable purposes. She lifted her head, murmured something, which I caught. Yes, they were safe, quite safe—I held up, for her to see, the case of negatives, which she had brought through to the end. Her eyes closed; she was content.

"Presently Ballinger started up sud-denly from the bed. There was a queer, bewildered look on his face as he drew me aside and showed me the ring which he had slipped from Ayanna's finger. I had forgotten about that ring, and now I pretended to ignore the worn escutcheon.

"'But it's the Moorehouse coat-ofarms!' he tried to enlighten me.

"Something struggled and gave way within me, and I resolved to let him have the truth. 'Given to Ayanna by her

"Ballinger gasped. 'You don't mean— Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse—'

"'Yes!'

"'Good God! You know this-for certain?' he demanded, quite dazed.

"I can give you all the proofs you like,' I told him grimly. 'But this is no time-with Miss Moorehouse here-

"'But they are half-sisters!' he gasped again. "'Shut up! Miss Moorehouse needn't

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"'Needn't know! Good God, man! Why, she saved the whole expedition!' He rushed back to the bed. 'Look here,

DIDN'T catch his words, but I saw the English girl's face go blank for a moment, catch bewilderedly at the ringto stare at it and then at the dying girl. And then, with a sudden, convulsive abandon, she bent over and embraced the all but inert form. Gad! There was real stuff in that girl! Her blonde head pressed against Ayanna's black locks, and for one long and unforgetable moment the daughters of Sir Geoffrey Moorehouse were close in each other's arms.

Cootes abruptly got up and strode off again to the other end of the veranda. Venus, gleaming its last in the west, was almost touching the horizon. He watched it until it sank from view. Then he came slowly back and seated himself, a little weariedly, in his chair.

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At dealer's or by mail prepaid Stafford Miller Company, St. Louis, Mo.

FIRES OF AMBITION

(Continued from page 59)

worth while. She liked the capable look of his broad brows, the inquiring gaze of his brown eyes.

Joe's story of his visit to Albany, brought out by Ivan Simpson during the progress of the dinner, gave Fanny a new sense of Joe's importance in the scheme of things. If he had already justified her approval by fitting without undue awk-wardness into the groups of younger people who came to the house, she found a new interest in him in her father's outspoken praise of his first achievement in the interests of the firm.

"Poor old Wilkinson!" said Ivan Simpson with a laugh. "If I wanted a contract drawn to sell all the good in the world to the devil, I'd give Wilkinson the details, and he'd do the rest-even go to hell to witness the signature. But put him on his own initiative, and he's as helpless as an oyster.'

They laughed at the accuracy of the description.

You've certainly done splendidly, Bass, but I'm afraid you've let yourself in for a lot of work," said the senior member. "That's the reward we offer to success."

THIS was the kind of praise that Joe wanted, expressed not so much in mere words, as in the encouragement to new achievement. Afterward when dinner was over, he sat with Fanny in the library -for Martin had been obliged to leave early; and there she repeated to him some of the fine things her father had said of his prospects.

"I hope I'll make good," he said. "But you see, it didn't take any knowledge of the law to do that stunt-just a little quick thinking-

"But you succeeded," said Fanny, "and that's the main thing. I'm quite sure, Mr. Bass, that you're going to be a great

man some day."
"Are you?" he said delightedly. "Well, I'd rather have you think that than anybody else I know. It's fine to have somebody believe in you-for then, you see, you've just got to succeed."

Fanny laid her fancy-work aside and gazed into the fire.

"Of course, friendship helps, because it's one of the finest things in the world. But you've never needed that sort of encouragement-at least so everybody says. See how far you've gone in ten years! It doesn't take much imagination to see what is to follow

"But think of my deficiencies-socially, "It's the culturally," he said soberly. early influences that take the firmest hold. I still have moments of hesitation over the mere use of words. It's surprising, as you get along, how your background keeps sticking out in front-how important the possession of a complete set of grand-parents becomes."

"Button, Button!"

That's the title of the next story in the series Arthur Somers Roche is writing for this magazine, in which he recounts the adventures of Ainsley, who believes the profiteers owe him a living. Don't miss it is the lower issue. profiteers owe him it in the June issue.

"Don't you remember your mother at all?" she asked quietly.

"Dimly-a sweet-faced woman at the washtubs in a back yard—on the East Side somewhere. My father had died in a railroad accident. That's all I know—just that and the marriage certificate. I'm rather grateful for that," he finished

SHE was silent for a moment. And then she looked up at the portraits over the mantel and smiled.

"You've told me your family history. Perhaps it would be fair to tell you something of mine. I have a complete set of grandparents. That's the father of one of them, Jacob Hedges by name. He was head master in a boys' school in Connead master in a boys' school in Connecticut. He used to drink more than was good for him, and birch his pupils outrageously. So they got rid of him, and he avenged himself by beating his wife. Nice, kind-looking old gentleman, isn't he?"

She pointed to another, in a uniform of an officer in the Revolutionary army.
"There's another, James Crawford, of
Calvert County, Maryland. A land-Calvert County, Maryland. A land-owner, an idler who deserted his wife and ran off with another woman. Revolution just saved him. He died a hero at the battle of Trenton." She laughed. "I'm telling you these things violating the family confidence-just to show you that grandparents don't really matter so much after all. They never did anything for Dad, because what he is he's made himself-just as you will make yourself."

He felt that she was saying these things to put him at his ease, for he knew that the solid qualities behind the culture of the Simpson family could not have been achieved in one generation

"You're very kind to me," he said ntly. "I'm going to deserve your friendship if I can.'

This speech was not sentimental. Even if Mary Ryan hadn't existed, Joe would sooner have thought of conducting a flirtation with a justice of the Supreme Court than with Fanny Simpson. And whatever she was to Martin Daingerfield, who had made himself vulnerable, with Joe she was quite without coquetry. Both she and Joe were sure that their friendship was too fine a thing to be subjected to the casual indignities of sentimentality.

It was the social development and legal career of Joe Bass that interested Fanny. Her father had discovered him. and she meant to help him in any way that she could to lift himself above the influences of early enviornment.

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If Martin Daingerfield was disturbed by the preference she showed for Joe, he gave no sign, for he understood her motives and applauded them. In reply to Fanny's questions as to Joe's friendships, he told her about Mary Ryan, the immigrant girl who now held an important position in the gown-shop of Madame Denise. She had asked him to describe this friend of Joe's, and then,

her curiosity really excited, she had gone to the shop of Madame Denise on the plea of examining the new models. She had met Mary Ryan. She had been a little amazed at her beauty, which was even greater than Martin had indicated, and incredulous as to the surprising accomplishments of this Irish girl, who had already won her way so far.

Fanny Simpson had introduced herself, and Mary was quick in her praise of Joe and his prospects. To the visitor, Mary's manner was just a shade too effusive. But as Fanny knew, it was the fashion to be effusive; and it was Miss Ryan's business to keep up with the fashions. She found it difficult none the less, to reconcile her thoughts of this brilliant creature fluttering constantly, like a moth, on the fringes of fashion, with the rational philosophy and constructive idealism of her new-found friend, Joe Bass.

CURIOUSLY enough, it was Joe who spoke of Mary Ryan's departure for Europe with Wetherby on the Olympic, with a warm account of her success and prospects.

"She's a wonderful girl, Miss Simpson," he said. "I've known her since she was a kid. She'll be the owner of that business one of these days."

"She's the most beautiful creatu I've ever seen," said Fanny generously. beautiful creature

"Oh, yes — she is pretty. But she's clever too. I wish you could know her better. I think a girl friend like you

could do a lot for Mary, "Do you think so?" Fanny was aware that she was asking the question as much of herself as of him. Perhaps she was a little incredulous, for there was something of doubt in her tone. She realized this and corrected it immediately. "I'm sure," she finished, "I should be delighted to know her better." She knew that this sounded formal, so much so that Joe Bass at once relinquished the topic, and she did not revert to it.

As Joe got up to go, Ivan Simpson came down to the library from his study upstairs with a sheaf of documents in his

"Oh, just a moment, Bass," he called. "I've been thinking about what we're going to do with you down at the office." He shuffled the documents in his fingers. Just take these papers home tonight and look them over, will you? It's going to be an important case, and I'd like you to be familiar with it.'

Thanks, Mr. Simpson," said Joe, taking the papers from him.

"It's the case of Horner vs. Estate of James Taylor. You may have heard it spoken of in the office. There are some very nice points to be considered. Thomas Horner, of Zanesville, is suing for ten per cent commission on the purchase of some properties containing valuable min-The issue is greater than that erals. which may appear on the surface. The commission he claims was to have been paid in stock of the Zinc Smelter Cor-If Horner won over our client, he would be in a position to throw in his holdings with the minority stockholders and so command a controlling interest in the company. I don't want to raise any prejudices in your mind by giving my opinion now. The estate of James Tay-



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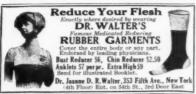
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lor came to his daughter, Mrs. Philip Despard of this city and Newport, the daughter of James Taylor of Zanesville. There's a large sum of money at stake. We are acting in Mrs. Despard's interest. Do I make myself clear?"

Thanks, Mr. Simpson—perfectly." Very good. I'll talk to you further about it, when you've got those details."
"Tomorrow morning?"

"The sooner the better. It may be necessary to get Mrs. Despard's signature. And I understand that she leaves for her place at Newport in a few days.

Joe put the papers in his pocket.
"Is that Mrs. Gertrude Despard, Dad?"

his daughter asked. Simpson nodded.

"Then you ought to have warned Mr. Bass," said Fanny with a laugh. Despard has the reputation of being the most fascinating woman in New York.

Chapter Fifteen

MOST of the people in Mrs. Despard's set had moved to their summer places at Newport, Narragansett, Lenox or the New England coast, but the business of the lawsuit and some dilatory shopping had kept her in the city much later than usual. Things had not been going to her liking. Her husband had been alternating between moments of intense physical depression and others of irritable self-assertion. It had amazed her exceedingly when Phil had poked fun at her attachment for Reggie Cheever, thereby exhibiting in the presence of others a complaisant ridicule which showed that she had not greatly deceived him, after all. The quarrel with Reggie over his attentions to Mary Ryan, which had resulted in a breach in their relations, had lowered her self-esteem still more; and her abominable husband, she was sure, was laughing in his sleeve at the turn that her affairs had taken.

The visit of Joe Bass to the Fifth Avenue house in her interests in the case of Horner vs. Taylor had provided an interlude among the discordant moments in which Gertrude Despard had existed. They discussed the case at some length, and then, the conference not being over by two o'clock, Mrs. Despard invited him to luncheon, which they enjoyed en tête-à-tête-the husband taking his frugal shredded wheat and baked apple, according to custom, at his club. Mrs. Despard knew nothing whatever about Mr. Bass except that he came from an eminent law firm whose confidence he obviously enjoyed. She liked the young lawyer the better perhaps, because he had been able to reassure her as to the suit of Thomas Horner, whose claims to serious consideration could only be based on documents the existence of which seemed very uncertain.

The succeeding conferences both at the Fifth Avenue house and the villa at Newport increased her respect for the wisdom of Joe Bass and her admiration for his eagerness and virility, which contrasted rather violently with the bored airs of Reggie Cheever or the febrile introspection of the valetudinarian whose name she bore. There was strength to this young man, and a kind of rugged

honesty, and during the course of the summer, as she learned the history of his youthful struggle, these became more and more impressive. He had some of the characteristics of her own self-made father whom she had passionately admired. This young man, like her father, would go far in his battle with the world. She sighed deeply as she thought of the price that she had paid for her high position-a loveless match.

T was perhaps the friendship of Joe and Mary Ryan, discovered quite by accident, after dinner one night late in the summer at the Newport house, where Joe Bass had gone for another of his many conferences on the law-case, which suddenly concentrated Gertrude Despard's attention upon her own vendetta. was, too, an impulse to a new sort of adventure which would provide a relief to the orderly round of an excessively tiresome summer. She liked Joe Bass, and found him more desirable because she found him difficult. He was, she realized, not at all the sort of man who gave his friendships lightly. There was a reserve behind his frankness difficult to penetrate, even with the employment of the feminine arts with which she was familiar. She read in his face the lines of his struggle for existence. It was those lines of mastery and strength of purpose that challenged her sense of her own power of a far different kind. From the first visits, which aroused her interest, he later excited her curiosity and now tempted her temerity.

Mrs. Despard carefully set the scene or her next encounter. Phil Despard for her next encounter. was off on the cruise of the squadron of the New York Yacht Club somewhere in the Sound. And after a very good dinner, over which, in the presence of the servants, they had exhausted every topic connected with the object of his visit, she led her guest out of doors into the misty moonlight, where she sat on a bench upon a cliff overlooking the sea, and with a gesture invited him to the place at her side.

The hour and spot were propitious for confidences. A coppery moon hung low over the sea, sending patches of radiance swimming to the rocks below their feet, where they broke and creamed in foam.

If Joe Bass had been flattered by the indulgences of his client's hospitality. which was more luxurious than any he had ever before enjoyed, he was quite willing to believe that it was not so much a tribute to his personal attractions as a recognition of the importance of the firm he represented. But he was not insensible to the beauty of the scene or to the nearness of the woman. He was conscious of the lowered tones of her voice. which had easily and exquisitely attuned itself to the sibilant sounds of the night.

The moonlight bathed her delicate features, giving them a spiritual quality, to which the daylight had been less kind. Her shoulders, from which the webby film of her wrap had been withdrawn, were ivory-colored satin, and exhaled faint perfumes. He found himself wondering that he had never before noticed how lovely Mrs. Despard was.

Joe was not dull in matters which touched upon his work in the world, but

the ways of women had always been strange to him and he found himself ever so slightly shocked at the sudden discovery that the business of his visit had been concluded at the dinner-table and that his handsome client was now confiding to him in low and rather eager tones, the story of her mismating.

"I don't know why I should tell you all this, Mr. Bass," she was murmuring. "I suppose it must be that I feel I can lean on your strength—on your sanity.
You don't mind, do you?"

He bent his gaze on her calmly. "No, I—if I can be of any help to you—" he began quietly, and then paused.

"You can. I think it's your sympathy that makes me speak. I don't often talk about myself to anyone. Unhappiness is a kind of dull misery which deadens its own pain."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Despard."

"I know you are. I have felt from the first that aside from your position as my counsel, I might perhaps be able to confide in you on other matters.

"Of course you know," he said quietly, "how much I am honored by your con-

fidences."

"I have felt that you were one whom a woman could trust, or I should not be speaking to you. It is very consoling to have you listen. I have spoken to no one-the matter is too deep for that-"

"Of course as your attorney-She shot a quick glance at him and

broke in softly.

"I would rather have you listen to me not as my attorney but as my friend. I want you to be my friend. I hope I may call you that, Mr. Bass?"

"Surely. It has been a great privilege. You have been kindness itself. Your hos-

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"And if I should not give what I can to those I want for my friends, what would be the use of having what I have? If you could know how sick of it all I am-this place, the one in town, the yacht, machines, the luxuries, all symbols of my distress.

There was a question in his eyes.

"Symbols of empty grandeur won at the expense of my happiness!" A short sigh, and she went on: "I never loved Phil Despard-never from the first. married him because I was impatient to succeed socially in New York. You know now what I was-just Gertie Taylor, a girl from the Middle West whose father had left her a great fortune-a girl with ambitions, young, handsome, hopeful, as you are-with all the world before me. . . . In a way you remind me of myself as I was—so full of ability and confidence. . . . I bought my husband -the last of a long line of distinguished ancestors-bought him as I bought this place and everything in it. But I paid a price for him and what he brought mea terrible price. Not just money-something more than that-my immortal soul.

SHE paused and looked down into the wake of the vanishing moon.

"I'm sure that it can't be so bad as you imagine. Mr. Despard has seemed to me a man who would hardly-

"That's just it," she broke in impatiently. "That's just it. He does nothing



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that I could take exception to-with other women, I mean." She laughed nervously.
"I wish he did. He'd give me something vital to hate him for-or admire him for. But he does nothing of the sort-nothing. He's negative, colorless-half sick most of the time, or thinks he is-which amounts to the same thing. Mentally without hope, without ambition except for his stamp-collection-the only thing that he cares for in the world. Postage stamps!

He watched the white toe of her small satin slipper as it tapped the graveled walk, and waited for her to go on.

"Don't you see how impossible the situation is? Just to see him come into room makes me prickle with dislike. I know that he hates me too-perhaps because he might have made something of himself if I hadn't taken him out of his dingy law-office, perhaps just because he knows what a weakling he is. We fight always-always-whining cynicism on his part, or feeble irony. On mine, just con-tempt! Oh, we're a lovely pair to be shackled together—for life," she finished with a little shrug of self-pity.

"If there is anything that I can doin arranging for your freedom-

"No, not that," she protested, "not now. Just your sympathy, Mr. Bass." She turned her face appealingly toward him. Joe Bass was bending forward, frowning down at the unquiet foam below them. He straightened and laid his hand over hers, patting it gently.

"You know you have that, Mrs. Despard," he said quietly.

SHE did not withdraw her fingers. Instead she turned them upward into his, and there they remained, passive. She leaned slightly against him, her head bent, breathing uneasily as she went on:

"I was such a happy creature before I was married-with the delight of a child in all the pretty things that my money could buy me. It was enough just to live and breathe. I had every hope, every ambition. Perhaps it was my vitality that made me ambitious. wanted to succeed socially, and I knew that I could; but I didn't know that it was going to make me bitter and hard, hypocritical and insincere. I hope you'll never have to live a lie. Men don't, as a rule. That's what my life has been ever since my marriage. I've always done what everybody else did, because it was the thing to do-following the lead of some empty-headed fool or trying to lead a lot of other empty-headed fools, instead of following my instincts, instead of being true to myself whatever I was with big faults, but splendid sincerity, whatever happened. . .

"And what am I now?" she went on after a pause, whispering-as though already half hypnotized by the spell of her own self-pity. "A society woman, a hostess of magnificent entertainments to which people come because I spend money lavishly-because I have fine houses and well-trained servants. I know that these people lie when they tell me what friends they are. I know that they are insincere because I know that I am. Sometimes I hate them all more-more even than I hate myself-for-for the mockery of womanhood that I am. A wife without



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children, a miserable creature shackled for life to a man she despises. I-I am not old yet—and I'm not ugly, exactly; but a woman fades quickly. I will be old soon," she gasped. "I don't want to to grow old without having my share of happiness, of affection, of love." He felt her fingers tighten nervously in his as her voice came in short, broken accents. "That's what I want—just happiness—just happiness."

A T a sound from her throat he turned, searching her face. She was weep-He saw a drop of moisture, which caught a reflection of the last radiance of the moon, trickle down her cheek and fall. He had never seen a woman cry without feeling both pitiful and helpless. And following an impulse which he scarcely began to understand, he put an arm around her and soothed her.

"Don't, Mrs. Despard," he said gently.
"This can do you no good."

But she closed her fingers over his more tightly.

"Yes, let me. It does help. It seemed as though I—I hadn't cried for years. I You didn't think I could any more. don't think the less of me for-for giving way to my feelings?"

'My dear Mrs. Despard, I-

The moon, with one last solemn wink, went suddenly down behind a rising fogbank, drawing away the radiance of the waters, and the misty starlight scarcely illumined the bare, familiar profile of rocks. Below, the sea crooned among the ledges to let them know that it was there. He could no longer see her face, which was just a pale blur, and yet suddenly significant to him of scarlet lips close to his own. He felt her figure sway against him. the touch of her fingers warm in his.

"Do you think—there's a chance for me—a chance for happiness?" he heard her whisper. "A chance to be understood,

a chance to-to be-myself?

Out of the void in which he whirled came two elements fiercely embattledreason and madness. This woman who wept, whose hand clung to his shoulder, whose breath was warm on his cheek, was- No, she was just a woman-a woman who had thrown herself in his way, a woman that he could take. . . . Confidences—emotion—tears. He didn't be-lieve in her. He wouldn't. She wanted him. He knew it now by the touch of her. And he— How crimson her lips were! Rouge! Like blood in the dark. He had but to bend his head. She was willing. And yet he did not bend it. Reason struggled clear of chaos. It illumined him—and in the white light, visions: the cool gray of the Simpsons' drawing-room—Fanny—Governor Morely -Mary Ryan.

HE found himself standing at the edge of the cliff where he had turned away from her. The woman was behind him somewhere, a pale, silent wraith in the shrubbery. Reason had won. He the shrubbery. stood staring down into the restless waters, slowly reconstructing his ideas. His client—not just a woman now, but the defendant in Horner vs. the Estate of James Taylor, his first big case. Nothing must happen to rob him of that. He was ice-cold at that thought, wondering at her FREE Trial Bottle



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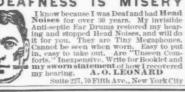
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possible reaction from his sudden denial of her lips, which had every aspect of virtuous brutality. She had been kind virtuous brutality. to him-too kind. She had almost made him forget that there was such a man as Reggie Cheever. Confound her! wanted none of her kindness.

In a quick glance he caught her pale She was sitting bolt upright, contour. her eyes glowing like stars. He didn't know what she was thinking-could only surmise the effect of the sudden brutal termination of her sentimental moment.

He had left her poised, her gesture half made, in mid-air-literally, so awkwardly that she felt that she would have fallen backward if she had not caught herself. For a moment she sat chilled with disdain and self-deprecation. Then pride came limping to the rescue. His youth, his inexperience, and his responsibility! Was not the roughness of his renunciation just a symbol of a fear of hoping too much? If she had blundered upon his innocence, she had involved him in the blunder. She felt herself a fool, but in the darkness he looked-God knows he looked-more silly than she.

He seemed to feel her gaze upon him, for as he turned he spoke.
"Mrs. Despard—" he began.

His voice was resonant, but it had a The sound of it relieved her mind, almost seemed to justify her.

A pause, and then she laughed lightly and with the laugh established a new key It fell like the to the conversation. comedy note in a melodrama.

"What? Don't you see how absurd you are?"

HE was sure that he answered her description. Absurd and awkward too! His hands incommoded him. He put them into his pockets.

"Yes, I do," he said frankly, but he

did not move.

"Oh, do come and sit down again." And when he obeyed, she went on lightly: "What a delightful blunderbuss you are! I didn't know your capacity for the un-expected. Explosive!" And she laughed

again.
"You are—er—too handsome to cry in the moonlight," he muttered sullenly.

He was Arcadian-as she had always thought him-the more adorable in his rusticity. But she knew that for tonight she had ventured enough.

"It was weak of me," she said gently.
"I promise not to cry again. Do smoke. Give me a cigarette. You shall forget all that I have said to you. We will talk

of the pretentions of the abominable Thomas Horner."

And so, speaking casually, slowly, they retrieved the awkward situation—almost, but not quite. The cool tones of the gray drawing-room at the Simpsons persisted in his mind-in hers, the memory of the futile gratuity of her favors. chilly fog stole in upon them from the She shivered and rose.

"It is cold," she said, but she didn't move, though he stood beside her for a long moment. Her companion was lighting a fresh cigarette. In the light of the match, he seemed much older than she

had thought him.
"Yes," he said coolly. "The fog has come in from the sea.'

She turned her back to him and moved abruptly. "Come," she said. back to the house."

Chapter Sixteen

MARY RYAN and Alan Wetherby returned from Paris early in September with a miscellaneous cargo of fashionable frocks for the shop. A prosperous season awaited them, they hoped, and for the first few weeks after her arrival, Mary had little time to spare from the business of Madame Denise. Every day since the beginning of their buying in Paris, she had sent bulletins to Miss Benner, the forewoman, with diagrams and drawings showing the trend of the styles, so that by the time she returned to New York the preparation for the fall and winter season was almost completed.

And now the arrangement and classification of the Paris purchases was a labor of love and delight. Mary's enthusiasm had reinfected her employer with a new eagerness and activity, and though he vowed that he saw no possible chance of ever realizing from his investment the large amounts of money that Mary had made him spend, he was obliged to admit that the display of their collection when it was assembled was the finest he had ever seen. And soon the arrival of the early shoppers, regular customers, confirmed the judgment of the new buyer; no gown-shop on Fifth Avenue could of-fer what Denise did. The prices were higher than ever before, but by the be-ginning of October, the word had been passed from one fashionable woman to another, and Mrs. Levitt, and her assistants were kept busy until late in the afternoon. In Mary's absence Mrs. Levitt had found two quiet girls-one a blonde, the other a brunette—to do the "modeling," and these girls, after some schooling, had proven their fitness as Mary's SUCCESSORS.

In the busy days that followed, Mary most of whose time was spent in the workrooms-had little opportunity for social engagements, though she managed to see Mrs. Vanderhorst, who had returned from her camp in the Maine woods to the Long Island house. There was much to speak about, for Mrs. Vanderhorst had heard that Bart Savage had been frequently with her protégée in Paris, and expressed a lively curiosity to find out how much Mary had seen of him. But upon this point Mary was reticent, merely telling her friend that Mr. Savage had managed to steal enough time from his business engagements in London and Paris to be polite both to Wetherby and herself.

The constant inclusion of Wetherby in her replies brought a vague smile into the eyes of Ruth Vanderhorst, who knew that Bart Savage was hardly the sort of man to play second fiddle to a man-milliner. She also knew that the passengerlists of the Adriatic, upon which Mary Ryan and Wetherby had returned, had included the name of her famous friend. But she made no comment, merely ex-pressing her pleasure at Mary's return and promising to come to the shop to pick out some evening wraps and gowns.

But when she and Mary parted, her face wore a sober expression. When she had

introduced Mary to Bart, she knew that this man, who had never shown more than a casual interest in any woman except his own wife (and scarcely more than that in Lillian), had given every indication of being much impressed with Mary's beauty and vitality, which had aroused his slumbering fire. She had not taken the evidences of a flirtation between the pair with any seriousness, and when Mary had gone to Europe, had straightway forgotten them both in her absorption in her own affairs. But Mary's reticence in their conversation had given Bart Savage's attentions a different aspect.

Ruth liked Lillian Savage. She was a lady in the Victorian sense, appearing to live in a kind of sublimated atmosphere of gentleness and super-refinement. These were the consequences of her delicate health and her natural taste for the quieter things of life, and gave her a distinction not possessed by many women as well born and carefully nurtured as she. By comparison with the flowerlike graces of this creature, the colorful talents and charms of Mrs. Vanderhorst seemed almost garish. But each had always been tolerant of the other. They had gone to the same school, and while never intimate, had always been upon terms of friendliness

Lillian had never been one to make friends easily. Naturally timid, she was not physically capable of the exertion necessary to keep up with the extravagances of the age, and lived much alone, content with the achievements of her busy husband and with the affection of her two charming children, both girls, who were just beginning to show the promise of her own slender and delicate beauty.

If Bart had ever strayed far from his obligations or shown a liking for women of a different type, Ruth had not heard of it. He had been, to all appearances, completely absorbed in his business interests, with little time for the social gatherings of his friends, and still less for the women who frequented them.

It was for this reason that Ruth Vanderhorst had been surprised at the persistence of his attentions to Mary. Even if no damage should result, these attentions would in time be a source of annoyance if not of trouble to the highly sensitive woman who bore his name. Ruth hoped that Mary Ryan would justify her belief in her, and meant, when the occasion should arise, to speak to her about Bart Savage with the utmost frankness.

UNAWARE of these mental reserva-tions on the part of her friend, Mary Ryan went blithely on with her plans, both business and social. But she had measured Bart Savage's limitations and her own. Experience had already taught her that her influence with men was contingent upon her ability to keep them at arm's-length, or putting it differently, that her power lay in her virtue and in every outward manifestation of it. This and her beauty were her only heritage, capital, the possession of which she had discovered could be made to pay large returns.

Savage had soon discovered in Paris what he must have suspected before, that Mary Ryan had established for herself a



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set of conventions which he could not pass without danger to the continuance of their She needed him, but she was friendship. a good gambler, and in the firmness of her negations in trivial matters, which were, nevertheless, symbols of more significant ones, had risked his fury and the loss of his friendship. But she had left loopholes for the reconciliations that had always followed. It was not easy to make Bart Savage feel like a fool, but she had done it. It had been a difficult game she had played, but even before they had sailed upon the Adriatic for New York, she knew that she had won. They had reached an understanding which forbade the recurrence of unpleasant incidents.

She had, then, every right to be blithe in her hopes for the winter, which gave every indication of success. But certain gossip that had followed from Paris annoyed her. That wouldn't do at all, and so she planned a stroke to obliterate it.

A T the house of Mrs. Gordon-Knight, who had fulfilled her promise to Bart Savage to invite this newest beauty to dinner, Mary found herself alone with Bart Savage. Quite unostentatiously she had provided the opportunity, and he had not been slow to take it. Indeed, there was a kind of sullen impetuosity in the way he addressed her, the moment they were apart from the others.

"Damn it all, Mary! I'm getting sick of being thrust out in the cold for all these new friends of yours. I haven't had a half a dozen talks with you since we've been back."

"Perhaps it's just as well."

"What do you mean? That you don't

"No, of course not. You know that. But people are putting your name with mine—people who saw us in Paris. I don't like it."

"Damn them-"

She raised her fan in protest.

"You can damn them if you like, but that wont dam their speech. I tell you, they're talking. I've heard it from Mrs. Vanderhorst—from others. I can't afford it just now. Neither can you."

"I don't care." He laughed aloud.
"The irony of it! When I think of the
Arcadian simplicity of our pleasures—"

"What you think or what I think has nothing to do with the matter. People are talking—possibly saying—well, just what you might say of a man in your position who was frequently seen with a girl of mine. It's got to stop."

"Well, if they think I'm going to let you make me give up the pleasure of your society, they're wrong. I wont—for any meddling busybodies. But I'll stop their tongues."

"How?" asked Mary calmly.

"By finding out who they are and going straight to them," he muttered angrily.

Mary laughed softly.

"I didn't think you could be so stupid."
"What!"

"Can't you see that you'd only be advertising yourself—and me? You'd build a fire where there's only smoke. No, thanks. It's kind of you, but you'd only succeed in making things worse." She paused, frowning thoughtfully. "There's a way of stopping this gossip effectively—

two ways. One of them is for me not to see you at all."

"Rejected," he said explosively. "And the other?"

She hesitated at playing her bold stroke, which would both defeat her enemies and serve her own ends. But the moment was propitious, and she ventured:

"Having Mrs. Savage invite me to her box at the opera," she said coolly.

"Ah!" He glanced at her, more in interest than challenge, but there was something in the note of the quick exclamation that she resented.

"You can choose," she said with an air of indifference.

"And you think that will spike their guns?" he said ironically.
"Choose," she repeated firmly.

He bent closer to her, his low voice vibrant.

"The one thing is impossible. I wont give up seeing you."

"Then I must be seen with your wife

too. I hope you understand."

She saw his eyes narrowing as they often did on the verge of sudden passion.

"Of course Mrs. Savage and I would be delighted to have you," he said; and then, sharply: "But I don't like being threat-cned."

"But I'm not threatening. One hardly intimidates by one's absence," she said calmly.

He glowered at her in sullen rage.
"You want to be seen in our opera box.
You don't give a hang about me."

She smiled. "One of those statements is incorrect. The other is quite true. You can choose for yourself."

"You mean what you say, then?"

She nodded. "I do. If you can afford to have people gossiping, I can't."

"Oh, very well," he muttered. "I'll take you at your word. Good night." And he turned his back rudely and walked away, leaving Mary to find her way to the bridge-tables alone. He had left the house, it seemed, with a bare word of good night to his hostess.

At the moment of this quarrel Mary was really much disturbed at the failure of her experiment—disturbed, but angry too. Much as this sudden defection was opposed to her interests, she was sure that she didn't care whether or not she ever saw Bart Savage again. And all that night she could think of nothing but the ugly look in his eyes, and the sneer in his voice.

THE next evening after business hours she told Alan Wetherby what she had done, and he smiled with grave approval

"My dear child, I've been quite sure of you from the first. But I've been wondering how long it would take you to come to your senses. I'm glad you're awake."

"I've never been asleep. I didn't want the idiot to fall in love with me. He isn't in love with me. It's just—" She paused, and Wetherby laughed.

"I don't need a diagram, my dear."
"Yes." She nodded quickly. "He's
not in love. That's what makes him fair
game. Well, he's gone. Let him go. I'll
breathe easier."

"And your ambitions?" asked Wetherby.
"There are more rungs to my ladder.
Besides, I've got enough just now to keep

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rather to giv me busy. The season is going beautifully, isn't it?" she finished.

He nodded gravely.

'You'll have to admit, Alan dear," she said, "that a clever woman knows more about frocks than any mere man.

She had been calling him by his Christian name since midsummer, had begun it in Paris one evening as a means of irritating Barton Savage, and Wetherby had subsequently encouraged it. The name seemed to fall so naturally from her young The disparity in their years condoned the little airs of familiarity of each toward the other. To Mary, whose perceptions were keenly alive, her employer had always seemed quite devoid of masculine complexities. Adorning beautiful women, not the women themselves, was his passion. To him women were merely animate lay figures, impersonal, sexless. This was the supreme irony of Alan Wetherby's existence. If he had ever had a love-affair Mary did not know of it. She understood him perfectly, and knew that she had made herself indispensable to him—made her beauty the joy of his eyes, her cleverness and skill the delight of his artistic and commercial genius.

HE had to admit that the wild extravagances of her purchases in Paris had already been more than justified by the success of the season. This, too, without any undue effort on Wetherby's part. In fact, it seemed, miraculously, that he had less to do now than ever before in his life, and had he been so disposed, could have remained away from the shop for days at a time without any danger to its business prosperity. The mere machinery of the establishment ran like a watch, the buying, the bookkeeping, the selling all in capable hands, and dominating all, Wetherby's own policies of exclusiveness, originality and high prices, even more rigidly insisted on than under his régime. Indeed, Mary's promotion had been so far successful, that Wetherby's thought of withdrawing from the active management of the business, a course which only last year had seemed far from advisable, now recurred to him with a definiteness which needed only a form of agreement acceptable to Mary.

But it rather startled her when he put

it into speech.

"I've been thinking for some time, Mary, of beginning the catalogue of my collections. It's what I've wanted to do I've decided to stay away for years. from Madame Denise altogether for a while."

"Alan!"

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"I mean that Madame Denise returns to her proper sex and is no longer Alan Wetherby, but Mary Ryan. She walks alone—or rather struts. In short, I've decided to stay away for a month and see what happens.

"But are you sure that this is wise?" asked Mary. "You know that on certain matters your judgment-

"I'll take the risk. I'm getting older, Mary. I tire more easily than I used to. I want to play awhile with my little toys uptown. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't. And I'll admit that I'm rather thrilled at the prospect. You want to give me entire charge? Is that it?"

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ing, selling, designing, management. I haven't been very much more than a figurehead since early fall." He laughed. "And while it isn't flattering to my declining years to have the ideas of a young dress-model supersede my own, I submit gracefully to the inevitable and retire to the seclusion of my porcelains and books, where you can find me when your responsibilities grow too great for your young shoulders to bear. I want to rest."
"You adorable old darling! Rest you

shall. Don't worry. I'm not afraid.'

He smiled amiably. "I was quite sure that you wouldn't be. It's a go, then?" "Yes. I shall make you a lot of money

to buy more porcelains-

"And your salary?"

She laughed. "That shall be enormous. I'll earn it by adding twenty dollars to every gown and wrap that I sell."

He shrugged and rose. "There are limits, you know," he ventured.
"You think so? You'll see.

Every dollar of excess value that you charge a woman for a gown is just a new tribute to her importance. You taught me that. Lessen the price, you cheapen the wearer. I wont run a bargain counter, I'll promise

The brilliant career of Mr. Gibbs' interesting heroine comes to its most dramatic episodes in the next installment-in the June issue.

DOORS

(Continued from page 54)

this light until now, when Wulf waved to him and then shut him out as if hinting that he was not wanted that night. But in this flaring moment he realized that his days were all of a pattern.

Wherever he went, whatever he tried to accomplish, somebody shut a door in his face. As he traced the last steps to his stronghold, the vision raced in his mind: doors over the world, folding into place without cease before his pleading

He entered the cabin, threw his pick and shovel and lunch-bucket into a cor-

ner, and lighted a candle.

The new revelation gave him clearly to know why he had come to this end of the world. That nameless dislike for people and towns which had driven him off at last, that rasping irritation they had caused him, and which he could not explain before: it was all clear now. The world's doors were shut on him.

How he hated the world! All those old rebuffs gathered themselves into a mental fist, shaking its iron hate in the face of every human creature.

While he boiled the tea and sliced the bacon and bread, and while he ate sup-per, and during the dishwashing afterward, the new thought simmered in his

There would be no talk with Wulf that night, or any night to come. Wulf, the only other man in forty miles about, had followed what was the custom of all the world where Thorsen was concerned. Here, in these wastes, Wulf was the world! And Wulf had shut his door.
"If ever I get a chance to pay—" he

mumbled darkly.

WITH the dawn Ector Thorsen clambered out of a dream in which he had watched Wulf flitting wizard-wise among steely peaks, astride a yellow door that soared and shivered head-on into the beating wind. Wulf's eyes flashed fire, and he bellowed to his eerie steed in a voice of thunder.

As the fantasy cleared, Thorsen realized that he had indeed heard thunder. Rain was tapping on the sodded cabin roof, and occasional whiffs drove through his open window.

The room was dark, but as he leaped from his bunk, a flash of lightning

limned for a second all objects about him in copper-sulphate green. He shot the pane shut and hooked it, lit a candle, found his watch. Four twenty-five, the bleak pause before dawn!

A cavalry parade was going forward in the upper skies here, and Titan matches were being struck to light its phases. The window revealed the lightning's play. Pines at the bald spot's border, Wulf's squat cabin nearer in, rocks thrusting from the wire grass about his own shack-these came jumping at him ghost-green, out of the dark, then sprang back into nothingness again.

The sky-clatter descended. followed on the lightning now almost instantly, bawling in the open and rolling off to mutterings among the farther hills. Very soon it became plain that the storm was centering on the ragged T where Wulf and Thorsen were encamped.

Dawn broke, storm-shrouded. In the gray gloom, between stabs of lightning and across the slithering rain, Thorsen saw the sky as a spacious canopy of iron

Wulf's cabin, ninety feet away, made one think of a big dog crouched with his head between his forepaws, taking the storm. At the sight, all Thorsen's hate of the night before surged back into his heart.

He kindled a fire in the stove and piled high in the firebox the logs he had cut against just such an occasion. His resolve was firm to be warm and comfortable, though the world clanged its endless doors upon him, and lightning and thunder played above his head.

Suppose one of those vivid bolts should strike his cabin? The thought knocked at his brain. The storm-center was hereabouts. Well, let it strike, he challenged. Until the hammer should fall, he would at least be warm.

A SUPREMELY hideous glare of copper green, a jolt that almost flung him to the floor, a bang of thunder which engulfed the earth!

"That struck close by," Thorsen concluded, and wondered again if his place would go down before the storm should

As he sat listening to the far-bounding growls of the thunder, Thorsen's ear

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picked up a lesser sound-a faint tapping against his door.

As he sprang to answer, he glanced through the window, and saw a spectacle that halted him. Blurred across ropes of rain, Braden Wulf's cabin lolled crazily, smoking like a discarded cigar-stump. As Thorsen looked, the remnant of the roof, four sodded roof-logs, gave away and twisted down from sight within the cabin's shell.

So it was Wulf who was knocking at his door! Wulf, who had closed his door on Thorsen, was begging now at Thorsen's door to be let in!

And Thorsen didn't have to open the door. The dice had rolled for him at last; the cards for once had fallen in favor of Ector Thorsen. And Wulf was the world

Suppose he should open the door? He toyed with the thought, standing by the table-but only for sake of the greater joy to come when he should tell himself that Wulf was going to stay outside. Had not the world shut all its doors in his face, a world of friends, and warmth, and money? Wulf had a warm sleepingbag, which had cost much money. manner, everything about him, was typical of one who had many friends. And Wulf, in this wilderness, was the world. Again the faint knock fell.

"Paying, by God: I'm paying!" Thorsen told himself. "Paying 'em all, every dam' one of 'em. In their own money!"

The man's mind, tortured by memories, had concentrated on that act of Wulf's of the evening before when he had shut his door.

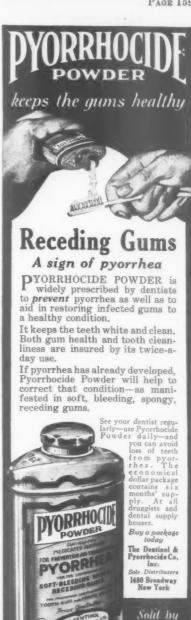
STILL standing. Thorsen waited for the next knock. It would be weak, weak; and all the knocks to follow would be weaker-weaker. He would listen to them on through the madcap morning, through all the merry day; they would sound on for days and days, perhaps forever. And each would be music to him; each one would strike off another tally from the score.

How cold, how bitterly wet and cold, it must be out there! And how tight and warm the cabin was! He must put more wood on the fire after a while, after he had enjoyed another knock or two. All in good time. A third knock must come very soon.

He visioned Wulf, out there-on the other side of the shut door. He would be crouching against the hewn planks which made up the portal; his fingers would doubtless be fumbling at the latch, and then, finding that useless, would go maundering up and down the streaming timbers. He would look rather like one denied entrance at the gate of heaven.

When was the third knock coming? Not that he was impatient, and not that he was curious. He was simply finding trouble in keeping that picture of Wulf in its proper place. A little while, and if the knock did not come in the meantime, that picture might spread all over his brain.

The storm's clangor lulled for an in-ant. In the silence sounded Wulf's stant. In the silence sounded Wulf's third knock. It was indeed faint and halting, as Thorsen had foreseen; and afterward he heard the man's fingernails scratching the logs.





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And shortly the picture did spread over Thorsen's brain. The thing happened with a sort of clicking jolt that made his eyes blink and his mouth snap shut. Whereupon, Ector Thorsen found that he was crying.

A force inside him, born of tears, flung Ector Thorsen's body upon the door, directed his fingers to the bolt, and raised his all-forgetting, all-forgiving arms to receive the tattered and drenched and blackened thing which slumped against him, the thing which for him, in this wilderness, was the world.

Green light flared in his eyes once more; through the opened door he had swift sight of a notched sword-blade from above stabbing down into a pine at the bald spot's edge. The tree twisted from its roots, and became on the instant not a tree, but a sprouting fountain of pine-billets, of which not one was larger than a man's arm.

FOR the end of Ector Thorsen's story there may be an explanation. I don't Gossip was roaring in our ears that night in the lobby of the Rhondda Hotel at Edmonton: tales racing in from an alleged gold-strike in those vague hinterlands to the north and west of us. I had never seen Thorsen before, nor he me; but men forget formalities at such a time. He lolled in his deep leather chair and talked, an easy-mannered man with remarkably deep, kindly blue eyes.

As I say, there may be an explanation. One or two to whom I've told the story have spoken mistily of certain philosophies and compensations and hidden laws. Doubtless the talkative Spard would have seen the hand of Manitou at work once more on the ragged bald T in the farther hills. And for the matter of that, I was so old-fashioned as to think of the Biblical quotation about a contrite heart.

At any rate, here it is as Thorsen finished it that night in the Edmonton

"Wulf was not much hurt-mainly shock—scorched a bit, too. We threw in together afterward. Saved a part of Wulf's plunder, and moved it into my cabin.

"You remember I mentioned a big pine that went to hell on a lightning-bolt as I jerked open the door. Well you don't have to believe this; but where that pine had been, we found what we were looking for. A little stringer of wire gold, a nugget or two-we found 'em in the hole the tree had left. And once started, our luck held.

"We stayed on into the fall, made a pretty good stake, and when the big snows were about due, we came off the range, down Catton Jaw way.'

THE BOULEVARD ON

(Continued from page 41)

was called upon-you know the lofty notions we get sometimes-to prevent a crime, not against Mr. Boris Mirsky,did not care what happened to him,-but against Vera Mikhailovna herself, and I felicitated myself on my happy scheme to keep her cloistered in comparative safety. I wonder what justification, altruistic or other, the pawn finds for itself as it is moved across the chessboard? Fate probably keeps us in an illusion of independent motives all through our lives.

I had no such thoughts then. I was merely pleased with myself for my own cleverness, and I had no doubt that she would arrive at my studio the next morning. She did. You know that old studio of mine, high up on Montmartre-Paris, silent at that distance, immense below one? She came in radiant with the flush of the climb—she had economically walked all the way—like an angel who had joyously left behind her the sordidness of those depths, just to be guessed at from my window, where we had met in the hours of darkness.

The sunlight fell upon her, touching her dark hair to a ruddy glint. Her beauty gave me a shock. I steeled myself against it, maintained myself in the attitude of the altruistic friend. A man always feels instinctively whether he has a chance of awakening a woman's love. Smiling at me though she was, I knew she regarded me quite dispassionately, saw in me only a friend sent by Fate to help her on her road. At my time of life a man shuns those pangs of hopeless love he reveled in as a boy. I crushed out the little spark she struck in me, busied myself with my easel and palette, posed her for some trial sketches after a few perfunctory words. I was resolved to keep our relations on an unimpeachable basis.

She was an excellent model, docility The pure white oval of her face, itself. with the great dark eyes pregnant with unfathomable thoughts, was an inspira-I became absorbed in my work, tion. forgot her identity, forgot the purpose that had brought her to me. At last I stopped for a rest-interval. She venstopped for a rest-interval. tured to move, came across to me.

"Do you think it will be today that I shall meet him?" she said, quietly, her appealing eyes upon me.

Busied with my own thoughts, I only half realized her words.
"Meet whom?" I said, out of my pre-

occupation.

"Boris Mirsky."

MEMORY came back to me with an unpleasant jolt, but I affected a gravely smiling confidence.

"My dear child, who can hasten Fate? We must have patience." I tried to commit myself as little as possible. She smiled, quite satisfied.

She certainly had patience. Day after day she came to the studio and sat for me; day after day, in the intervals of repose, she speculated gravely whether this would be the day that she should meet Boris Mirsky. She showed me his photograph so often that I got to know his features as well as she herself. It gave me an uncanny feeling, to be taken so completely at my word. Her great dark eyes upon me, she looked like an antique prophetess, confident in the Fate subconsciously revealed to her.



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she had gone, I had to persuade myself that she was but a child, that it was permissible to delude her for her own good.

I found her work with other artists, and she went gladly because, my agency still being ultimately responsible, every one of these other studios held the possibility of meeting him. Many if not most of these artists made love to her, of course. They might have saved themselves the trouble. She was, gravely smiling, immune to their cajoleries. She was, underneath her smile, so much the ascetic incarnation of that single grim purpose that I often wished, in desperation, that she would fall in love with one of them, commit a folly. But her soul was ice.

THIS went on for some weeks. I could devote but a fraction of my time to painting her, as I was busy finishing off the last of my pictures for the Salon. One afternoon-you know how one troops round to one another's studios-a crowd of fellows came to see my lot before I Vera Mikhailovna was sent them in. there, grave and silent as usual, replying to the flirtatious sallies of the men only by that smile of the mouth in which her eyes did not participate. One of the crowd brought in a stranger, a Russian-Serge Bolensky, I think he called him. As I turned to shake hands with him, I had a shock. Fate had taken me at my word. It was the man of the photograph!

Involuntarily I glanced round to the girl. She also had perceived him—had recognized him. She sat motionless on the divan in the corner of my studio, those strange dark eyes of hers fixed upon him. The Russian had not noticed her, surrounded as he was by the throng of excitedly talkative young men with whom he laughed. I made an occasion to pass close to her.

"It is he!" she whispered. On her lap she fingered the little black hand-bag which held the automatic.

I did not know what to answer, could only temporize in a blind desire to stave off the catastrophe.

"Not here!" I whispered back to her, warningly.

She nodded, continued to sit and watch him as a cat watches a mouse.

In an agony of apprehension I rejoined my guests, tried to laugh at their slangy witticisms. And at the back of my mind loomed the inevitable tragedy I was impotent to prevent. I racked my brains for some device that should get him safely away, and could think of none. An eternity seemed to have elapsed when, by a piece of unexpected luck, the Russian excused himself by an appointment he had to keep and took his leave. With an immense relief I watched him go out of the door. When all these people had departed, I would take good care not to let Vera Mikhailovna out of my sight.

The next moment I saw her rise from the divan, her beautiful white face as marble-like as that first evening I had seen it. Without a word she went toward the door. I stood like a fool, paralyzed and fascinated by her quiet deliberation, so significant to me alone in that room, unable to make a movement to withhold her. If ever in my life, Fate was a reality to me then. It was as if there were a spell upon me. I saw my



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opportunity slip away from me. Another moment, and she was gone.

I waited, in terror of that pistolshot upon the stairs which should suddenly hush the babel around me. Half a dozen of the fellows, quite unconscious of course of my preoccupation, were pulling me this way and that. The minutes passed—then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I tore myself away from them, dashed down the staircase.

There was no sign of Vera Mikhailovna or the Russian-not even in the street from end to end. They had vanished utterly.

I was trembling like a murderer myself when I went upstairs again to rejoin my friends. I don't know how I joked with them. The day passed, terribly slow, without those sudden tidings I from moment to moment expected. That evening, desperate with anxiety, I went round to her wretched little appartement. The concierge informed me that she had not been back since she left in the morning.

NEXT day, contrary to her usual regularity, there was no sign of her. I waited all day in suspense. That evening I went again to her appartement. She had not been back at all. I bought every newspaper I could lay hands on, scanned them feverishly for the probably quite insignificant lines which would announce the tragedy I was certain of. There was not a hint of it.

The day following was likewise a blank I filled in with a tortured imagination, cursing myself for that foolish interference which had brought about exactly what I wished to avoid, visualizing Vera Mikhailovna arraigned for murder or lying dead by her own hand. Neither that day nor the next had she returned to her home. She had vanished as from off the earth. The newspapers were silent, reearth. ported no tragedy that even remotely resembled the one I could have written for them. I dared not go to the police, lest I should precipitate the worst. Her deed done (I had no doubt of that), she was perhaps in hiding.

A whole week went by-and then I suddenly ran into her on the main boulevard. She tried to avoid me, but I held

"For God's sake," I said, "tell me what has happened!"

She looked at me strangely, seemed about to explain, and then stopped herself.

"Come with me;" she said.

Not any sort of reply could I get from her as she led me to a street just behind the boulevard, close to the Folies Bergères. She turned into a house, and I followed her up interminable flights of stairs. At last, at the very top, she opened a door, and we entered a large untidy room. In one corner was a couch and blanket on which somebody evidently had been sleeping. The little black handbag which held her automatic lay upon it. Just beyond the couch another door, now closed, led into another room.
"Tell me!" I implored. "Have you

killed him?"

She put her finger to her lips: "Sh!" I stared at her in bewilderment as she went softly to the other door, opened it and peeped in.

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"Is that you, Marie?" said a man's voice faintly from that farther room.

"Yes," she answered, from the doorway. "I have brought a friend to see you—the artist, Monsieur Morrice, whose studio you visited."

She looked at me with an expression that completely baffled me.

"Would you like to see him?" she said.
"Certainly!" I replied, my curiosity roused to the highest pitch.

I entered the room, and Vera Mikhailovna withdrew, shutting the door gently upon me. In the bed was a man, -my visitor to the studio,-obviously very ill. He had an interesting face, haggard though it was, oddly attractive as he smiled at me. Despite or because of the grim story I knew about him, there was a decided fascination in the man's personality.

"Well, my friend," I said, with an assumption of cheerfulness, "what is the matter?

"It's this cursed influenza," he replied. (Paris was in the grip of an epidemic just then.) "If it had not been for Marie, I should have died."
"Marie?" I echoed, puzzled.

"Marie Bakunin-the Russian girl who was at your studio. She ran after me as I went downstairs, and introduced herself. It seems she knew some friends of mine in Russia. There was a taxi standing just outside when we arrived at the street, and I offered to take her back to her appartement. We got in together, and—you know how suddenly influenza comes on?—as we were on the way, I felt myself ill, very ill. I had had a shiver or two before coming to your studio. So Marie insisted that I should come back here-and I was so ill that she stayed and nursed me. She has been here ever since."

"She has nursed you?" I repeated stu-pidly. My bewildered brain could not

find the key to this mystery.

"Like the angel she is!" said the sick
man. "Monsieur," he added gravely, but with a feverish sparkle in his eyes, "I never knew that a woman could be such a miracle. To that chance visit to your studio, I shall owe the happiness of my life. She almost makes me believe in God!"

I stared at him, speechlessly.

"Have you never been in love?" he asked, with a peculiar smile.

COULD stand no more of this. Using the excuse of his weak state, and promising to visit him again, I left him and rejoined Vera Mikhailovna in the outer room.

She was waiting for me, that inscrutable expression on her marble face, her eyes a mystery I probed in vain with mine.

"It was not he after all?" I said. Boris Mirsky?

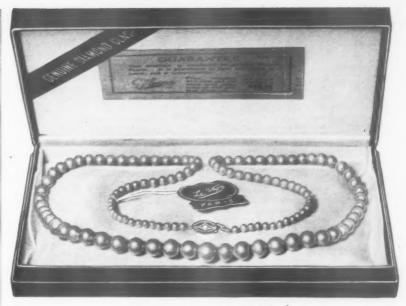
Her reply was as hard-toned as her

"Yes," she said, simply. "It is Boris Mirsky."

"I don't understand." I said. I was indeed utterly bewildered. "What happened?"

"Mon ami," she replied, "you would never understand."

"Let me try," I appealed to her. "He does not know who you are?"



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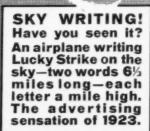
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"No. I wanted to get him away from your studio without alarming him. You told me not to do it there, you remember. I pretended to be a Marie Bakunin who knew some people called Bolensky. There was a taxi passing along the street, and we got in together-to go to my rooms. On the way, he was taken suddenly ill-I noticed that he had fever when he first entered your studio." She "Could you kill a stopped, looked at me. sick man, mon ami?"

I shrugged my shoulders, made a ges-

ture of inability to say.
"I could not," she went on. "He was so ill that he scarcely understood what I said to him. I wanted Boris Mirsky to understand, fully understand, before I killed him in all the fullness of life as my brother was killed. So I told the taxi to come straight here, and I put him to bed. I stayed with him, so as not to let him again out of my sight."

"But you have nursed him—like an angel, he tells me."

The strangest expression flitted over her face; her lips quivered.

"I would not let him die-die like an innocent man in his bed," she said, and her eyes turned away from me.

"And when he is well?"

The eyes came round to me again, strange, defiant.

When he is well, I shall kill him, and" -her eyes burned at me- "then kill myself!"

I was tactful enough not to refer to him. "Kill yourself?" I repeated. I thought I saw a chance, now that she realized her desperate situation after such a crime, to dissuade her from her obsession.

"Because I love him-if you must know!" she threw at me, and suddenly sank down to the couch and buried her face in her hands.

HE irony of it appalled me. Love was not a word Vera Mikhailovna would use lightly. I did not know what to say, but I had to break the awful silence where she sat shaking with soundless sobs, her face hidden.

"What is he doing here-this Mirsky?" I asked, just to say something.

"Espionage," she replied mechanically, without looking up. "I went through his papers. They are here." She made a blind gesture which indicated the interior of the couch.

"A curious parallel!" I said, automatically, quite without thinking. "Your

I stopped, could have bitten off my tongue for this stupid reminder. My business was to get her away from here-to

warn Mirsky, facilitate his escape. She looked up, stared at me through a long minute of silence.

"Yes, my friend," she said at last slow-"You spoke truly that first evening.

You are indeed the vehicle of Fate!"
"What do you mean?" I asked, vaguely alarmed. "I don't understand."

"How should you understand?" she answered, her smile contemptuously tolerant. "You are only an unconscious vehicle."

I humored her. "Very well, then, Vera Mikhailovna—an unconscious vehicle, but one that would wish well to you if it could. Now, I want

you to do me a favor-I can't get on with

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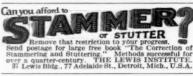
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The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago that unfinished head of you. Mirsky cannot move from here in his present condition. I want you to come back to the studio with me—now."

Her eyes probed me. Then a slow smile came on her lips.

"I will come back with you, mon ami, if you will allow me to perform an errand on the way. I have something I must do."

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Préfecture of Police."

"The Préfecture of Police?"

She smiled again at my suspicion, annulled it.

"Serge Bolensky has no permis de séjour," she said quietly.

"Very well," I agreed. "But come at once-or the light will be gone."

"Tout de suite!" she said. "Wait here a moment for me."

SHE went into the room where Boris Mirsky lay helpless, closed the door after her.

I waited. I heard the faint sound of voices, too muffled by the closed door for articulation to be distinguished. Suddenly a louder tone made me start. Was it my excited imagination—or did I hear, just perceptible, the names "Mirsky—Stapouloff" from behind that door? I went to it softly, tried the handle. It was locked.

I stood there trembling, trying with all my faculties to distinguish words in that murmur from the other side. "Mirsky—Mirsky—Mirsky!" Surely I heard them in her voice—caught an answering "Stapouloff" uttered by the man! Or was it my fancy, disordered by apprehension? Before I had decided, I heard the key turn in the lock. I stepped back from the door.

Her appearance reassured me. She was perfectly calm, her pale face utteriy emotionless, her movement as she closed the door behind her merely the precise care of a conscientious nurse.

"I am ready," she said. She had not removed her hat when she came in with me. We went down those interminable flights of dingy stairs together, found a taxi in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre.

I was grateful for the speed of that taxi which whirled us madly through the streets, after the manner of Parisian taxies, with an imminent accident barely shaved at every minute. I could not too quickly get away from the morbid atmosphere of that upper room. We did not exchange a word. I was filled with a sense of the bitter, subtle ironies of life. I had wished that she might fall in love! I looked at her. The thoughts behind that beautiful face which stared rigidly out of the windows of the cab were beyond my divination-and I reverted to my own, wondering if there is in reality such a thing as a Fate of which we are the puppets. But once, when I glanced at her, I saw one great tear rolling slowly down her pale cheek.

We arrived. You know that gloomy Préfecture of Police, close to Notre Dame? She jumped out of the cab.

"Wait here for me," she said. A moment later she had disappeared through its uninviting portals.

I waited on the pavement, while the taxi-clock ticked up the fare, for half an

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hour perhaps-it seemed an eternity. But knowing the little ways of the Préfecture, I was resigned to remain there indefinitely.

She appeared at last, as unexpectedly as a long-waited-for person always does. I thought I had never seen her look more beautiful as she came across the pavement to me, erect in that graceful dignity which was peculiarly hers. The thought of Mirsky came into my mind. What manner of man was he-of all men!-to have awakened love in the heart of this noble creature with the exquisite pale face? A sudden absurd jealousy sprang up in me. Love with her would be no mere sensual romance. It would be a boundless adventure of the soul. She smiled at me, a strange little smile.

"It is finished," she said. "I thank you, mon ami." She held out her hand as if to

say good-by.
"Finished?" I echoed, at a loss to understand the stressed significance of her tone.

"I have denounced him."

I stood speechless, incredulous of my comprehension. She had denounced him to the police! She still held out her hand.

"Adieu!" she said.

I looked into her eyes, had one glimpse of stoic tragedy that will haunt me all my life. Then she sprang into the taxi, cried to the driver an address I failed to catch. I made to follow her, but she stopped me with a gesture of the hand. "Je vous en prie!" she said, in an accent that compelled obedience. The cab whirled away, swung round the corner, left me standing, staring at a vision of the man she loved, lying doomed and impotent in his bed.

MORRICE knocked out his pipe with an air of finality.

"What happened to him, then?" queried McFadden.

"To Mirsky? What does happen to spies who are caught? I don't know. They vanish," replied Morrice sententiously.

"And the girl?" said some one else.
'Did she kill herself?"

"The next morning among my letters," aid Morrice, "there was one from her. Just a scrap of paper with the words: 'To die is too easy.' Nothing more, except the signature; 'Vera.'"

And you never saw her again?"

Morrice looked up from refilling his

inst by the Matin along the boulevard just by the Matin office. Coming toward me I happened to notice a couple of Sœurs de Charité, conspicuously incongruous in the crowd with their white flapping coifs and voluminous dark robes right down to their clumsy shoes. They were, as usual, an old one and a young one, their heads bent as though in blinkers to the mundane wickedness of the boulevard. There was something vaguely familiar in the gait of the younger one, muffled up in clothes though she was. She came close, her eyes downcast, her fingers on her rosary. It was Vera Mikhailovna. She did not even glance up at me. She passed along that boulevard where the painted women were beginning to appear, in a different world from theirs-or perhaps mine. I leave her to your clever theories.'

He got up and walked out.



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She saw his face and read his purpose. She heard the soft whizz of the knife as cut through the air. She heard its dull ping as it settled in the wood above her head. And she laughed—a horrible, mocking laugh that enraged the man.

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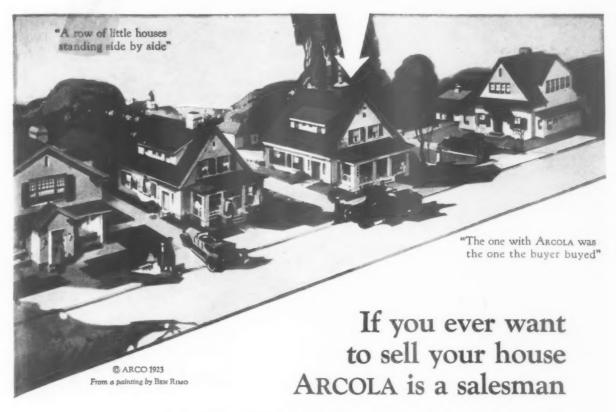


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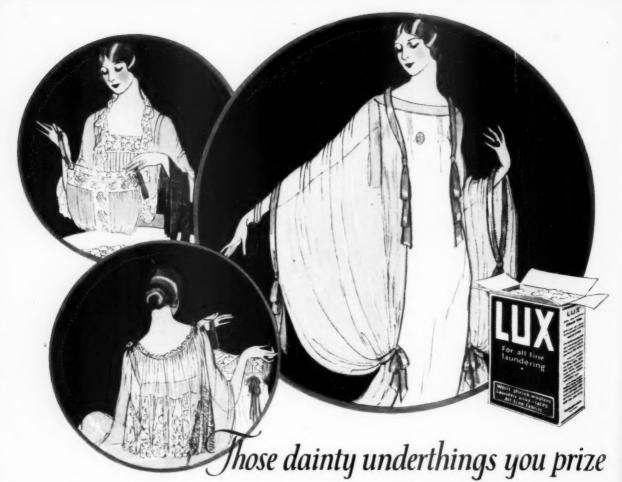
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